politics

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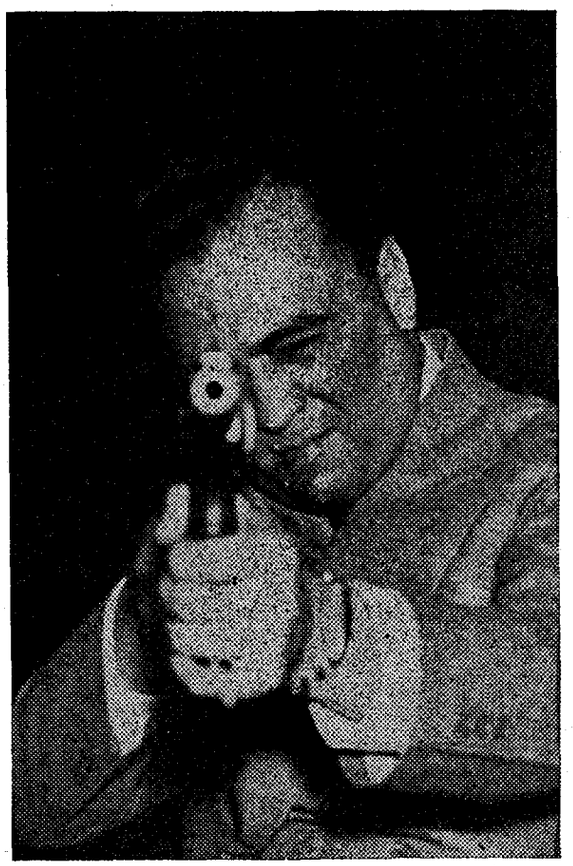

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MR. J. EDGAR HOOVER
Gee-Whiz Man No. 1

See pp. 19-25 for the most complete study yet made of the Federal Bureau of Investigation: its growth in personnel and power since 1940 . . . its loquacious, orchidaceous, and not-very-efficacious Director . . . its files bulging with anonymous gossip . . . its real record as a law-enforcing agency. By Clifton Bennett.

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

ALEXANDER HERZEN, 1812-1870. Twelve pages by and about a great and strangely neglected political writer.

GANDHI. Notes by Mary McCarthy, Nicola Chiaromonte, James Agee, Paul Goodman, Niccolo Tucci, and Dwight Macdonald. Plus selections from "Harijan."

A COMPLETE FOUR-YEAR INDEX TO "POLITICS," 1944-1947.

GANDHI

"WELL, did you hear, they got the Mahatma," said a woman faculty member, settling down at the lunch-table in a cheerful, newsy manner. She put the word Mahatma in comical quotation marks, as though to say the Swami, the old rope-trick artist. "The Mahatma," echoed another woman member, holding her fork in the air, twinkling, reminiscent, jovial, thinking, it would seem, of the long series of fads her newspaper memory spanned—Coué, King Tut, Aimee Macpherson, the cloche hat. There was a moment of silence before the conversation was resumed on a more "responsible" level. "Nehru is much more realistic," said a male history professor in a conclusive bass. No one articulated any further thoughts. Our end of the table glared at the others in weak, defiant speechlessness: if Gandhi's life, not to mention his death, was powerless to defend him against this suavity, what was there for us to say?

When I came home in the evening, my little boy and the colored maid were talking about Gandhi too as she moved about, setting the table, and he sat on the floor, pasting stamps in his album. The little boy was angry and the old maid was sad. "They ought to have let him live out his life and finish his work in peace," she iterated quite mournfully, as if the right she claimed for him were too feeble to be anything but a plaintive mild assertion. "The *dirty* things . . . " said Reuel.

A little boy, an old domestic worker, myself and a few friends, we I presume, must be the people who were meant by the newspaper and radio commentators who declared, "The world was shocked to hear, etc., etc." For the world, actually, was not shocked at all, and if we few protested Gandhi's death, it was only out of our perfect impotence. We could not bring him back to life or punish his assassin or even influence others (the realists at the lunch table) to feel the slightest regret for what had happened.

And the fact is that a protest against such a death as Gandhi's, or Trotsky's, or Carlo Tresca's, can only be made to God. It is God, metaphorically speaking, that is, some ideal assumption of an unwritten law governing human conduct, that we call to account for such an outrage; it is this assumption, indeed, which is injured. A crime like this cannot be felt toward in a positive or practical manner: insofar, in fact, as we are positive and practical people, it is impossible for us fully to react to it. After all, as one of those committee-sitters said in the faculty dining-room, he was seventy-eight years old. There is no *action*, moveover, which can answer such a crime; the futility of

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CONTENTS

Winter, 1948 Vol. 5, No. 1

GANDHI, by Mary McCarthy, Nicola Chiaromonte, James Agee, Paul Goodman, Niccolo Tucci and Dwight Macdonald 1
EXCERPTS FROM "HARIJAN" 7
MEMO TO THE CONQUERORS, by Wolfgang Kohler 12
GERMAN LETTER, by Ingeborg Woodcock 13
EXODUS, 1947, by Bruno Bettelheim 16
THE F.B.I., by Clifton Bennett 19
A MODEST PROPOSAL, by Niccolo Tucci 25
THE MACEDONIA COMMUNITY, by David Newton 27
FRENCH LETTER: "PLANNED CHAOS" by Gelo & Andrea 31
MANIFESTO, by Rousset, Pivert, Sartre and others 35
THE WORK OF JEAN VIGO, by George Barbarow 37
FICTIONS, by Paul Goodman 39
ANCESTORS (5): ALEXANDER HERZEN 40
THE KINSEY REPORT, by Don Calhoun 52
SMALL TALK, by Dwight Macdonald 56
REPORT TO THE READERS 58
THE FASCINATED READERS—ANALYSIS OF THE "POLITICS" QUESTIONNAIRE, by Ruth Harper Mills 59
INDEX TO "POLITICS," 1944-1947
By Authors 64
By Subjects 67
LETTERS 69
"PACKAGES ABROAD," by Nancy Macdonald 71

writing letters to the newspapers, holding memorial meetings, even catching the criminal, has been fully demonstrated in the Trotsky and Tresca cases; action somehow misses the mark. And today, if Stalin's regime were to be overthrown and the entire GPU brought to justice, Trotsky's murder would remain unrequited, since it was not Stalin or the GPU who struck him with the alpenstock but one man who came in to his library and talked to him face to face.

The horror of Gandhi's murder lies not in the political motives behind it or in its consequences for Indian policy or for the future of non-violence; the horror lies simply in the fact that any man could look into the face of this extraordinary person and deliberately pull a trigger. The Crucifixion, the murder of Thomas à Becket, and other historical precedents notwithstanding, many of us still believe that there are limits to man's capacity for evil, that outstanding virtue gives pause to criminality, and think of Gandhi's murder, *This could not have happened.* Even the Nazis, after all, did not kill their great opponents, and were they really deterred, as some people think, by practical considerations alone? On the left, however, a new set of values seems to have appeared. On the left, it is Gandhi who can be killed or Trotsky or Tresca, men *integri vitae scelerisque puri,* while Stalin remains invulnerable to the assassin's bullet. Obviously, anyone with a matured plan and sufficient resolution could long ago have succeeded in killing this tyrant if some mysterious factor were not involved; he seems to have been protected, not only by his plainclothesmen but more powerfully by the magic ointment of the very iniquities in which he is soaked. In Gandhi's death, as in Tresca's and Trotsky's, the very amiability and harmlessness of the victim appears to have formed part of the motive: Gandhi on his way to a prayer-meeting, the Old Man in his study, Tresca stepping out from a spaghetti dinner—the homely and domestic attitudes in which these sages were caught emphasize the horror of the crimes and suggest the reason for them; to the murderer, the serenity of the victim comes as the last straw. And the fact that these men were patently not dangerous seems to have incensed their killer against them: for the past two years, Gandhi's influence had been markedly declining; Trotsky and Tresca too no longer "counted" for anything in the world. Their murders, therefore, have an almost gratuitous character; political designs in the ordinary sense cannot explain them; was Gandhi murdered because of what he stood for in the Indian question or because what he stood for in his life—simplicity, good humor, steadfastness—affronted his killer's sense of human probability?

There is clearly some reciprocal relation between the fact that we (children, old women, and POLITICS subscribers) refuse, in a certain sense, to credit the murderer's deed and a refusal on the murderer's part to credit the existence of such a man as Gandhi in the world. And the good-natured derision accorded to Gandhi's pretensions by my colleagues at the luncheon-table is different only in degree from the angry incredulity of the killer, who immediately told reporters that he was not "at all sorry." This crime and the Trotsky and Tresca crimes also are acts, as it were, of intellectual or artistic criticism; the killer eliminates these venerable men from the human scene as the academic critic dismisses a glaring improbability in a novel.

MARY MCCARTHY

"You can wake a man who is really asleep; if he is merely pretending your effort will have no effect upon him."—Gandhi

"THE picture of that half-naked fakir ascending the Viceregal Palace makes me mad." The one so aggrieved was Winston Churchill, in 1931. But the intellectual, the ideologist, the politician, the priest, the "average man" of the West, all were mad at the "fakir," fundamentally all for the same reason. That man, Gandhi, *fancied things to be too damn simple. Civil disobedience,* non-violence, the spinning wheel. You gather a crowd, walk to the sea shore, go through the motions of breaking the Salt Law, get yourself arrested assuming that in the meantime the Viceroy is beginning to feel ashamed of himself, etc., etc. "It is inconsistent with Truth to use articles about which or about whose makers there is a possibility of deception. Therefore, for instance, a votary

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357

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of Truth will not use articles manufactured in the mills of Manchester, Germany or India, for he does not know that there is no deception about them. Moreover, laborers suffer much in the mills. Use of fire in the mills causes enormous destruction of life besides killing laborers before their time. . . . Further reflection will show that use of such goods will involve a breach of the vows of non-stealing and non-possession, etc., etc." What a way of dealing with the problems of modern industry and capitalism! What backwardness! Life is not that simple. Not in the West. And the contrary assumption is very maddening.

Take the 1922 trial—Gandhi's telling the British judge: "The only course open to you is either to resign your post and to dissociate yourself from evil, if you feel that the law you are called upon to administer is evil and that in reality I am innocent; or to inflict on me the severest penalty if you believe that the system and the law you are assisting to administer are good for the people of this country and that my activity is therefore injurious to the public weal." He didn't get the severest penalty. He didn't get the judge to resign. He got six years, and many expressions of respect. Does the performance remind one of the trial of Socrates? Well, that's the trouble with it. Simplicity, where the question is not simple. The British Empire is not Athens. The world is not a City State, where the personal appeal might have some practical meaning. Suppose the judge had resigned, would the system have been seriously affected? Would the Indian masses have been better off? Moreover, we know beforehand that in modern times judges do not resign or otherwise respond to ethical appeals. Because, as the British judge who sentenced Gandhi pointed out, they consider the Law a rule to be applied for the sake of the regular functioning of a certain mechanism of which they themselves are part, and not at all as something connected with such metaphysical problems as Good and Evil. The mechanism might be defective, but until it is subjected to the proper changes through the proper channels, it is the Lesser Evil. If you want to make it better, you have to get to work on the system as a whole, not on this or that changing aspect of it. But Gandhi overlooked entirely this question of the system, which is the only rational one. His was a touching but simpleminded search for ethical effects. Good for the mystical East (but how good, really, is still a question for the social scientist to determine). As for us Westerners, we know only too well that our judges wouldn't even care to be polite, if we were taken before them and started raising questions. Moreover, we are not sure at all that we would know what questions to raise. Our situation is too complex. And we can only be convinced by a complex approach.

A parallel with Tolstoi will make the point clearer. Tolstoi was a great artist, tortured by moral problems. He too was a simplifier. As Lenin has said, he was the great voice of the Russian peasantry, but unaware of the problems of the industrial proletariat. We know, however, that while preaching chastity, he was harassing his wife with a most demanding lust; while excoriating the meat-eaters, he went to the kitchen at night to eat meat secretly, and he never succeeded in extricating himself from his social position as a famous writer, a landowner, and a *paterfamilias*. This is complexity. We can sympathize both with the ethical effort and with his failure. Or we can smile at both. We can wonder and admire. In any case, we feel entitled to think that it would be wrong to take ethical responsibility too seriously, since Tolstoi's example seems to prove that the ethical is no real independent dimension of life, only a name for contrasts which might be encountered, but don't have to be solved, because apparently they are not susceptible of a real solution. Tolstoi's message of non-resistance to evil went completely unheeded among us, and in its native land was answered by an holocaust of twenty million human lives just in order that the Russian proletariat might break its chains. It must be that Tolstoi's was an intellectual and aesthetic vision, rather than a moral truth or a possible social attitude. Nevertheless, it's nice that somebody in our midst should have had such thoughts. It enriches our culture. The conclusion does not make things any better for us or for our civilization. But it reinforces in us our dearest wisdom: "to care and not to care . . .", and finally to trust the event for suggesting what our response to it shall be.

Gandhi is completely refractory to such considerations. In 1903, he took up "the problem of further simplifying my life and doing some concrete act of service to my fellow men," and from then on he cared unceasingly, and unremittingly did what he found to be right, which was always, in the last analysis, *the simplest*. He banked his life on one single idea: to *test* the force of Truth on man. An "experiment," as he said himself. To carry out the experiment, he exacted from himself and from others the most rigorous conditions he could conceive of. From chastity and vegetarianism to being beaten and jailed without resisting—that meant asceticism. And it is very apparent, when you read Gandhi, that to him asceticism was equivalent to an effort of the whole being to "simplify" further

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and further, in order to isolate with more and more rigor the core of the matter, the ultimate source of human energy, Truth, and unleash as much as possible of it in acts. Is it too much to say that it is difficult to think of another man in all known history, for whom Thought and Deed were so utterly inseparable as for Gandhi? Gandhi's God fed absolutely not on mystical ecstasies, but exclusively on deeds, on what the Mahatma called "readiness to reduce principles to practice." And between his God and his mission to make true men of four hundred million individuals, he drew absolutely no distinction. So that this absurd man, who declared himself "ready to die for the Cow," was nothing but a *political* man, a man all of whose thoughts and acts were for the sake of his immense community, and also a man who found value only in *common sense,* literally. So that there is poetic justice in his very death. He was not sentenced by a tribunal, not executed in the name of a State that had found him intolerable. Apparently tribunals and governments could only be disconcerted in dealing with him, and react mechanically according to the letter of the law. Only an individual, and one of his own people, could be made really angry and bloodthirsty by him, who in his turn professed to be nothing but an individual among so many. So a man was killed by a man. No protest is possible, no righteous indignation, no indictment of systems or institutions. We are just back where we started: the strife between man and truth.

All this makes Gandhi profoundly unintelligible to us in the West. Not because he was a mystic, which he was not, but because he was such an utterly consistent, such an absurdly logical man, and carried his own reasons to praeter-human extremes without ending in failure and bad conscience.

In spite of so many words of his, which were only simplified reiterations of ideas familiar to the West, Gandhi has no real message for us. Possibly only a single question.

"Are you really asleep?"

NICOLA CHIAROMONTE

I WAS grateful for the opportunity to write whatever I might manage to, about Mohandas Gandhi's life and death, or about its meaning to me; but I had to doubt my competence; and after considerable trying, I think it is best to say very little; for I know very little. Indeed, if anything I can say is in any way fitting, or useful, that can be only because in speaking, as I find necessary, chiefly of myself, I may inadvertently speak for others who, like myself, have been made a little better aware of their inadequacy, through his death; and who would wish as I do, to pay this saint and hero the tribute at least of their humility.

I am one of those Western men of more or less good will, who have for many years held Gandhi in veneration, and who, for reasons which began to seem preposterous and shameful only after hearing of his death, have never taken the trouble to learn much about him. I now begin to realize, with some acuteness, who this man was, what he proved and achieved, what is lost in his death, and what he has given us that we may hope through sufficient study, and alteration of ourselves, to find, and to put to good use. Even in my present ignorance I can foresee that there is much in what I am going to try to learn that I may be unable to accept, or rise to, or abide by, or even to understand; and am aware, too, that much that Gandhi achieved in India may prove hopeless of application in such a country as this and, accordingly, of no likely hope or use in any other of the most suicidal parts of the world. But even in this ignorance I know also that he proved, beyond our avoidance, that kinds of action are possible, and effective, which most even of the best of men have consistently discarded, and still discard, as impossible; and that he has given us our best and perhaps our only reasons still to have any hope in any supportable future, for ourselves or for any other men. I suspect that only those who have come fully to despair of any form of political action to which we are accustomed, are ready to profit much by a study of Gandhi's life, and personality, and ideas, and methods, and discoveries, and accomplishments; but I cannot conceive of any other study, or any other kind of action, which promises as much. I trust and intend that my desire to learn what I am able from him will very long outlast the emotions and impulses provoked by his death, and will prevail over the incapacity for faith and the underlying despair which in me, as in so many others, have become habits of the mind and spirit, as hope and resolution are not. But I am still within those emotions, and am still moved principally by those impulses, and in obedience to them, I humbly dedicate my intention, my thankfulness, my reverence, and my love, to his ashes.

May the world, if it survives, forever remember in gratitude and in honor this man who shall, I am sure, have done most among all men to make survival and virtue possible, and inseparable.

May his work advance, transfigure and endure, even among the barbarians.

JAMES AGEE

1.

DURING the war the Viceroy suggested that India might be granted independence after the war. Gandhiji said that then independence "would have lost its *charms.*" We took him to mean that during the war an independent and non-violent India would have a role to play, as an intermediary. Not that at any time independence would not be good, useful, but it would not be so graceful, so delicate, so—delicious. He chose his words; one had to puzzle out the oracle, to relish it. At a time when all those sober statesmen of the nations spoke only with grave "responsibility," Gandhiji (a man notoriously frivolous and irresponsible) chose to speak of what would be charming.

With that immense, happy grin.

May I be frivolous and say that sometimes to him, under certain conditions, the innocent food of the earth did not taste good? Then he would not eat it. He attributed the working of soul-force, the flooding of the powers of the heavens and earth, to self-sacrifice. Yes, but each person must study precisely how to stand the self out of the way.

New rules! He said at Yeravda, "It is always my lot to appear to be unjust"—arbitrary, stubborn, even irrelevant. What? In the plight of things, could one expect much from the book of rules? He always took the matter by a peculiar little handle.

Spent so many years in jails; but we must feel that he had unusual ability to draw life from a small space.

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2.

For Gandhi When Be Broke His Fast, March 2, 1943

Come eat, great soul—for sure your soul and body
breakfast as one. But if it were a feast
after the fast! I mean the poor meal
ablaze with the lights of millions burdenfree
and laid with the silver of peace, with glassesful
of *our* love to pledge that overflowing
glass you are holding out. Instead of which—

but we'll talk about tomorrow tomorrow.
The breakfast is holy and beautiful
with a song of thanksgiving, tho we eat it
in ruins, tho we eat it in ruins.

A Hymn

Brothers! the slave within the heart
is dead, there's nothing more to slay.
Don't you hear? already love
is finding means: around the world
are whispering creative voices.
And even we who strangleheld
our nature will make inventions,
and bravery bloom like a flower.

3.

In character he seems prima facie to have been a cannibal (oral sadist): the pacifism was a reaction-formation against biting rather than striking; his verbal technique did not attack but swallowed up the opposition; he turned against the self by fasts; also, all this in a pre-psychotic rather than neurotic mode, with a belief in magical exorcism.

It is said that the origin of a belief is irrelevant to its value. I don't know about the strict logic of this, but in experience it is an absurdity. If a man believes, for instance, in a god that happens to be a projection of repressed feelings towards father and then these feelings are brought to light, he will in fact lose his faith; he may by now have learned many theological and ethical proofs, but he will not emotionally believe, act on, these proofs: the energy has gone out of it. To me this seems undeniable, yet I do not draw from it the usual conclusion, that the values are invalidated, but rather a different conclusion: that it is likely, in many cases, that the "lowly" origin has far more power and natural efficacy than we think—the strength, truth, beauty that we find in the sublimation is really in the underlying impulse. Each such impulse must be taken on its merits.

Thus the father-superego is an effect of fear and shrinking; it is valueless and the god valueless, and neither will survive revealing. But what if a man is a pacifist because of mechanisms of eating, and a satyagrahi because of a 2-year-old's magic? Will not a consideration of what is nourishing fruit and a sweet breast to suck, and what, contrariwise, lies heavy and rancorous in the chest, and surfeiting, and ulcerous—will not this consideration strengthen the pacifism? The power of the pacifism is the continuing action of this intimate child-wisdom; by all means reveal everything and make everything still simpler. Again, the child's magic is the natural attraction between his outcry and the coming of loving-care: it is a resonance of the inward souls; the satyagrahi who can draw on this power will not fail to do wonders. But finally, it is just in the great child-hearts, like Gandhi, that the powers flow continuous, not so impeded by the practical and learned ego; yet an ego wide open to its deep images is one kind of psychotic disposition.

As for me, I am a pacifist on grounds of good-sense, efficiency, anti-authoritarianism, etc.; my non-magical pacifism will never enliven millions of my brothers.

Spirituality is the closest to material nature. In judging it one does well to think most materially.

4.

I dare not lie at ease and breathe soft and deep (having heard that Gandhiji is dead), for then, when I am not defending myself, forces of grief will invade me—from outside, from inside, not my own. Too terrible, they will wrack me, I cannot tell how far they might go or end up where. I am too weak to risk it.

No. If I can already feel I am too weak, I am not too weak. I am not afraid.

. . . Ach! . . . Ow. . . .

See; I am stronger now for having given in to it.

PAUL GOODMAN

GANDHI's death has been made an occasion for "telegraphic thinking" on the part of world leaders. Aside from what their messages contain (everyone gives what he has) and from the hurry (why use the telegraph to say such platitudes?) there are two aspects of the comedy that seem amusing. One is the fact that none of the statesmen knew to whom he was supposed to send his "sincere condolences." They all knew that the loss had been suffered by humanity, but as humanity, alas, has no official address, it could not, under protocol rules, become the recipient of an official message. So, in their great embarrassment, they began to "feel sorry" for each other. Gandhi's enemies. There was no choice. As usual, the most candid of all was an American. In his statement to the press, Truman says: "This morning when I heard the tragic news of the assassination of Mahatma Gandhi, I sent a message to Earl Mountbatten. . . . " After which he announces that Gandhi's influence was felt "not only in affairs of the government but also in the realm of the spirit." Touching, and *so* American!

The other amusing aspect of the comedy is their great eagerness to laud him. Yet they all knew that Gandhi was their critic; that he condemned their kind of "wisdom" openly and in the most uncomfortably clear language, while they condemned his wisdom in secret, and secretly considered him a fool. And today, to their secret fool, they pay their loudest tribute. Don't they realize that this confirms all of Gandhi's opinions, for which he was jailed, beaten and persecuted by them and their like? Are we not confronted here with a world-wide confession of official guilt?

If the situation were reversed and, let's say, Smuts instead of Gandhi had been assassinated (alas, it's not true!), Smuts of South Africa, whose hateful policies of racial segregation were the object of Gandhi's last statement in life, Smuts, who hastened to call Gandhi in his stupid telegram to another one of Gandhi's enemies: "a prince among men," what would Gandhi have said?

Well, first of all Gandhi would have continued to speak as Gandhi (Smuts did not speak like Smuts in his tele-

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gram), by deploring the assassination of Smuts just as he had always deplored all acts of violence. And then he would have said: "Let's not speak badly of a man who never knew any better. Let's forgive the dead for their sins, no matter how great."

In other words, Gandhi would have expressed restraint, he would have refused to repeat, after the violent death of Smuts, what he had always said during the violent life of Smuts, but never could we imagine Gandhi as praising either Smuts or any of the public criminals who today pay their tribute to Gandhi without blushing. And how does the rest of humanity behave on such a tragic day? I mean unoppressed, democratic humanity, which stands for truth and prints all the news that's fit to print . . . ?

One glance at the *New York Times* may suffice to prove how little they all care. Had the news of the tragedy been followed in the headlines by exhortations not to take the passing of a fool too seriously, the scandal could hardly have been greater. Yet no one seemed incensed by the appearance, on the same front page, of the following news:

"ARMS GET ATOMIC ENERGY PRIORITY IN POLICY SET BY CONGRESS GROUP. The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy laid down today a firm policy that the production of atomic weapons, rather than work on peacetime applications of atomic energy, must be the "vital business" [quotes theirs and why 'vital' and not 'lethal' is not explained] of the United States for the foreseeable future.

"It declared also that 'uninterrupted operation' of the 'critical' or military facilities of the Atomic Energy Commission was so essential to national security that an investigation was in motion to find a formula to assure 'continuity of work' under all labor eventualities."

This is true news, and this is what the Atomic Energy Commission is going to do, Continuity of work to insure the continuity of war. Also Gandhi's assassination is true news, even down in the hearts of the gangsters who insure the continuity of war. One wonders what right these papers have to print the truth, OUR TRUTH, that Gandhi's death is a real tragedy. They would be truer to themselves if they called Gandhi a fool, in small type, on page 38.

NICCOLO TUCCI

"A moment before he was shot, he said—some witnesses believed he was speaking to the assassin—'You are late.'"
—N. Y. World-Telegram, Jan. 30, 1948.

AND indeed the man who killed Gandhi with three revolver shots *was* late—about two years late. The communal massacres showed that Gandhi's teaching of non-violence had not penetrated to the Indian masses. His life work had been in vain—or at least it now appeared that he had taught a "non-violence of the weak" which had been effective against the British but that the more difficult "non-violence of the strong" he had been unable to teach. He insisted on his failure constantly, and constantly thought of death. "I am in the midst of flames," he wrote last spring. "Is it the kindness of God or His irony that the flames do not consume me?" One imagines that he experienced a dreadful joy in the split-second he saw the gun aimed at him.

Three historical events have moved me deeply of recent years: the murder of Trotsky, the atomic bombing of Hiroshima, the murder of Gandhi. That all three should be simply catastrophes—hopeless, destructive, painful—is in the style of our period. The Spanish Civil War was the last of the 19th century type of political tragedies: the fight was lost, as in 1848 or the Paris Commune, but it had been a fight; there was hope while it was going on, and defeat might be due to some temporary relation of forces; there was a basis for a future effort.

But Trotsky and Gandhi were killed not during their great time of struggle to realize "Utopian" ideals, not while they were still fighting with a hope of success, but after their ideas—or at least their tactics—had been shown by the brutal logic of events to be inadequate. They were not shot in battle. They were executed. And their executioner was not the oppressive, conservative forces they had devoted their lives to fighting—the bourgeoisie and the British imperialists—but the scum that had frothed up from their own heroic struggle to liberate mankind: young fanatics representing a new order—of Stalinism and of Hindu nationalism—which is hopeless, deadening, corrupting, and monstrous, but which is also, alas, partly the product of their own revolutionary efforts. In the 19th century, czars and governors and secret-police chiefs were assassinated by radicals; today, it is revolutionaries (out of power) like Trotsky and Gandhi who are killed by our modern Nihilists, while Stalin and Hitler and Zhdanov and Himmler and Mussolini, and Molotov escape (unless they lose a war). *Our* Nihilists have terribly perverted Liebknecht's slogan: "The main Enemy is at Home." Or perhaps they are just more prudent than their 19th century ancestors. Which would be in keeping, too.

Gandhi, like Trotsky, was killed after his most profound ideas and his lifelong political activity had been rebuffed by History. But, also like Trotsky, he was still alive and kicking, still throwing out imaginative concepts, still "in there fighting." The ideologue is baffled, but the human being—and by this sentimental phrase I mean the acute intelligence as much as the moralist—is not through: he has plenty of inspirations and surprises in store for us. Both men were still giving, by their personal example and still more by their unwearied experimenting with general principles, some kind of meaning, of *consciousness* to modern political life. Their assassins killed not only two men, but also two cultures. Which makes it all the more painful.

There was obvious irony in the great pacifist being killed by a gunman. But there was also an esthetic fitness. Gandhi was the last eminent personage who insisted on dealing directly with people, reasoning with them face to face as individuals, not as crowds roped off, watched by plain-clothes-men, sealed safely behind bulletproof glass. It was a matter of principle with him not to deny any one access to him, mentally or physically. He refused all police protection. I have heard people say he was a damn fool and got what he might expect to get. They are, of course, right. Our world is so structured that the "public man" can survive only by being private, and the most dangerous thing he can do is to meet his public face to face.

Gandhi was the last political leader in the world who was a person, not a mask or a radio voice or an institution. The last on a human scale. The last for whom I felt neither fear nor contempt nor indifference but interest and affection. He was dear to me—I realize it now better than I did when he was alive—for all kinds of reasons. He believed in love, gentleness, persuasion, simplicity of manners, and he came closer to "living up to" these beliefs than most people I know—let alone most Big Shots, on

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whom the pressures for the reverse must be very powerful. (To me, the wonder is not that Gandhi often resorted to sophistry or flatly went back on some of his ideas, but that he was able to put into practice as many of them as he did. I speak from personal experience.) He was dear to me because he had no respect for railroads, assembly-belt production, and other knick-knacks of liberalistic Progress, and insisted on examining their human (as against their metaphysical) value. Also because he was clever, humorous, lively, hard-headed, and never made speeches about Fascism, Democracy, the Common Man, or World Government. And because he had a keen nose for the concrete, homely "details" of living which make the real difference to people but which are usually ignored by everybody except poets. And finally because he was a good man, by which I mean not only "good" but also "man."

This leads into the next point. Many pacifists and others who have an ethical—and really admirable—attitude toward life are somewhat boring. Their point of view, their writing and conversation are wholly sympathetic but also a little on the dull side.

Intellectually, their ideas lack subtlety and logical structure. Ethically, they are *too* consistent; they don't sense the tragedy of life, the incredible difficulty of actually putting into practice an ethical concept. They have not succumbed to temptation because they have never been tempted; they are good simply because it has never occurred to them to be bad. They are, in a word, unworldly. Gandhi was not at all unworldly, the Sunday Supplement idea of him to the contrary notwithstanding. He was full of humor, slyness, perversity, and—above all—practicality. Indeed, the very thing which leads people to think of him as unworldly—his ascetic ideas about diet, household economy, and sexual intercourse—seems to me to show his worldliness, or at least his imaginative grasp of The World: how could any one be so concerned about such matters, even though in a negative sense, without a real feeling for their importance in human life, which in turn must come from a deep drive on his part *toward* gluttony, luxury, and sexual indulgence? That he conquered this drive may be to his credit (though he overdid it, in my opinion) but I think it is clear that he knew what it was all about.

The Marxists, those monks of politics, were shocked by his intimacy with rich men like Birla and Tata, just as the Pharisees, the Trotskyists of their day, were shocked by Christ's sitting at table with bartenders. (The Marxist has a richer intellectual tradition than the pacifist, but his ethical sense is equally simplistic.) It is true that Gandhi "compromised" with the rich, those untouchables of the class struggle, living at their villas (though carrying on there his own ascetic regimen). But he also "compromised" with the poor, spending at least as much time in the "untouchable's" quarters (he constantly complains of the smells and lack of sanitation) as in the Birla Palace. In short, he practiced tolerance and love to such an extent that he seems to have regarded the capitalist as well as the garbage-man as his social equal.

DWIGHT MACDONALD

CAREER MEN

It is right and proper that proved Nazi criminals should be punished, but that is far different from the present shortsighted and defeatist "denazification" policy of the Americans and British. While the Nazis were in power, it was impossible for a German citizen to make a success of his life without joining the party.

—Randolph Churchill in his column in "The N. Y. World-Telegran," Nov. 1, 1946.

"Harijan"

For some years a weekly English-language magazine, of from 8 to 16 pages, has been coming out in Ahmedabad, India. It is called Harijan *("The Untouchable") and is, or was, Gandhi's personal organ. More than half of each issue is either written directly by him or is an account of what he said to visitors and at his evening prayer-meetings (which seem to have been quite secular and lively). The rest is devoted to propaganda for sanitation and against tobacco, liquor, sex and extravagance; exposés of oppressive living and working conditions; and various practical topics, such as methods of salt refining, weaving, and agriculture. There is also much propaganda for Hindustani—with word lists, etc.—the language Gandhi tried to make the common tongue of all India.*

Harijan *differs from all other political weeklies I know of in two respects: it is often odd but rarely dull; and it talks about what really matters to people, in direct language. That is, it concerns itself with the moral or the practical or, as often, both at once: like all great moral teachers, Gandhi likes to approach the big questions in terms of what are commonly regarded as "trivial," even absurd, matters. These latter being, after all, simply the concrete manifestations of the former. Its oddity stems partly from the "health crank" and the religious sides of Gandhi's personality. What other political weekly in the world would run a front-page headline: WHO AND WHERE IS GOD? This oddity perhaps reaches its height in his stand on sexual matters, which is approximately that of the more extreme members of the Roman Catholic clergy. Chastity is also tied in with health faddism, as: "The* brahmachari *[i.e., one who has found the way to Brahma, or God, through "control over the sex organ"] will be healthy and will easily live long. He will not even suffer from so much as a headache. Mental and physical work will not cause fatigue. . . . Is it strange that one who is able completely to conserve and sublimate the vital fluid, one drop of which has the potentiality of creating human beings, should exhibit all the attributes described above?" This, I must say, seems carrying the revolt against science a little too far.*

Some of the oddity to the Western reader, however, comes from the fact that Gandhi was educating a backward people. His genius appears in the way he constantly harps on such details as keeping order in public meetings—he often suspended his own prayer meetings to reprove the chattering audience—or prompt removal of garbage. This world figure devotes more space in his magazine to the dangers of "promiscuous spitting" than to the United Nations, and in this precisely appears his greatness.

The direct personal relation between Gandhi and his readers also strikes a Westerner as odd, or at least unusual. In each issue there is a "Question Box" in which he answers the most amazing variety of questions, mostly of the kind that in this country are commonly coped with by either Dorothy Dix or Bernarr MacFadden. His answers are never perfunctory, always interesting, and often arrive at important generalizations. His method of education, in general, is admirably Socratic: he prefers to start off from a question or objection and to use the critic's own logic to lead him to a better undertanding.

The main interest of Harijan, *of course, is as a kind of*

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weekly journal setting down Gandhi's ideas and actions. His vivacity of spirit, his shrewdness and intellectual subtlety, his wonderfully reasonable *way of dealing with people, his hard-headedness, his humility and frankness about himself—all these qualities come out clearly. Especially moving are the issues after the communal riots began: one sees him acting and thinking week by week, admitting—insisting on—the bankruptcy of his life work, restlessly throwing out new ideas, trying new approaches, and setting out, at the age of* 78, *to walk on foot from one village to another, praying, exhorting, pleading, reasoning. His disciples were worried. "Take care," said one. "Some day he is going to emulate Tolstoy and venture forth into the storm alone, giving us all the slip." Gandhi always worried his disciples—and other people, too.*

In the extracts from Harijan *that follow—drawn from my file of about fifty copies—I have tried to give a picture of Gandhi "warts and all." This is quite different from the Oriental Mystic of the popular press, or the Great Man of some of his more rhapsodic interviewers, or the plaster saint pacifists sometimes make of him. Different and, I think, more impressive.*—D.M.

●

Gandhi often says, "I am half woman." According to him, man comes nearer to woman when he assimilates and practises non-violence, which requires greater courage than violence, because for violence physical strength and brute force are all that matter. (May 5, 1946)

A correspondent writes: "People get weary of the trouble caused to them by monkeys. In their hearts they wish them dead. . . . Monkeys ruin crops, they even kidnap children and remove articles, eat and spoil fruit, etc. Their number is daily increasing. What does non-violence dictate?" Gandhi answers: "I am not able to accept in its entirety the doctrine of non-killing of animals. I have no feeling in me to save the life of those animals who devour or cause hurt to man. . . . Therefore, I will not feed ants, monkeys or dogs. . . . I have come to the conclusion that to do away with monkeys where they have become a menace to the wellbeing of man is pardonable. Such killing becomes a duty. The question may arise as to why this rule should not also apply to human beings. It cannot because, however bad, they are as we are. (May 5, 1946)

QUESTION BOX (By M. K. Gandhi): Q. What would be the treatment meted out to criminals in a non-violent Free India? A. There will be crime but no criminals. They will not be punished. Crime is a disease like any other malady and is a product of the prevalent social system. Therefore, all crime including murder will be treated as a disease. Whether such an India will ever come into being is another question. (May 5, 1946)

'Do you think we are getting off your backs at last?" asked an English visitor.

"I have no doubt as to the sincerity of your intention," replied Gandhiji. [The "ji" is a suffix denoting respect.] "The question is whether you will have the strength and courage needed for it. It is so difficult to get out of conventional grooves of thought and action."

"We must not precipitate a solution," resumed the friend. "We must let India decide for herself. At the same time, one does not want to leave the country to chaos when an unprecedented famine threatens it."

"Your difficulty," remarked Gandhiji, "will remain so long as you retain the belief that your rule has benefited India. None of us believes it." . . .

"Would India have been better equipped if Britain had not been here?" interpolated the visitor.

"Yes," replied Gandhiji. "There would have been no railways."

This was another shock to the visitor, who, like most Westerners, regarded railways as the proudest achievement of British rule to combat famine. But Gandhiji . . . proceeded: "If there were no railways, etc., we would be living in a natural state as they used to in Europe in the Middle Ages, when every feudal baron had his castle with its stocks of grain and water. Before the advent of railways in India, every village had its granary. In that sense, we were better equipped. Moreover, we had our system of domestic crafts to fall back upon if the crops failed. Now railways have depleted the countryside of its stocks and killed the handicrafts. Whatever cash the farmer gets for his crop runs through his fingers like water. . . . The British have told him: 'Do not stock grain, do not hoard silver.' There is no provision made for a deficit period. Railways have become a snare, cheap transport, a trap.

"The Princes practiced tyranny in olden times too. But it could not go far. The natural means of redress—insurrection, retreat or migration—were still open to the people. They were not then disarmed or emasculated. Odds were even. Today the odds are so unequal that a handful of British soldiers can terrorize millions. That is what British rule has done to us. It is most demoralizing. The British must realize this and leave us in an exemplary manner. . . ."

"But it is a big responsibility to leave India faced with anarchy," remarked the visitor, still hesitating.

"Not a bigger responsibility than you were prepared to face during the war out of strategic considerations," answered Gandhiji, leaving his visitor to ruminate over the inconsistency of his position. (May 19, 1946)

He did not want any one to be bothered with taking care of him. "God alone is my protector. How can puny man, who is not sure even of his own tomorrow, presume to protect another? I am content to be under God's care. He may protect or destroy. I know He sometimes even destroys to protect." (June 9, 1946)

Some 50 senior officers of the I.N.A. [Indian National Army—the force that fought with the Japanese against the British during the war, under Bose's leadership] met Gandhiji in the Garbage-Collectors' Colony the other day during his stay in Delhi. . . . Gandhiji addressed them a few words: " . . . So long as one wants to retain one's sword, one has not attained complete fearlessness. No power on earth can subjugate you when you are armed with the sword of *ahimsa* [non-violence]. It ennobles both the victor and the defeated. . . . " Then followed questions and answers.

Q. Surely it is no breach of *ahimsa* to use the sword in self defense?

A. Even Wavell, Auchinleck or Hitler does not use the sword without necessity. But that does not make it *ahimsa*.

Q. You cannot take the world along with you if you adopt *ahimsa*. You have to choose the one or the other.

A. There again I disagree. A reformer has to sail not

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with the current; very often he has to go against it even though it may cost him his life. You must not be carried off your feet by unthinking popular applause. The essential part of your message to the country is not how to wield the sword but how to cease being afraid of it. (June 9, 1946)

I have discovered honorable members of Assemblies using most expensive embossed note paper even for private use. So far as I know, office stationery cannot be used for private purposes such as writing to friends or relatives. This is a universal objection in every part of the world. But for this poor country, my objection goes deeper. The stationery I refer to is too expensive for us. Englishmen—belonging to the most expensive country in the world and who had to flourish on the awe they could inspire in us—introduced expensive and massive buildings for offices and bungalows, requiring for their upkeep an army of servants. If we copy their style and habits, we will be ruined ourselves and carry the country to this ruin. . . .

I am of opinion, therefore, that all these expensive habits should be given up. Handmade paper with ordinarily printed letterheads in Nagari and Urdu should be used. . . . Popular governments should signalize their advent by adopting popular measures and inexpensive habits. (June 16, 1946)

A "bhangi" (garbage-collector), the lowest of the 'untouchable' caste, writes complaining that the "banghis" are not represented in the Congress Party's candidates for the Constituent Assembly and asking Gandhi, as the untouchables's chief friend, to do something about it. Gandhi's reply concludes:

Anyway, he has expected the impossible from me. I am not made for these big institutions. I have never interested myself in the periodical assembly elections. . . . I have become a *banghi* because I think that the institution of untouchability will die a decent death only when the Hindus will be casteless by becoming *banghis* from the bottom of their hearts. That cannot be done by aspiring after the membership my correspondent has in view. (July 14, 1946)

A correspondent criticizes Gandhi's appeal to married couples to refrain from sexual intercourse until India is free; this appears to him "ridiculous"—why marry at all if celibacy is desired? Gandhi replies:

It is deplorable that the correspondent seems to take it for granted that the main thing in marriage is the satisfaction of the sexual urge. Rightly speaking, the true purpose of marriage should be and is the intimate friendship and companionship between man and woman. There is in it no room for sexual satisfaction. . . . I may say that my wife and I tasted the real bliss of married life when we renounced sexual contact, and that, too, in the heyday of youth. It was then that our companionship blossomed, and both of us were enabled to render real service to India and humanity in general. . . . (July 7, 1946)

Q. I am a young businessman of 21 years and have 11 dependents. I believe in truth and non-violence but find I cannot strictly follow it in business. What should I do? Abandoning the business means suffering for my relations.

A. This begs the question. It is difficult but not impossible to conduct strictly honest business. The fact is that the honester the business, the more successful it is. Hence the proverb coined by businessmen: "Honesty is the best policy." . . . The questioner will find on introspection that there is nothing wrong with honest business, but that there is something wrong with him. Let him find out what is wrong with him.

Q. Are the time, place and manner of death predestined by the Almighty for each individual? If so, why worry even if we are ill?

A. I do not know whether the time, place and the manner of death are predestined. All I do know is that "not a blade of grass moves but by His will." This too I know hazily. . . . (July 28, 1946)

Independence must begin at the bottom. Thus every village will be a republic having powers. It follows, therefore, that every village must be self-sustaining and capable of managing its own affairs. . . . Ultimately, it is the individual who is the unit. This does not exclude dependence on and willing help from neighbors or from the world. It will be a free and voluntary play of mutual forces. Such a society is necessarily highly cultured, since every man and woman knows what he or she wants and, what is more, knows that no one should want anything that others cannot have with equal labor. . . . In this there is no room for machines that would displace human labor and that would concentrate power in a few hands. Every machine that helps every individual has a place. But I must confess that I have never sat down to think out what that machine can be. I have thought of Singer's sewing machine. . . .

I may be taunted with the retort that all this is Utopian and, therefore, not worth a single thought. If Euclid's point, though incapable of being drawn by human agency, has an imperishable value, my picture has its own for mankind. Let India live for this true picture, though never realizable in its completeness. We must have a proper picture of what we want before we can have something approaching it. (July 28, 1946)

"Anything is better than cowardice. It is violence double-distilled." And to illustrate his remark, Gandhiji narrated the story of a Negro clergyman of Herculean frame in South Africa saying, "Pardon me, brother," when insulted by a White man, and sneaking into the Colored compartment. "That is not non-violence. It is a travesty of Jesus' teaching. It would have been more manly to retaliate." (August 4, 1946)

Gandhiji was next asked regarding the report that he finds himself in darkness, and why and when the darkness came over him and whether he saw any release from it.

Gandhiji said: "I am afraid the report is true. Outside circumstances have never overwhelmed me. The reason for the present darkness lies within me. I find that my *ahimsa* (non-violence) does not seem to answer in the matter of Hindu-Moslem relations. This struck me forcibly when I came to learn of the events in Noakhali [where communal massacres had just taken place]. . . . Was *ahimsa* the weapon of the weak only, as it was often held by my critics, or was it truly the weapon of the strong? The question arose in me when I had no ready-made solution for the distemper of which Noakhali was such a glaring symptom. And so, setting aside all my activities, I hastened to Noakhali to find out where I stood.' (January 19, 1947)

The next question was: "What in your opinion is the cause of communal riots?" Gandhiji said that in his opinion the riots were due to the idiocy of both the communities. (February 9, 1947)

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Q. What is a woman to do when she is attacked by miscreants? To run away, to resist with violence? To have boats in readiness to fly, or to prepare to defend with weapons?

A. My answer is simple. For me, there can be no preparation for violence. All preparation must be for non-violence if courage of the highest type is to be developed. Violence can only be tolerated as being preferable always to cowardice. Therefore I would have no boats ready for flight. . . . There is something wrong in this constant inquiry as to whether to bear arms or not. People have to learn to be naturally independent. . . . Since the world does not have the highest courage, namely courage born of non-violence, it arms itself even unto the atom bomb. Those who do not see the futility of violence will naturally arm themselves to the best of their ability. (February 9, 1947)

Replying to a French friend, Gandhiji said he felt that a socialistic state was bound to come into being in India. He hoped that Indian socialism would not be an armchair but a practical socialism. . . . He himself naturally clung to the hope that future society in India would be a permanent way of life. ". . . Today, there is gross economic inequality. The basis of Socialism is economic equality. . . . I accepted the theory of Socialism even while I was in South Africa. My opposition to the Socialists and others consists in attacking violence as a means of effecting any lasting reform." (May 18 and June 1, 1947)

Before he dealt with the questions, Gandhiji told some demonstrators that they need not be afraid of his doing anything that they did not like. He represented nobody but himself. (May 25, 1947)

The happenings in the country oppress him heavily. . . . "In the India I see shaping today, there is no place for me." There was passion in his voice. "I have given up the hope of living 125 years. I might last a year or two. That is a different matter. But I have no wish to live if India is to be submerged in a flood of violence. There is the communal frenzy, and they are talking of militarization and industrialization. India might become a first-class military power and a highly industrialized country. But where is the place for village industries or *khadi* [hand-woven cloth], symbols of non-violence, in such an India?"

In a letter to an old comrade, he wrote: "I am in the midst of flames. Is it the kindness of God or His irony that the flames do not consume me?" (June 8, 1947)

What appears unpractical from the ordinary standpoint is feasible under divine guidance. I believe I dance to the divine tune. If this is delusion, I treasure it.

Who is this divinity? I would love to discuss the question; only not today. (June 8, 1947)

Socialism is a beautiful word, and so far as I am aware, in socialism all the members of society are equal—none low, none high. In the human body, the head is not high because it is the top of the body, nor are the soles of feet low because they touch the earth. Even as members of the body are equal, so are the members of society. That is socialism. . . .

In order to reach this state, we may not look on things philosophically and say that we need not make a move until all are converted to socialism. Without changing our life, we may go on giving speeches, forming parties and hawklike seizing the game when it comes our way. That is not socialism. The more we treat it as game to be seized, the farther it must recede from us.

Socialism begins with the first convert. If there is one such, you can add zeros to the one and the first zero will account for ten and every addition will count for ten times the previous number. If, however, the beginner is a zero—that is, if no one makes a beginning—multiplicity of zeros will also produce zero value. Time and paper occupied in writing zeros will be so much waste.

This socialism is pure as crystal. It therefore requires crystal-like means to achieve it. Impure means result in an impure end. Hence the prince and the peasant will not be equalized by cutting off the prince's head. . . . (July 13, 1947)

Shaheed Saheb Suhrawardy [a Moslem leader] and I are living together in a Moslem *manzil* in Beliaghata, where Moslems are reported to have been riot victims. We occupied the house on the 13th, and on the 14th it seemed as if there had never been bad blood between the Hindus and Moslems. In their thousands, they began to embrace one another. . . . Numberless Hindus and Moslems continue to stream into our compound. The joy of fraternization is leaping up from hour to hour. . . . The delirious happenings remind me of the early days of the Khilifat movement. Then fraternization burst on the public as a new experience. . . . Today we have drunk the poison of mutual hatred, and so this nectar of fraternity tastes all the sweeter and the sweetness should never wear out. . . . As for myself, I only ask whether the dream of my youth is to be realized in the evening of my life. (August 24, 1947)

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MY STATUE! There is talk in Bombay of spending ten lacs of rupees on erecting my statue. . . . I must say I have a dislike even for being photographed; nevertheless, photographs have been taken of me. I have let artists make busts more than once. Notwithstanding this inconsistency, I must dissent emphatically from any proposal to spend money on a statue of me, especially at a time when the people do not have enough food and clothing. . . . Wise use of ten lacs of rupees would be to spend it on some public work. That would be the best statue. (September 21, 1947)

IS *HARIJAN* WANTED? It occurs to me that now that freedom from British rule has come, the *Harijan* papers [there were Indian-language editions as well as English] are no longer wanted. My views remain as they are. In the scheme of reconstruction for Free India, its villages should no longer depend, as they are now doing, on its cities, but cities should exist only for and in the interest of the villages. Therefore, the spinning wheel should occupy the proud position of the center, round which all the life-giving village industries would revolve. But this seems to be receding into the background. The same thing can be said of many things of which I used to draw a tempting picture. I can no longer do so. . . .

Therefore, I would like the readers of *Harijan* to give me their frank opinion as to whether they really need their *Harijan* weekly to satisfy their political or spiritual hunger. They should send their answers to the Editor, telling me very briefly at the same time, why, if they need it. In the left-hand upper corner of the envelope containing the answer, the writer should state: "About Harijan." (August 31, 1947)

MY DUTY. This heading refers only to my duty about the conducting of the *Harijan* papers. A fair number of replies have been received in answer to my query. The majority of the readers want the papers to be continued. They desire my views on the present-day topics. This means that probably after my death these will no longer be required.

My death can take place in three ways:

(1) The usual dissolution of the body.
(2) Only the eyes move but the mind no longer works.
(3) The body and mind may work but I may withdraw from all public activity.

The first kind overtakes everybody—some die today, others tomorrow. It demands no consideration.

The second variety is to be wished by or for nobody. I for one do not wish for any such imbecile state. It is a burden on earth.

The third variety does demand serious consideration. Some readers suggest that the period of my active life should be over now. A new age for India began on August 15th last. There is no place for me in that age. I detect anger in this advice as it is worded. It therefore carries little weight with me. Such counsellors are few.

I have come to an independent conclusion. . . . My life line is cast in active public service. I have not attained the state which is known as "action in inaction."* My activity, therefore, seems at present to be destined to continue till the last breath. . . . Hence the papers must be continued as they are. "One step enough for me." (September 28, 1947)

A Bengali friend writes [apropos Gandhi's distinction between a brave death and a cowardly death]: "If death is to be the lot in any case, courage becomes of no count; for man lives only to escape death."

This argument seems to beg the question. Man does not live only to escape death. If he does so, he is advised not to do so. He is advised to learn to love death as well as life, if not more so. . . . Life becomes livable only to the extent that death is treated as a friend, never as an enemy. In order to postpone death, a coward surrenders honor, wife, daughter, all. A courageous man prefers death to the surrender of self-respect. . . .

That today my advice might be followed by one or none does not detract from its value. A beginning is always made by a few, even one. (November 30, 1947)

* Gandhi defines this: "There is a stage in life when a man does not need even to proclaim his thoughts, much less to show them by outward action. Mere thoughts act. They attain that power. Then it can be said of him that his seeming inaction constitutes his action. I must confess that I am far from that state. All I can say is that my striving is in that direction." (*Harijan*, October 26, 1947).

At the Sign of the Pot & Kettle

Japan, *after the "Mukden Incident," September* 18, 1931, *began a process of establishing "law and order" in China. The* United States *in* 1935, *during its annual Naval Maneuvers, brought naval vessels to within* 200 *miles of the shores of Japan. The move was considered by the Japanese people as an attempt to strengthen American sea power under the guise of policing in the name of "order."*

Japan, *in* 1926, *passed a law by which all students of middle schools, colleges and universities would receive universal military training. No single happening in Japan did as much to strengthen the hold of the military upon the thinking of the Japanese people. The President of the* United States *at his Press Conference, May* 8, 1947, *called for the enactment of compulsory military training by Congress before adjournment in July. This would place all American youth,* 18 *years of age, in precisely the same position occupied by all Japanese youth in* 1926.

In Japan, *from* 1916 *to* 1941, *whenever an army officer became Premier of the Cabinet, we knew that some move for militarization would follow. We never guessed wrong. The* United States, *in* 1947, *appointed General Marshall Secretary of State and he appointed the following military men to positions of high diplomatic rank—General Hines (Panama), Lt. General Smith (USSR), Vice Admiral Kirk (Belgium) and General Holcom (South Africa).*

Japan, *following the "Marco Polo Bridge Incident," July* 7, 1937, *staged many victory parades in "Occupied China" controlled by Wang Chin Wei. When Japanese troops entered great Chinese cities, Chinese people were lined up to wave Japanese flags. In most instances, one litre of rice was given to every Chinese as a bribe. Food relief had political implications. The* United States *has used food as a political weapon to strengthen the regimes favoring our foreign policy.*

Japan, *before Pearl Harbor day, stated time and time again that Manchuria, Korea and China must be kept "free from Communism." Under this thin disguise military intervention took place. The* United States *in the "Truman Doctrine" has openly admitted that its purpose is "to check Communism." Under this guise American military power has been extended.*

In Japan, *previous to the outbreak of the war, the oft-repeated wail of the liberals was "the Foreign Office has become a bureau of the War Office." In the* United States, *May* 1947, *it became clear that the War Department looks upon our State Department as a branch of it.*

T. D. WALSER

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Memo to the Conquerors

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The June, 1947, issue of the Paris monthly, "Esprit," is wholly devoted to letters, reports, and other documents from Germany. From this extremely interesting collection, we translate below the contribution of Wolfgang Kohler of Steinberg, Bavaria. Formally the most individualistic, not to say eccentric, of all the texts, it seems to us to be at the same time the most significant. And by far the most sympathetic.*

1.

In 1943, shortly after Mussolini's fall, I saw a billboard: VIVE LE ROI!

VIVE LE DUCE!

VIVE STALIN!

VIVE BADOGLIO!

The slogans splashed and mingled, the oxide red of communism and the dead black of fascism.

Stalin, Roosevelt, Churchill, Hitler.

At the bottom, some one had scrawled: TO HELL WITH THEM ALL!

He was right.

2.

Yesterday, Hitler ordered us to become good nazis. Today, the Americans expect us to develop into true democrats. Tomorrow, who knows, the Russians will come and will urge us to be loyal communists. And after the Russians. . . .

The common people will go along. They will become whirling dervishes if it is required. If some one gives the word. But reason begins to rebel. It has its belly full of dancing to the conductor's baton: it is sick of wearing a uniform, whether nazi, bolshevik, democratic, or something else.

3.

Speaking of uniforms. The uniform is everything in Germany. Still and always.

At Hamburg, a policeman's uniform rents for 3,000 marks.

With a uniform, you can do whatever you like and get anything you want. Anything. And we, who have just hauled down the swastika flag, we see the post-office clerk shut up his window in our face, if we are in civilian dress.

Hitler had only one big idea: he gave a uniform to every German. Those who had a good job had two, and those in high offices had three or more.

Everybody was happy. We were *all* members of the elite.

Today, the elite is restricted to postmen, railway conductors and cops. They alone have retained their coats of many colors, like so many Josephs.

But we can hardly reproach them. They function as badly as every one else.

4.

When the cop walks into the black market, everybody grumbles. The police want us to die of hunger according to regulations.

The humblest German today does not live only on his ration card. If he does, he gets his name in the newspapers.

The cops themselves make black market deals on the side. If they didn't they could no longer lift their clubs, they would be too weak to arrest the black marketeers. That would be doubly regrettable.

5.

The Germans are a race of poets and thinkers.

Poets and thinkers produce best when their bellies are empty.

That is why they are letting us die of hunger.

For our own good.

The last five surviving Germans will surely be five Goethes. They will overpower the world not with secret armies but with lyric verse.

That will be much better all around.

6.

Goethe, for instance.

And Schiller.

Cowards!

They did not dare live in the 20th century. Instead, they sneaked away among our ancestors.

Otherwise, the author of *The Brigands* and of *Don Carlos* would have died in Buchenwald, and His Excellency the Minister of State of Weimar would have been hung at Nuremberg.

We live in a terrible century.

7.

A terrible century.

Three hundred years ago, people killed and tortured each other because one man wanted to take a swallow of wine and a bite of bread in church while the other one didn't. Today we use concentration camps and gas chambers to settle differences of opinion about politics. Let some one prove that we have "progressed" beyond the dark ages.

In 1647, they wrote: *Cuius regio, eius religio.*

That's what they said then.

And you had to obey.

Today they bring us new political ideologies and new moral and legal codes every ten years.

And we have to obey.

Group responsibility, aryan grandmothers, democratic public opinion, collective thinking, humanitarian justice, *nulla poena sine lege*—they are regularly abolished and reinstated.

We obey.

Still.

For we know this: he who holds power decides. On political matters, on morality, on everything.

Only, if you don't mind, let's have fewer changes, you reds, browns, yellows, blacks! We have been riding on a merry-go-round so long that we are getting dizzy.

We want to get off and to smash up everything.

8.

It is good today to read Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, William Godwin, Ivan Sergeievitch, Turgenev, Ludwig Feuerbach the negativists. It clears one's head.

We want no more political messiahs, no more fuhrers.

To hell with them!

No more gang leaders, no more parliamentarians, no more cops!

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To hell with them!

The optimistic preachers of "social order" are interrupted by a gasp of agony.

Either complete tolerance towards all, or else nihilism and anarchy. It seems better, indeed, to have one's head broken by a neighbor from whom one has stolen a chicken to cook than to lose one's head, according to law, for an ideology.

9.

To those who still hope to get us to adopt their political, moral and religious principles, I dedicate the following verses by Bert Brecht:

You, sirs, who teach us how to live properly
avoiding sins and bad actions,
first give us something to eat—
after that, you can talk. Begin at the beginning!
You, who love your paunches and our virtue,
this you must know once for all:
You can argue all sides of the question, preach
your gospel day and night, but
First comes the belly; morality later!
First the poor
must get their slice of the big loaf.

WOLFGANG KOHLER

(*Translated by Dwight Macdonald*)

German Letter

ON entering the British zone of Germany one has at first something of the feeling an observant person might have had on entering India during the palmy days of the British raj. Everywhere it is made perfectly clear, by distinctions of treatment and feeding, by jim-crow restrictions on the places where Germans are allowed to enter, and by the general differences in clothing and physical appearance, that the British in Germany are a superior conquering race. And it is, indeed, on this assumption that the majority of the British occupying authorities mould their conduct.

To bring this down to concrete illustrations, I will give examples of the different feeding standards for British occupation personnel and for Germans. As a journalist I stayed at what were known as "press camps," which were usually the best hotels in the towns where they were situated. These "camps" were well stocked with food, drink, and cigarettes. Six course meals were the rule rather than the exception, and the food served for these meals was better and more ample than it is possible to obtain nowadays in England itself. Here is the menu for my first meal in Germany: soup, a plate of snow-white bread (with the crusts cut off), as much butter as desired, then cold ham, pressed beef, corned beef, cold roast beef, twelve different salads and roast potatoes, fruit pudding with custard, Roquefort cheese, coffee. Later on I learnt that this was only a very average dinner; usually there were two sweets and a savoury.

There was great wastage on the catering for these British establishments, and at times even whole loaves would find their way into the waste-food bins, to be fished out by the pig-food merchants and sold to Germans at exorbitant prices.

The next day I saw how the vanquished Germans fed, and the contrast was just about as extreme as it could be. I was taken by a German family and asked to share a meal in a restaurant. The waiter appeared with a single dish, a brown mess. On enquiry I found it consisted of brown dried beans, put through a mincer. The only addition to the beans was salt; not an ounce of meat or fat of any description. There were no supplementaries, no bread or vegetables, no coffee or tea, just the brown beans cooked in water and salt. I could not eat more than a mouthful, with the best will in the world, but everybody told me that it was a good meal as German meals went. At other German restaurants I encountered slight variations—sometimes there would be a soup made of flour, sometimes the vegetables would be varied by the inclusion of potatoes, carrots or cabbage. But there was never any bread, meat or fat, although restaurant feeders had to give up fat, bread and cereal coupons. So far as I could see, the meals which people eat in their homes are little better. The meat and fat rations are so slight that at best they can be regarded as occasional garnishings; generally, once again, the meals consist of some kind of brown mush of beans, cereals or potatoes cooked in water.

I HAD gone to Germany prepared to find conditions bad. They were in fact much worse than I had anticipated.

When I first arrived, indeed, I had the illusion that reports had actually been exaggerated. I went by air to a small country town which had received little bombing, and as I drove through it the shop windows looked full and the people seemed at first sight healthy and neatly dressed. But, later on, when I had leisure to walk in the streets, I saw that the reality was a good deal different.

The crammed shop windows were, in fact, mostly filled with dummies and cardboard boxes left over from days before the collapse. When I entered a grocer's shop, I found that the only commodity openly for sale off the minute ration was "Aromas"—bottles of brightly colored chemicals for flavoring. The flour and other cereals which were on sale as rations had a grey, impure and wholly unappetising appearance, which I found characterised all the scanty food the Germans receive. The only shops which had much to sell were the pharmacies, with disinfectants costing half a week's wages per bottle, and, ironically, plenty of cosmetics.

I encountered one type of shop which belongs wholly to the post-war era. It was the barter shop; the windows were full of miscellaneous items, each with a little ticket giving the desired object of exchange. An old bicycle was offered for a suit, a hammock for a chair, and so on down to mere trivial articles—a couple of used pipes for a bucket, a bathing suit and cap for two saucepans, even a roll of thread for a preserving jar. In every town there are dozens of these barter shops, and they are symptomatic both of the breakdown of the financial system and the almost complete lack of consumer goods.

The appearance of the people was as misleading as that of the shops. Their healthy looks were due almost wholly to suntan. Their faces were drawn, their bodies either very thin or flabbily fat from an unbalanced starchy diet. They were, indeed, surprisingly neat and clean, but their clothes were always old, and patched in the most complicated manner. The lack of good shoes was particularly noticeable; I saw many women walking barefooted, and I was soon aware of the envy with which people looked at my own comparatively good shoes.

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There is, of course, vast overcrowding. Göttingen, a town to which refugees from the Russian zone seem to gravitate, shelters 100,000 people instead of its pre-war 47,000. In the ruined cities it is even worse, and the conditions of life in places like Hanover and the towns on the Ruhr are appalling almost beyond description. In Hanover, for instance, the streets are full every morning of thousands of people who cannot possibly find room in the few remaining houses. They live in the cellars and holes in the ruins, and I understand that in all the demolished cities there are thousands of people who live like this, although their dwellings are so disguised by the rubble that one rarely sees signs of habitation in these devastated areas. But once I saw a woman and a whole family of children emerging from their subterranean home, a black gaping hole under an enormous pile of debris.

Food is the main occupation and preoccupation of the people. To make up the miserable and totally inadequate quantity they get entails whole days of arduous effort, standing in queues, tramping out to the country, or carrying on barter trade for tiny quantities which a normally fed person would not consider worth looking at.

Among these starved people with their perpetual hunt for scraps of food, one sees occasionally sleek and overdressed men and women. These are the "schieber" or black marketeers, and their rich clients. For here, as elsewhere, there is a black market, commanding prices out of all relation to wages and to prices anywhere else in Europe. A pound of butter can be bought for 200 marks—a month's wages for a skilled worker; a pound of coffee costs 500 marks—about 250 times its normal value. Ten cigarettes cost between 60 and 90 marks, according to their brand. And so on. The value placed on such commodities has upset all normal computations, and, to give only one example, I encountered an ascetic music-lover who had obtained, for his last half-pound of coffee, a collection of 40 new Mozart records!

But it would be wrong to assume that the black market is confined to the wealthy "schieber." On the contrary, it pervades the whole German life. To live, every German has to indulge in some kind of black market activity. The market begins among the big middlemen and the occupation troops and corrupt Control Commission officials, but thence it descends into a whole class of poorer Germans who buy and sell as their regular occupation. Very many young men do nothing else, and the moral degeneration of such a life is only too evident.

Another completely unproductive employment which absorbs many young Germans of both sexes is that of acting as drivers, mechanics, cooks, servants, etc., for the occupation authorities. The British pay low wages (less than a mark an hour for drivers—and expect their employees to be subservient and work long hours, but many people are attracted to such work because it means at least two square meals a day, and sometimes a few cigarettes, cadged from friendly British personnel.

When one realizes what there is to be done to reconstruct Germany, one is appalled by the waste of manpower that goes on. To give one example, I stayed for a few days at a transit hotel for British business men. The hotel could accommodate a maximum of twelve people, but usually there were only two or three. To look after these few people it carried a staff of no less than thirteen German civilians and five British soldiers. (This instance also gives some kind of answer to the vexed question of British manpower!)

POLITICALLY, the attitude of the average German seems to range between apathy and a growing tendency to return in desperation to the desire for some modified form of Nazism. The latter tendency is growing with startling rapidity, and is due, on the negative side, to the discrediting of democracy by the activities of "democratic" occupation forces and the German party politicians who have arisen under their wing, and, on the positive side, to the veiled favour with which the former Nazis have been treated in recent months by the Allied authorities.

At the end of hostilities, most of the Germans seem to have been glad to see the end of the war and the Hitler regime, and I think they were genuinely anxious to become friendly towards the British and Americans, and to try some kind of democratic system.

But democracy as it has been brought by the Allies has merely made them bitter and cynical. They find the British authorities unsympathetic in general and individually corrupt. The British civilian administrators in particular act like nabobs, with complete lack of consideration for the Germans under their control, and are universally hated, by British soldiers as well as German civilians. Actually, the only British representatives who are not actively disliked are the private soldiers, who often treat the Germans with courtesy and consideration, and regularly break the various segregational regulations. But their efforts are by no means sufficient to outweigh the hatred felt towards the British administration as a whole and the "democracy" it represents. Lastly, the various German parties which have arisen under the aegis of the British authorities have returned to just the same kind of mercenary political game they played in the fatal days before the Nazis gained power. Most of the leaders, whether Christian Democrat, Social-Democrat or Communist, have already feathered their own nests by accepting salaried and privileged positions, while they have successfully turned the revived trade unions into the appendages of their own political game. The average German stands to gain as little from them as from the Allied authorities, and he knows it. As a consequence of this, the word "democracy" was pronounced with a sneer by every German I met.

One might have hoped and expected that in such a situation there would be some sweeping revival of revolutionary ideas. But, apart from a few isolated individuals and groups, mostly of men and women who had already been left socialists, anarchists or syndicalists before the Nazi regime, I found little evidence of this.

Of the two most prevalent attitudes, one is potentially, the other actively, anti-revolutionary.

Many of the young, and particularly the students and intellectuals generally, adopt an attitude of critical contempt for politics. Unfortunately, this rejection of politics is not of a positive nature, but usually indicates a desire to evade any kind of real social responsibility. I came across it again and again, but after discussion it usually boiled down to the ivory tower attitude of social inaction.

Often, however, the Germans went further, into the attitude expressed by such remarks as, "We don't want to bother our heads about politics; all we want is a good leader to get us out of this mess." Literally dozens of times I had to listen to variations on this theme, which represents the kind of desire to shelve personal responsibility that helped to bring Hitler into power. If the majority of Germans continue in this way of thinking, they will certainly get a new Nazism, and, indeed, I often heard Germans, who had never been connected with the Nazi party,

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saying that they wished Hitler were back. I was assured by a number of acute observers that many people who were never convinced by Nazism during its period of power are now becoming converted.

The rebirth of Nazism is also assisted by the favoured treatment of its rank-and-file supporters. Denazification has long been a farce. In each town committees are formed to sift former Nazis in public office. These committees are under the influence of the Control Commission, and are so formed that a majority is usually in favour of retaining the ex-Nazis. The Nazis, naturally enough, do not keep their old formations; they have other means of influence. There is direct bribery, for many are still wealthy. There is also religion; many turned Christian in their hour of defeat and now, as a reward for their faith, have secured the influence of the Church to help them to keep in office. They have also strongly infiltrated the powerful Christian Democratic Party (in the Russian zone they naturally find an easy place in the KPD). In addition to this, they are strongly favoured by the British authorities. There have been cases where former Nazis were replaced in office by the British over the heads of local committees of Germans, while in some of the Ruhr towns the old police officers, who were sacked at the beginning of the Allied occupation, have now returned in force to their positions.

The increasingly favourable position of the ex-Nazis helps to make a cynical and desperate people turn towards them again. It is not unreasonable to think that the British and American authorities aim quite deliberately at this end. They may well be fostering these Nazi groupings as the most reliable basis, from their point of view, on which to build a German resistance to Communism. The mentality that saw Hitler as a bulwark against Bolshevism should find plenty of scope for revival among the reactionaries who fill the offices of the Control Commission.

Militarist ideas are also once more in the ascendant. Social conditions are so depressing that many people fall a prey to the tendency to put their hopes in another war. Over and over again I heard: "If the Americans and British do not declare war soon on Russia, we shall be completely lost."

NEXT to food, Russia is the principal subject of conversation. However much the Germans may detest the British authorities, they regard them as a lesser evil than the Russians, and, ironically, they look upon the hated British as their only possible saviours. Many, while they continually complain at the injustice and lack of consideration of the British authorities, express their anxiety at the possible consequences of an Anglo-American evacuation which would leave them completely at the mercy of the Communists.

All the friendliness towards Russia which existed in the early days among Germans in the British zone has vanished. This is due partly to the abominable Russian treatment of German prisoners, who are often sent home only because they are already dying and are therefore no use for slave labour, and partly to the effect of the streams of refugees who come steadily over the zonal frontiers, bearing new stories of terror and persecution. A weekly average of between 18 and 20 thousand people make this crossing. Many of them prefer to start again with nothing rather than live in their own homes, and I heard several people say that coming into the British zone was, by comparison "like entering a free country."

From many refugees with whom I talked, I got the impression that unless you are a Communist, life is hardly worth living there. The old concentration camps used by the Nazis, including Buchenwald, are still standing, and are packed full, while many thousands of Germans are regularly spirited away to Russia for forced labor. A well organised German political police force (the *Staatskriminalpolizei*) operates under NKVD supervision.

All workers, intellectual and manual, and students in the Russian zone are forced to belong to the Free German Trade Union, which is "free" only in its name, all actions being dictated from above—including a peculiar type of "strike activity." Recently a civil servant tried to assassinate the Communist President of the Thuringian Parliament. The Russian authorities ordered the Free German Trade Union to decree a strike and protest demonstration. Taking part in the "strike" was obligatory. But, of course, any kind of real strike by the workers themselves over industrial matters is strictly forbidden.

All means of production in the Russian zone have either been taken away to Russia, or are operated under Russian control. Factories have been dismantled, trains with thousands of carriages and locomotives, transported to the interior of Russia; double railway tracks have been abolished, the track being taken up and carried away. Apart from their scanty rations, the inhabitants of the Russian zone receive literally nothing from the industrial produce of their country; all the factories that are left produce consumer goods for Russia alone, and only the German Communists receive a few of the crumbs from the master's table.

The peasants have a particularly bad time under the Russians. Ninety percent of all the food they produce has to be handed over. The allocation is made at the beginning of the year, and has to be fulfilled, no matter whether their livestock die or crops fail. This means often that the peasant has to buy milk and eggs on the black market to make up his quota, and many have had to leave their farms and flee into the British zone because they could not keep it up. The percentage of produce handed over is so high because the entire Russian army and their families live on it, as well as the German town population. Unlike the British and Americans, who import their supplies from their respective countries, the Russians receive nothing from home. Each farmer, each factory, each workshop, operates almost entirely for the conquerors.

I HAVE tried to give some idea of Germany as I saw it. It was worse by far than I had expected, and it made me feel often tempted to fall into the kind of despair that governs the Germans themselves.

Clearly, the only move that can have any immediate effect on the German problem would be for the occupiers to get off the backs of the people and leave them to carry on their own reconstruction without the crippling burdens that are laid on them. This also is the only way in which the resurgence of Nazi ideas is likely to be halted. But I can see little chance of this, and almost as little chance of a German revolutionary movement that will even attempt to shake off the oppressors.

Yet there remains a core of individuals who are still uncorrupted by despair and cynicism, and I think one of the best things radicals outside Germany can do is to show solidarity towards these people in as practical a way as possible, to help them to fight off the effects of the terrible isolation they undoubtedly feel. To us, for instance, food parcels may seem little, but I saw when I was in Germany

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that they have an effect out of all proportion to their intrinsic value. It is their moral significance as tokens of solidarity and support that is the most important thing of all.

INGEBORG WOODCOCK

London, England, Sept. 3, 1947.

Memorandum to All But 140 Million People

AND the Lord called together the representatives of all the alien nations of the earth, and he spake unto them, saying,

¶ *I am the Lord thy God of America, which have brought thee out of the land of Hitler, out of the house of Nippon. I have led my American people victorious through a mighty conflict, and have placed them supreme at the head of all the peoples of the world.*

¶ *Thou shalt have no other gods before them and their chosen representatives.*

¶ *Thou shalt not make unto thee any subversive image, or any ideology of any thing that is not in the custom, or in the tradition, or in the interest of my people. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to their enemies nor serve them.*

¶ *For I the Lord thy God am a scientific God, having delivered unto my people sole power over the ultimate secrets of the earth, and having placed in their hands responsibility for visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the sixth generation of them that hate them, through the malformation of the recessive genes by exposure to the rays of atomic energy;*

¶ *And showing mercy through the deliverance of the crumbs from their abundance unto thousands of them that love them, and keep their commandments.*

¶ *Thou shalt not kill.*
¶ *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*
¶ *Thou shalt not steal.*
¶ *Thou shalt not bear false witness.*

¶ *For all of these matters are reserved unto the proper authority of my people, whom I have endowed with sufficient moral judgment to determine the proper circumstances for the exercise of these prerogatives.*

¶ *Thou shalt not covet my people's homes, nor their iceboxes, nor their automobiles, nor their Marshall Islands, nor their atomic bombs, nor anything that is my people's.*

¶ *Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work and the work of the representatives of my people, but on the seventh day shalt thou rest and shalt die of starvation and exhaustion.*

¶ *For in six days the people of the Lord shall rule heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is; and on the seventh day the earth shall vanish from the spaces of the universe.*

¶ *Therefore the Lord will bless the seventh day, and hallow it.*

J. H. MCCANDLESS

Exodus, 1947

THE shunting of Jewish refugees across the face of Europe during the past year provides a contribution to the problem of individual responsiblity. It was one of the rare cases in recent world politics in which action based on individual responsibility might have been possible and effective. Instead, this opportunity for responsible action was lost in group activity which was hostile in character and essentially evasive in intent. The ill-fated voyage of the "Exodus 1947," and the many expeditions which came before and after, were nominally the affair of a small group of European Jews. But they are also of significance for non-Jews because they show all too clearly how it became possible for a group to shirk individual responsibility by choosing the less responsible path of group aggression.

The displaced Jews of Europe have a natural desire to find a haven of refuge and to seek it in a country where they will not remain a minority, potentially threatened by further persecution. The Zionistic dream, deeply anchored in Jewish religious history, drives them to look to Palestine as their natural destination. Living in camps and under the pressure of past and present experiences, they can not be expected to think rationally or to evaluate situations with any degree of objectivity. They can see in the British only those who prevent their entrance into Palestine and they hate them for it. When an opportunity was offered them to defy the British, their emotional state encouraged them only to take advantage of it. But this emotionally conditioned inability to evaluate their situation with detachment only implies an even greater obligation on the part of those who offer them a chance to escape Germany.

The situation of American Jews is quite different. They are much more securely integrated within the pattern of American society than their European brothers are within European patterns. It is their duty to think and act rationally where the fate of their fellow Jews in Europe is concerned. They should have offered guidance in a well-planned course of action and should have helped to execute it. It was clear that Palestine could not admit all Jews left in Europe. Moreover, the political situation is obviously precarious in a country where imperialistic and economic interests clash with the nationalism of a rising new group, the Arabs. The violence of Mohammedan nationalism has shown itself clearly enough in India. This should suggest that the idea of a Palestinian state common to Arabs and Jews alike is a pious hope and not a political reality—as was recognized by the U.N., which recommended the creation of two separate states.

It is a wishful dream to imagine that two different races can live and work together in harmony when one of them can boast of a higher level of education, technology, and capital investment, while the other is comparatively illiterate with a lower standard of living. The belief that such peaceful cooperation is possible should be recognized as a pipe dream, particularly by Americans familiar with the Negro problem. Every American knows that to solve

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the Negro problem—although it will have to be solved—will ask for long and patient cooperation between the most willing members of both groups; it will require a process of equalization in social and economic opportunities which may well take several decades.

The old British mandate, calling for the governing of Palestine as a state of Jews and Arabs was instituted by the League of Nations at a time when nobody could foresee that a situation would arise in Europe forcing hundreds of thousands of Jews to seek immigration within a few years' time. Arab reaction to such large scale Jewish immigration would have demanded some restrictions on Jewish immigration in order to satisfy the Arab population even if political considerations of a different nature had not led to restriction at an earlier time. American Jews knew that while the position of the British mandate power was weakening, the British had still to fulfill the role of arbiter between Jewish and Arab interests. They also knew that even the most powerful nations restricted immigration and returned illegal immigrants to their native countries, regardless of what their eventual fate might be.

Again, it seems that American Jews more than other Jewish groups should understand why a dominant majority group has misgivings about the expansive tendencies of a minority group. If American whites who are more highly educated than the Arabs, ask for restrictive measures and institute or condone them, American Jews ought at least to understand the Arab position. The Arabs feel no obligation toward Jewish immigrants who wish to enter what has for centuries been Arab country, and they feel that Jews should obey immigration laws as immigrants to this country are expected to obey ours. American Jews who acquiesce to the hardships which American immigration laws imply for many who desire to make their homes here, have little moral right to complain about British immigration restrictions in Palestine. The Jewish claim of ancestral rights to all, or most, of Palestine is emotionally understandable, but its rational validity would be analogous to the American Indians' claiming all of the United States since it was the heritage of their ancestors. It, too, was taken from them in wars of conquest, as was Palestine from the Jews but I doubt that many American Jews who insist on the Jews' *right* to Palestine would be willing to give America back to the Indians. The Jewish claim of bringing a higher standard of culture and industry to the Arabs might also apply to the American Indian, only I doubt that he considers the higher living standard introduced by the white man a fair reward for his alienation and loss of status.

Nevertheless and despite all these arguments against an attitude which claims that Jews have a moral right to a forced entrance into Palestine, one can still understand that European Jews spare no effort to get there, and one can also understand Palestinian Jews calling out to their fellow Jews in Europe "come and join us, you are welcome here."

For a time—until the British made it clear that they were getting out—it was fashionable among many circles of American Jewry—and not only among Jews—to discharge a great deal of hostile feeling against the viciousness of the British who kept Jews from entering Palestine and put them behind barbed wire in Cyprus. I cannot help feeling that this anger against the British was a projection of the anger of American Jews against themselves for not doing their duty towards the Jews in Europe. They could remain at peace with themselves only by discharging their displeasure at their own inefficiency in a task that seemed a sacred obligation. But objection must be raised against their making a scapegoat of the British and blaming them with evils which American Jews were equally unable or unwilling to remedy.

What have the more aggressive American Jews been doing? They have been chartering boats—American boats—which sailed to Europe but not to bring homeless Jews to the United States, the land of abundance, the land where they would be safe from persecution and where history has shown they can be integrated into an existing community of power and culture. Rather, American money and American boats have been used for breaking British laws.

The example of such anti-British feelings is another proof of how dangerous it is to discharge tension and guilt created in oneself against a scapegoat instead of discharging it into reasonable action which would permanently remedy the initial source of tension and guilt. Certainly, there seemed to be just enough reason to be angry at the British to permit such discharge of tension; otherwise anti-British feeling would have been paranoid. The British could have implemented their immigration

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restrictions through less aggressive actions against Jewish victims who were unaccountable for their actions because of fear. The British need not have used clubs and tear gas against groups which included women and adolescent children. But if, instead of discharging tension against a scapegoat, American Jews had asked themselves what they would most have liked to happen to themselves if they were displaced persons in Europe, the answer would have been obvious: to emigrate to the United States. Then it would have been pretty obvious that true charity must always begin at home. If Americans truly wished to help the European displaced persons at whatever cost to themselves, then as American citizens they should have first concentrated all efforts on getting as many as possible into their own country. Only after they had thus shown their eagerness to do their share, could they expect the British, and Arabs to do theirs. In this particular case, besides signing affidavits and influencing consulates to grant immigration visas, Americans might have tried to exercise persuasion and democratic pressure on all well meaning citizens, including members of Congress, to use those immigration quotas which could lawfully be devoted to displaced persons to bring them to our shores so that they might become part of the body politic of these United States.

Then American Jews could have hired American boats and brought the weary Jews of Europe to live with them. If immigration laws must be transgressed, it is morally more justified and more courageous for Americans to break the laws of their own country than those of the British. Then we ourselves would have faced the music which any violator of immigration laws has to face sooner or later. Instead, we allowed the European Jews themselves to face the consequences of such illegal action. It should have been the duty of American Jews to get them to our shores instead of leaving the task to the Palestinian Jews who have all too many difficulties of their own. True, such efforts might not have been successful, although I doubt that Americans would really have shipped one, two, or even three boat-loads of Jewish refugees or other displaced persons back to Europe, nor do I believe that the United States would have sent destroyers out to intercept the boats as did the British. There is, as yet, no such explosive pressure to prevent their entrance to this country as exists in Palestine.

It was hardly the purpose of this discussion to advocate the chartering of American boats so that "uncertified" Jews might be brought to our shores in violation of the immigration law. Rather, its goal was to lead us all to reexamine our attitudes and behavior in this whole question so that we can then act more reasonably with greater success.

I think our attitude toward the fate of "Exodus 1947" has application to many other situations. Our actions ought, whenever possible, to be so directed and planned that blaming scapegoats should not replace the realization of our own shortcomings. There exists no situation where some constructive individual or group action is not possible, based on every man's accepting full responsibility for his own actions instead of burdening others with what is also his own responsibility.

It may often be wiser and more effective to do the moderate within one's own means rather than to instigate actions—to be carried out by others—which must surely make headlines. To do the spectacular—running blockades against the British fleet with rotten excursion boats—at the expense of desperate Jews—is immoral, particularly if they are left to foot the bill. They end up where they started, richer by one more execrable experience. To blame the British for not providing the happy ending for an—at best—Quixotic adventure reveals only childish attitudes toward life. But then, children may act irresponsibly, mature men should not.

BRUNO BETTELHEIM

WITH THE HEAVY THINKERS: DEPT. OF PROPHECY

Those tender shoots of hope for a third party which sprouted last spring have by now withered: it appears most unlikely that Wallace will run for President next year.

—"Henry Wallace: the Man and the Myth," by Dwight Macdonald, p. 168.

THE ROVER BOYS IN TEXAS, OR HANK WALLACE RIDES AGAIN!

When I stepped off the plane at Austin, five boys were there to meet me, waving red flags. A parked car with a loudspeaker began to blare out, "The Internationale." I laughed and asked, "What oilman is paying for this?" Sure enough, the leader of the demonstration turned out to be the son of an oil-company president. His efforts had an unforeseen ending when 300 other clear-eyed, stout-hearted Texans rushed at the five and chased them away.

—Henry Wallace, writing to the folks back home in "The New Republic," June 2, 1947.

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT

Does "The Nation" have any politics? Yes. . . . It believes in simple decency as a basic political principle. It is against the ethics of the stinker, even when dignified as a party platform or an Act of Congress. And so "The Nation" has been turning on lights in dark rooms since 1865.

—Circulation letter recently sent out by "The Nation."

THE MILITARY MIND (CONT'D)

"You have heard people claim that the atomic weapon cannot be resisted," said Rear-Admiral Oscar C. Badger to a Kiwanis luncheon today. "That kind of talk isn't American. Atomic Weapons should be a challenge to the people of the United States."

—"N. Y. Journal-American," July 21, 1947.

REVOLUTIONARY EVOLUTION

Yugoslavia's secret police organization was reorganized at the end of last year. Its name has been changed from OZNA (Organization for the Defense of the People) to UBDA (State Security Control).

—"Christian Science Monitor," June 7, 1947.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE

I urge that the amounts of aid that are recommended should be voted in full, as they have been subjected to the most careful study and analysis on a bipartisan basis than any major program has ever been subjected to in America.

—from a speech by Harold Stassen, who wants to be President of the United States; as quoted, N. Y. Times, Nov. 19, 1947.

DISCOVERY

CONGRESSMEN FIND
EUROPE NEEDS AID

—Headline in N. Y. Times, Sept. 28, 1947.

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The F. B. I.

By Clifton Bennett

ON May 5, 1947, the House Appropriations Committee cut 23 per cent from the budgets of the State, Commerce and Justice Departments. At the same time, they approved without comment the request of John Edgar Hoover's Federal Bureau of Investigation for $35,000,000 —a third of the Department of Justice total. Before sundown of that day, a 5-4 ruling of the Supreme Court upheld the right of the F.B.I. to search homes without a warrant, and the House Foreign Affairs Committee approved a bill "to prevent Communists from getting passports illegally" by requiring the fingerprints of all passport applicants for checking against F.B.I. files.

Altogether, quite a day for the F.B.I. But such days have been frequent of late in the life of Mr. Hoover's baby. The F.B.I., many people now think, is our most reliable defense against Communist totalitarianism. Is it? Let's look at the record.

I. The Organization

Known at its founding in 1908 as the Bureau of Investigation, the organization grew slowly until 1924, picking up bits of additional power along the way through passage of the White Slave Traffic Act of 1910, and the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act of 1919. The Bureau took its present form in 1924 following the connection of Attorney General Daugherty and Bureau agents with the Teapot Dome oil scandals and the American Metal Company manipulations under the Harding administration.[1] The new Attorney General, Harlan F. Stone—later Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court—appointed J. Edgar Hoover Director of the re-organized Bureau, with orders to clean it up, introduce promotions on merit and eliminate political influence. Mr. Hoover did all these things and many more, with the sure instinct of a master showman for anything that would put more power in the hands of his organization.

In 1924, there were not more than 600 employees in the Bureau. The Federal Budget for 1948 provides for more than 10,000. In 1924, there were 810,188 fingerprints in the records. Today there are more than 103,010,000. In its first year of operation under Hoover, the Bureau spent slightly over $2,000,000. It cost less than fifty million dollars for the whole 15-year period, 1924-1939. It will spend that amount in 1948 alone, after its share of the Government-employee witchburning is added to the budget figures.

The greatest period of F.B.I. growth came under the Roosevelt administration as part of the New Deal trend toward federal power. The setting up of the Social Security files provided the F.B.I. with a convenient cross-check on their growing fingerprint collection. Universal fingerprinting, one of J. Edgar Hoover's most enthusiastic projects, is well under way with a majority of Americans already neatly filed for future reference. Beginning in 1939-40, the War Department, Navy Department and Marine Corps filed prints of all incoming personnel with the Bureau. Prints of workers in war industries added to the collection; and in 1940 the Alien Registration Act further swelled the personnel ranks, the power of the Director and the Budget estimates.

II. The Special Agent

The age of the average G-Man is 34. He must be a graduate of a recognized law school or a member of the Bar, with at least two years of legal or business experience, or he must be a graduate of a recognized accounting school with three years of commercial accounting or auditing experience. His starting wage is about $65-$70 a week, and his finishing wage is not much higher. Leon G. Turrou, one of the few men in the Bureau who managed to get some of the publicity usually cornered by Hoover, was earning $4,500 a year as one of the oldest and most trusted Special Agents at the time of his "separation with prejudice" over articles written by him for a newspaper chain.

G-Men, who prefer to be called Special Agents of the Department of Justice, are usually recruited through the regular publicity of the Bureau, or through speakers sent to address Senior classes at law schools. University degrees are held by approximately 78 per cent of the men, who must attend a 14-week training school at Quantico, Virginia, and at the Washington headquarters. J. Edgar Hoover and four other persons make up the regular faculty. Listed as a Visiting Faculty Member is J. P. Allman, Commissioner of the Chicago Police at the time of the Memorial Day Massacre in 1937, whom Philip Murray charged with the murder of the Republic Steel strikers. Commissioner Allman is presented as a specialist on "Parades, Assemblies and Emergencies."

The F.B.I. booklet on *Training Schools and Selection of Personnel,* which provides us with this information on the varied requirements and education of a G-Man, also tells us that:

> "These diversified qualifications are very important, particularly when the records of the Bureau reflect instances wherein an expert violinist was able to soften the heart of a mountaineer with his music and cause him to disclose the whereabouts of his son, who was a fugitive from justice. . . . "

The younger Special Agents are a much smoother set of operators than the City Detective. They rarely resort to the use of force in questioning. Criminals refer to them as "super con-men."

In addition to their use of "psychology" in place of the third degree, many F.B.I. operatives are marked by a youthful amateurishness and over-dramatization of their role. A recent example is the wire-tapping case involving Harry Bridges.

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Wire tapping is illegal. Following the Pearl Harbor fiasco, J. Edgar Hoover, found negligent in the Roberts Report, contended that his agents had been outsmarted by the Japanese because they did not have the right to tap wires. Congressman Emanuel Celler rushed to oblige with a bill which would put the OK on Federals who might want to make a party line out of your hook-up. It didn't pass, but the failure to obtain Congresssional sanction didn't worry the F.B.I. Legal or illegal, the Special Agents have been tapping wires left and right for a long time. Harry Bridges, shadowed because of deportation proceedings, described one occasion:

> "I spotted my room at the Edison easily enough with the field glasses because I had left some stuff on the window sill which I could recognize. Then I moved the glasses over to the room next to mine and there were the two guys, stretched out on the twin beds with their earphones on, thinking I was still in the room. . . .
>
> "Well, so we would tear up old letters and things and the next morning leave them in my room at the Edison, and then that afternoon we'd see one of the F.B.I. men sitting at the table at the window in his room pasting little pieces of paper together. A couple of times I tore things up in the shape of six-pointed stars, or five-pointed stars, or in the shape of a row of paper dolls. . . . Then we'd see this F.B.I. guy holding up the stars and the rows of dolls next day at the window, studying them. . . ."[2]

According to the 1948 budget, there will be 7,201 of these Federal Sherlocks with "diversified qualifications" in the field, backed by another 3,580 departmental employees. And the full personnel needed to carry out President Truman's Executive Order against subversives in government employment is yet to be figured in.

III. The Director

At George Washington University, J. Edgar Hoover committed The Perfect Crime. Although the Office of the Registrar will affirm that he did attend a night school law course, obtaining an LL.B in 1916 and LL.M in 1917, there is no other visible record of his passage. According to the university library, he wrote no thesis for either degree. And the annual classbook for his year was omitted because of a financial crisis. At the Library of the College of Law, however, there is a fat folder containing all the major speeches made by the Bureau Director over a period of ten years; one copy of each having been sent most conscientiously to the librarian of his alma mater.

John Edgar Hoover, born in Washington, D.C., January 1, 1895, has spent most of his life right there. And most of his time in Washington since 1917 has been spent in the Department of Justice building, where he started as a file clerk. It is doubtful that he could meet his own requirements for Bureau agents, unless a clerking period with the Congressional Library can be stretched into "two years of legal or business experience," and a night school law degree sans thesis be transformed into a college education.

In the Department of Justice, he was first connected with wartime counter-espionage, and advanced by 1919 to direct the General Intelligence Division of the Department. In 1921, Hoover was Assistant Director of the Bureau of Investigation, then headed by William J. Burns. As a Special Assistant to A. Mitchell Palmer, Hoover gave a hand to the notorious "Red Raids" of the early Twenties, in which over six thousand persons were jailed on warrants secured from the Department of Labor. Among the sinister meetings raided was one in New England called to plan for the establishment of a cooperative bakery. In Boston, several hundred prisoners were paraded through the streets in chains to afford dramatic material for the news photographers.[3]

The public speeches and writings of J. Edgar Hoover are lurid, alarmist and imaginative, with a regard for fact that is almost on a level with the best of Nick Carter. For example:

> "Prisons are being emptied. . . . Through this exercise of clemency the law-abiding person becomes all but powerless to escape the predatory actions of vicious human vultures. . . . It seems beyond the range of human conception that boards of clemency should meet in secret sessions and undo, with the stroke of a pen, the work of fearless law-enforcement officers, the judgment of honest and efficient courts, the desires of the American populace itself, and throw open prison doors to hordes of sneering, desperate convicts whose sole purpose is again to flout the law. . . . Should they again be apprehended, convicted and sentenced, the angels of mercy, who so love freedom for convicts and who so forget the innocent and suffering public, will gently minister to their every desire and soon again throw the locks that will usher them forth to freedom."[4]

From this it is reasonable to suppose that a battalion or two of paroled convicts had been shooting up the scenery. Yet the *F.B.I. Law Enforcement Bulletin* for the first three months of 1935—a fairly representative period—listed 90,504 arrests for various crimes, of which only .0059% were arrested during parole period. Of the 1,535 arrests for homicide, not one was shown to be on parole.

Some of Hoover's juicier epithets are aimed at "fiddle-faced reformers," "fantasic schemers," "sob-sisters," "convict lovers," "shyster legislators," "convict-indulging theorists," "criminal coddlers," "crackpot politicians," and "sentimentalists." The Director's favorite tag for an opponent is "sentimentalist." His number one adjective for the same is "foul."

Typical of the groups which have had the pleasure of being ignited by a Hoover speech, are: National Fifty Years in Business Club, National Convention of the American Legion, Association of Life Insurance Presidents, Daughters of the American Revolution, and U. S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. For his April 23, 1936 speech to the D.A.R., and similar superheated contributions to American education, Hoover has been awarded fifteen honorary degrees by George Washington University, Kalamazoo College, Pennsylvania Military College. Oklahoma Baptist University, et al. He has also received the Wohelo Award of the Camp Fire Girls.

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THE F.B.I. DOSSIERS: (1) SACCO-VANZETTI

THE dossiers which J. Edgar Hoover's men, during the Red Raids, had compiled on the two Boston anarchists, Sacco and Vanzetti, were largely instrumental in sending them to the electric chair. The dossiers were relied on heavily by the prosecution in fabricating the greatest judicial frame-up in our history. They were never produced in court, despite repeated efforts of the defense attorneys, who had reason to believe they contained material (suppressed by the prosecution and the F.B.I.) which would help clear the defendants.

Later, G-Man Fred G. Weyand stated: "I am also thoroughly convinced and always have been, and I believe that is and always has been the opinion of such Boston agents of the Department of Justice as had any knowledge on the subject, that these men had nothing whatever to do with the South Braintree murders, and that their conviction was the result of cooperation between the Boston agents of the Department of Justice and the District Attorney."

Another Special Agent, Lawrence Letherman, said:

"It was the opinion of the Department agents here that a conviction of Sacco and Vanzetti for murder would be one way of disposing of these two men. . . . The letters and documents on file in the Boston office would throw a great deal of light upon . . . the real opinion of the Boston office of the Department of Justice as to the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti of the particular crime with which they were charged."[13]

The "criminal army" speech is one of Hoover's favorites. On September 19, 1936, during a speech to the Convention of Holy Name Societies, the Director set its USA division at 3,500,000. By October 4, 1937, when he presumably had a larger audience to impress at the *New York Herald Tribune* Forum, it had picked up some new recruits and grown to 4,300,000. On December 11, 1945, Hoover addressed the International Association of Chiefs of Police. Representatives from other lands were present, and it may thus be possible to excuse Mr. Hoover for his enthusiastic desire to impress these visitors with our unequaled depravity. He declared that we harbored a "criminal army of 6,000,000."

Together with this picture of skyrocketing crime, J. Edgar gives us his solemn word that, "detection and apprehension . . . together with certainty of trial and punishment, constitute the time-proven deterrents to crime." With the Bureau twenty times larger than it was in 1924, one would hardly expect to find that the "criminal army" had doubled in size. One might think the Bureau had slipped up somewhere. It is necessary to read the speeches of J. Edgar Hoover to learn about the soft-hearted parole boards, the corrupt politicians, and the errant parents who go about zealously undoing the work of the F.B.I.

At least one of Hoover's "criminal army" speeches sketched such a fantastic picture of American crime that it was reprinted under a double-column headline in the Russian Army newspaper *Red Star* on December 23, 1945. In this speech, he submitted statistics on the "juvenile spearhead" of the criminal army which included thousands of vicious characters charged with "drunkenness" and "driving while intoxicated." In a statement to *The New York Times* of October 18, 1945, Hoover fingered the troublemakers. "The most dangerous crime element," he declared, "is the juvenile delinquent." He blamed errant parents.

With the warming up of the anti-Russian campaign, Mr. Hoover discovered that the real threat no longer wore bobby sox and adored Sinatra, but sported a beard and throbbed to Shostakovitch. One of his most recent pieces on the subject, "Red Fascism in the United States Today" in the *American Magazine* for February, 1947, tells America that "The Red scourge of Communism . . . is boring its way through our land like a termite." And so on, with plentiful quotes from pamphlets and manifestoes, all somewhat dog-eared after twenty years of thumbing from Hearst editorial writers. The performance is repeated in *Newsweek* for June 9, 1947.

Hoover's salary as Director and sole Publicity Agent of the Federal Bureau of Investigation is $13,846, modest as Federal salaries go. In 1925, it was $7,500. He is single, lives in Washington. It is probably true that he has refused to accept pay for the numerous magazine and newspaper articles funneled from the Bureau under his name.

IV. Publicity or Efficiency?

John Edgar Hoover has a flair for publicity that would make Barbara Hutton, Errol Flynn and Vito Marcantonio curl up with envy. Some one has remarked that Hoover may not be a crack shot with a gun, but nobody alive can beat him to the draw with a telephone.

Until 1940, most of the sensational magazine publicity was ground out by one Courtney Ryley Cooper, a Wild West pulp writer who became semi-official Boswell to the Bureau. Most of the articles signed by Hoover before that time contain the notation, "ed. by Courtney Ryley Cooper." Their close cooperation is preserved for posterity in two books: *Persons in Hiding* by J. Edgar Hoover, foreword by Courtney Ryley Cooper; and *Ten Thousand Public Enemies* by Courtney Ryley Cooper, foreword by J. Edgar Hoover.

Some of Hoover's publicity stunts incidental to turning the F.B.I. into a replica of the 101 Ranch Show surpass the fantastic.

¶ When Lepke Buchalter, wanted for murder and narcotics violations, one night gave himself up to Walter Winchell and J. Edgar on a New York street corner, the public was asked to believe that a stirring radio plea by Winchell at the request of Hoover had brought him in. According to other information, the whole business was handled through a "confidential informant" who got the word to Lepke that unless he handed himself over, somebody bigger would get hurt. Since the murder charge was a New York State affair, and narcotics are not yet under the jurisdiction of the G-Men there is some doubt which loophole Hoover came in through.[5]

¶ When Harry Brunette was tear-gassed and machine-gunned out of a New York apartment with newspaper publicity and damage to adjoining apartments running

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about equal, Police Commissioner Valentine charged that the F.B.I., hungry for exclusive press coverage, had started the raid in violation of an agreement with New York police.[6]

¶ Hoover's publicity led most people to think the Bureau had solved the Lindbergh kidnaping case. Actually, the arrest of Hauptmann was primarily the work of William H. Moran, Chief of Secret Service, who devised an intricate system of checking serial numbers on the ransom bills.[7]

¶ Hoover's publicity indicated that the Dillinger case had been cracked by the F.B.I. But the first time Dillinger was picked up, a local sheriff got him; the second and last time, two members of the East Chicago police force furnished the information on his whereabouts.[6] To get Dillinger and Baby-Face Nelson, the G-Men paid a price of seven peace officers killed, one civilian killed and four wounded (two during the escape of the gang from a bungled Federal round-up at Spider Lake, Wis.)

¶ At least one American encyclopedia credits Hoover and the F.B.I. for solving the kidnap-murder of the Cash child in Florida. The kidnaper, Franklin Pierce McCall, was arrested by the local sheriff, released by the G-Men, and re-arrested two days later when they failed to find any other solution than Sheriff Coleman's.[9]

¶ The F.B.I.'s proudest wartime boast was the rounding up of the six German saboteurs who landed on the coast of Long Island. But it has now been revealed that this involved no feat of sleuthing more complicated than answering the phone. After the war was ended, and long after Hoover had grabbed front-page headlines for his "brilliant" and "vigilant" police work, Attorney-General Clark told the real story. Although the Coast Guard detected the landing almost as soon as it was made, the F.B.I. got nowhere until, six days later, Dasch, the expedition's leader, called them up and arranged to betray his comrades. (See *N.Y. Times*—inside page, of course—for Nov. 8, 1945.)

¶ *Hoover's publicity claims a high rate of convictions, but "Crime Control by the National Government," credits the G-Men with only* 72.5% *convictions in their arrests, which is the next to lowest rating of the seven major Federal law-enforcement agencies.*

¶ Notably in the case of John Dillinger, the F.B.I., under orders originally formulated by Attorney Gen. Cummings in May, 1934 adopted a "shoot on sight and shoot to kill" policy in serious criminal cases. Dillinger's only known Federal offense was the transportation in interstate commerce of a stolen automobile, yet Joseph B. Keenan, Assistant Attorney General, could say: "I don't know when or where we will get him, but we will get him and I hope we get him under such circumstances that the government will not have to stand the expenses of a trial."[10] As Howard McClellan shows in a *Harper's* article for January, 1936, credited crimes (those not proved against a suspect, but credited) are marked off the list of unsolved crimes when the man credited for them is killed or a suicide. When Dillinger was wiped out, a series of bank-robberies in several states, including some committed simultaneously, were crossed off as solved. The habit of shooting a suspect and building up a good case against him later at leisure, can obviously be used in any situation where "public opinion" has been sufficiently aroused against the individual in question—whether or not he is accused of a crime carrying the death penalty.

V. Inside the F. B. I.

The General Intelligence Division, political police section of the Bureau, was originally organized by J. Edgar Hoover in 1919 under A. Mitchell Palmer. Although the Division was theoretically disbanded after the Daugherty

THE F.B.I. DOSSIERS: (2) 6 Million "Criminals"

The Washington headquarters of the F.B.I. is a cross between a wax museum of horrors, a Shinto shrine, and a shooting gallery. One of the gadgets for the edification of persons in the waiting room is an illuminated meter which clicks up a new total every time a new fingerprint is added to the files. The Bureau has two classes of fingerprint files: criminal and non-criminal. The latter includes a large part of the adult population, since all armed forces fingerprint records are sent to the Bureau. It has been charged that when a print comes in on a criminal case, the civilian as well as the criminal files are ransacked.

The criminal files themselves, which supply Mr. Hoover with sociological basis for his startling figures on the "criminal army," are thrown together in a very haphazard way, as the following portion from an interview by the author on April 14, 1947, with Special Agent Wick of Division 4, Records and Communications, will reveal:

Q. During my tour through the Federal Bureau of Investigation, our guide said that one out of every 23 Americans had a criminal record, and his fingerprints are on file here. Now, did he mean that a great many are included who committed only minor crimes?

A. Anything more serious than a traffic violation is included.

Q. Just where would I go to find a list of those offenses which are included? How would I know what is considered more serious than a traffic violation?

A. Well, you would have to go through the State records or perhaps the Federal archives.

Q. Let us take, for example, a man arrested for picketing. Is that considered more serious than a traffic violation?

A. There are many factors that would enter into that. . . .

Q. But it might vary? One State would consider the offense a crime and the other would not?

A. It is up to the local police department whether or not the prints are sent in. It depends on the local law officers.

Q. So you have on file as criminals persons whose prints would not even be sent to you from some states, because the offense is not considered serious enough for fingerprinting perhaps.

A. Generally, traffic violations are left out. The local law determines.

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scandals revealed its use as a political weapon, the compiling of dossiers on radicals was continued and the Division revived in effect by Roosevelt's Executive Order of September 6, 1939 to investigate "subversive activities."

The type of work done by the Division under Hoover, Burns and Daugherty was made public through the attempt to frame Senator Wheeler, who had pressed investigation of Attorney General Daugherty and the Bureau's share in corruption under the Harding regime.

"When Wheeler started his drive against Daugherty, the latter consulted with Burns and Lockwood (Secretary, Republican National Committee). Burns has admitted that Daugherty suggested they 'get' Wheeler, and Burns confesses that he sent government agents out to Montana to see what they could dig up against the Senator. . . . The resignation of William J. Burns as Director of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice is attributed here to his part in the framing of the Wheeler case. . . ."[15]

Payment for stool pigeons is assured by a section of the Federal Budget which, for 1947, set aside $120,000 "to meet unforeseen emergencies of a confidential character, to be expended under the direction of the Attorney General, who shall make a certificate of the amount, . . . and every such certificate shall be deemed a sufficient voucher for the sum therein expressed to have been expended."

In 1939 the F.B.I. was alleged to have direct connections with the Cleveland Industrial Safety Council, a strike-breaking agency. In the spring of 1940, Reid Robinson, of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers charged the Bureau had broken the local strike by descending in force on the union hall, arresting and holding incommunicado the strike leaders. The *New York Post* of September 10, 1940 disclosed that the F.B.I. was covering various C.I.O. meetings and noting license numbers of cars parked outside.

On February 6, 1940, forty G-Men were assigned to the Detroit office to assist in the dramatic before-dawn arrests of eleven persons charged with soliciting volunteers for the Spanish Loyalist Army two years earlier. Houses were ransacked without search warrant; the prisoners were held incommunicado for nine or ten hours. A lawyer was finally allowed to converse with the defendants in the presence of the Federals five minutes before they were taken into court. All the indictments were dismissed.[16]

"Business Finds G-Men are Admirably Equipped to Assume Executive Roles, Especially in Dealing with Public and Labor." So reads a headline in *Business Week* for July 20, 1946, which goes on to say that John S. Bugas, formerly in charge of the Detroit office of the F.B.I., has been named head of labor relations at Ford's, replacing Harry Bennett, one of the biggest names in the American labor spy industry. *Business Week* reports that "By such subtle tactics as keeping the United Automobile Workers on the defensive, Bugas was able to insinuate favorable clauses into the company's U.A.W. contract."

VI. Gestapo in Knee-pants

The Gestapo was not illegal. Its acts were in line with the dominant trends in German law under Hitler. The F.B.I. is likewise not illegal, nor are most of its acts. Criticism of civil rights violations, wire tapping, illegal entry and search, abduction and other questionable procedures, with quibbling about whether the Bureau is or is not a national police, miss the point. The willingness to overstep legal restrictions is important as an indication of the temper of the Bureau and its Director, but the heart of that importance is in the growing agreement between F.B.I. methods and the direction of Federal law as a whole, Executive orders, and recent Supreme Court decisions. The most recent involved the George Harris case, where the Court held, 5 to 4, that Federal agents may enter a residence without a search warrant in cases where the suspect is arrested on the premises.[10] (Since Hoover's men operate by making copious arrests—as we have seen, the F.B.I. arrests 10 persons for every 7 it gets convictions for—this decision opens up every door to them. The American's home may be his castle, but the drawbridge is down for J. Edgar & Co.)

The American Civil Liberties Union which, like the liberal weeklies, has gone soft on the F.B.I. of late years, seems to think the G-Men have become more scrupulous in their methods. Actually, what is happening is not so much a change of heart on their part as the tendency of the courts to make legal what formerly was illegal. Both the growth and the "legalization" of the F.B.I. in recent years are symptomatic of the steady increase in State power which began under Roosevelt's New Deal.

The relation between the F.B.I. and the Federal courts cannot be considered a complete parallel with the Gestapo-German State system until the anonymous denunciation which is a major item in F.B.I. political cases becomes generally acceptable as evidence in the courts. The Bureau, through no lack of eagerness on its part, is still a Gestapo in knee-pants.

Although anonymous denunciation is not yet accepted as evidence, the dossiers of the F.B.I. may influence courts and Federal agencies through the introduction of irrelevant and prejudicial material. In the case of one young man who claimed exemption as a conscientious objector, G-Men declared him morally unsound because he had once taken part in a "strip-tease performance"—and therefore, presumably, could not have been a bona fide conscientious objector. Investigation by a lawyer of the agent's basis for this report disclosed that the young man, while a high school

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THE F.B.I. DOSSIERS: (3) I SAW MINE

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *"John Doe" is a journalist who, for obvious reasons, prefers to remain anonymous.*)

THERE are very few Americans who have seen their own dossiers in the files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I saw a copy of mine in 1942 and it frightened me—not only for myself but for thousands of others with similar records.

I had gone to work in Washington for one of the wartime agencies. One day the chief, whom I had known for many years, called me into his office. "Here's something I oughtn't to show you," he said. "The F.B.I. sent over your record and it's highly confidential. But I thought I'd break the rule for once and let you see it, so that you'd know exactly what they were going to bring against you."

"Can I take it to my desk?"

"Yes, if you don't tell anyone about it and bring it back this afternoon."

I'm sorry now that I didn't take full notes on it, with transcripts of the more interesting passages. My record was a document of about thirty pages of single-spaced typing. Only the last few pages had anything to do with the F.B.I. investigation, then under way, into my fitness to endorse government paychecks; by the time that investigation was finished, it must have filled a volume. The document I saw was, for the most part, merely the dossier of a private citizen who, at the time the material went into the record, had never dreamed of working in Washington. *Query to Mr. Hoover: How many private citizens who never belonged to the Communist Party or any other organization regarded by sensible people as subversive have dossiers in your files?*

I wasn't even a prominent citizen. I had worked for a magazine, had let my name be used on the letterheads of several Communist-front organizations, had spoken at many of their meetings, had resigned from everything with a Communist tinge after the Russo-German pact, and was thereafter abused in the Communist press. That was my actual story and the F.B.I. had documented parts of it, while omitting everything about the resignations or the abuse. I began to suspect, and later became certain, that it wanted only what it regarded as incriminating evidence. One man spoke well of me, and the F.B.I. investigator looked away with a bored air. "But don't you know anything suspicious about him?" he finally interrupted.

Nothing in the dossier dealt with my activities before 1935, although I had been at my reddest or pinkest during the Hoover administration. The omission didn't mean that the F.B.I. recognized any statute of limitations; once it began to work on a case, it tried to trace a man's activities straight back to the womb. But it was handicapped in its search because it hadn't begun to function as an effective Thought-control Police until midway in Roosevelt's first term.

Besides the omissions in my dossier, there were a great many inclusions best described as fanciful. I was described as a prominent member of organizations I had never heard of—if they ever existed—and as a speaker at meetings I hadn't attended. One "informant" had seen me at a secret Communist Party conference—I was never present at anything of the sort—in a city which I had never visited. This same "informant," whom I judged from the context to be some illiterate ex-Communist bent on earning a few government dollars by bringing more and more names into his testimony, endowed me with a long list of "close associates." The names he mentioned were strange to me, with one exception, that of "Mary Heator Forse," whom I guessed to be Mary Heaton Vorse.

The "informants" were not identified, but I recognized at least two of them by the phrasing of their testimony. One was a man whose last book I hadn't admired and he expressed some doubt of my loyalty to the democratic way of life. Another was a man with whom I had had political arguments; he accused me of being a "transmission belt" for Moscow.

During the next few weeks I became obsessed with the desire to set the record straight. I had decided to resign from government service, but I didn't want to leave Washington while this mass of errors and allegations remained in the F.B.I. files, to be used I didn't know how. I went to see various officials and asked their help in obtaining a hearing. Once I thought the request was granted: I was told to appear at F.B.I. headquarters. Undistinguished young men in undistinguishable dark suits and gray snap-brim hats were going in and out the door, as anonymous as bees. I was directed to a little office, put under oath by two of the young men, and asked for brief answers to half a dozen questions. Then I was told to sign my name.

"But aren't you going to ask me any more questions?" I said.

"No, that is all."

I began to feel like K—— in Kafka's "The Trial." I went to see high officials in the Department of Justice to press for a hearing. To one of them I made the obvious remark that most of the F.B.I. investigators seemed pretty stupid. "Of course," he said. "You don't expect us to get *bright* law-school graduates, do you, for $65 a week?" I learned something about the sociology of the F.B.I. Its investigators, who have to have law-school training, are for the most part either Southerners or Catholics. Southerners are in the majority, but the Catholic influence is very strong, and some of the investigators are confused in their minds as to whether they are hounding down political or religious heresies. The word "atheist" often occurs in their reports.

My little story would not have been worth telling except that it is presumably not an isolated instance. Its only special feature is that I had the privilege of seeing what the F.B.I.'s informants had said about me. What have they said about you, Reader? If you ever joined a Communist-front organization during the 1930's, or ever signed a petition, or ever received a government paycheck, or ever had unsuspected enemies, you might be surprised at the material about you in the F.B.I. file, which is probably the largest collection of typewritten material in the world, and certainly the greatest collection anywhere of unverified, unsupported, unidentified wild stories about anyone and everyone.—JOHN DOE

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student, had held the cloak of a fully-clad young lady while she sang at a school concert.[11]

Material introduced from F.B.I. files cannot be contested by the defendant because of the Bureau's policy of labelling sources as "confidential," and explaining that they cannot be named "for security reasons." Joseph Duggan, former Special Assistant to the Attorney General, when questioned on the availability for cross-examination of those giving statements for F.B.I. files, said, "It is the standard practice of the F.B.I. never to reveal the source of their information."[12]

This shyness over the origin of damaging material, and the refusal to produce favorable material, has been given official Federal sanction in the recent Executive Order of President Truman directing the Civil Service Commission and the F.B.I. to hunt subversives in Federal employment. The order provides, in Paragraph 2 of Part IV, that ". . . the investigative agency may refuse to disclose the names of confidential informants, provided . . . it advises the requesting department or agency in writing that it is essential to the protection of the informants or to the investigation of other cases that the identity of the informants not be revealed."

In a letter to *The New York Times* of April 13, 1947, Zechariah Chafee, Jr., and other members of the faculty at Harvard Law School point out, in connection with Truman's Executive Order, that:

1. Anonymous denunciation is, for the first time, specifically provided for.
2. No provision is made for a record or transcript.
3. No provision is made that the evidence must support the findings of the loyalty board.
4. "Sympathetic association," not proved membership in a subversive group, is held sufficient to determine disloyalty of an individual.

The House bill approved during the week of July 13 is more stringent than Truman's Executive Order. It establishes a Federal Loyalty Review Board from which there is no appeal. A motion by Rep. Estes Kefauver to send the bill back to committee for inclusion of the right to court appeal was defeated, 248 to 133.

The Civil Service Commission reports that 811 persons were dismissed from government service for "disloyalty" in the period from July 1, 1946, to March 31, 1947. A *New York Times* dispatch of July 17 states that only 158 were specifically "ineligible for employment for loyalty involving Communism." "No other sort of subversive disloyalty was specifically described," says the dispatch.

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A Modest Proposal

By Niccolo Tucci

JONATHAN SWIFT, the author of a famous Marshall Plan for social welfare, published under this title, asked that the children of the poor be eaten up by the rich. It was a shocking thing to ask for, and also utterly impractical as a plan, because in 1729, when the Proposal was first made, it would have been too easy to transform cannibalism from a savage, revolting practice, into a respected institution. Human life was not at all sacred as it is in our days, with Constitutions, Bills of Rights, Charters and other noble documents protecting it, and when it came to the lives of the lower classes, they were never taken into consideration by the lawmakers of the day. Swift was a pioneer in this: he was the first to announce that they existed.

Cannibalism, as a social experiment, had been successfully tried out in Germany in the course of the Thirty-Year-War, with the financial help and moral blessing of no less an authority on Good and Evil than Cardinal Richelieu. And as we may suspect that the memory of that step forward on the road to civilization was still very much alive in Europe when Swift wrote his Proposal, we may also conclude that, had it been accepted, it would have taken less than a year's training to wipe off even the slightest feeling of distaste, let alone horror, from the minds and palates of Swift's contemporaries. And this is, in my modest opinion, what made his apparently modest proposal both shocking and impractical: people had to be shocked as long as there was time, because it is a fundamental trait of our human psychology that we are shocked most violently by whatever may force us to admit that we are not shocked at all. As for it being impractical, it is another fundamental trait of us humans to be lovers of work. Who said that man is lazy? Never in the whole history of mankind was a practical solution also considered workable.

Today would be the time for Swift to come forth with his modest proposal, because today, thank God, even with the horrors of atomic and bacteriological warfare, the concept of the dignity of the human person is, as the sociologists would say, a final historical acquisition. Or, to use the language of less cultured people, the Dignity of Man is here to stay. Therefore whoever practiced cannibalism would do so at his own moral risk, and not at that of the society in which he lives, as would have been the case in 1729, when feudal lords almost sucked their fingers at the mere mention of lower-class Filet Mignon. Furthermore, the modern cannibal would *degrade* himself. He would first be warned by his fellow-humans:

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"Look out; you're heading for Perdition. If you want to ruin yourself, go ahead, but don't get us mixed up with this." After which, as a next step, he would *incur* the contempt of all the self-respecting people in the world. He would *cut himself off* from the Great Family of Nations. He would be unable to enjoy one single meal in peace. The entire civilized world would *look* at him with tightly-knitted brows. He would be *pointed* out to the young in a series of pamphlets sponsored by some Committee for Democratic *Action,* as an example of evil to be avoided at all costs. He would be *photographed* and booed in the nation's news-reels. The Heads of States would congratulate each other by mail, radio and deferred cable over the fact that none of them ever saw a human limb on his dinner table. They would issue medals to commemorate their attachment to Humanity. The Church of England would deny any responsibility for his crimes. The Pope would remind the whole world (Urbi et Orbi) that the Church, besides being for Christianity, is also *against* cannibalism.

This much to prove that the Modest Proposal made in the year 1729 by Swift, would indeed have a chance today, but only a meager chance, because it would soon end in tragedy. For it will never be sufficiently repeated that the Rights of Man, presently en route to Southern California, via refrigerated Freedom Train, are forever written in the Sacred Documents therein kept cool. There is only one danger that the cannibal may escape all the frightful sanctions I described in such detail; namely, if he were sly enough to find a good scientific name for his horrible practice, such as, let's say, Applied Pedofagy. For in that case many an American Professor would gather together with himself into a one-man-committee, and go to the United Nations to ask permission either to practice or to outlaw Applied Pedofagy, which, as we know, would be exactly the same. Euthanasia, practiced by the Germans during the last of all wars, is specifically forbidden in the United States, where only the fit, the healthy and the young are given work or admitted to the country under the existing immigration laws. Extermination of the Jews, practiced without a scientific name by the Germans, has been called Genocide by an American Professor and is now actively forbidden by the United Nations, so actively indeed that they have had no time to save the lives of millions of displaced persons in Europe, who are actively dying without even a scientific definition for their death.

This, then, is the only danger that confronts the Rights of Man today: a scientific name, and the "placed persons" who would be paid to toy with it. Otherwise, everything seems to be pretty hopeful with our modern world. In fact, the crusaders of Good against Evil are now to be found beyond the field of man proper; which, together with the Freedom Train, would seem to be another indication that the main battles have long been won. Yes, they are found right in the field of animals; that's where the fighting is. We see, for example, the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the various sects of antivivisectionists, strive to defend the creatures in their care against the cruelty of man. And, I must say, they do good work; indeed I declare myself one of their staunchest defenders, so much so that, driven as all writers are by that uncontrollable vanity that makes them ape those they admire, I have thought of a modest proposal of my own that would enable these good friends of the animals to do their work even more efficiently. It is far more modest than Swift's, and has the great advantage of being workable without the slightest loss of life, and without violence, constriction or cruelty of any sort.

I propose that the Bill of Rights be declared void in its present formulation, and that Man be from now on specifically deprived of his dignity. In the place of all the various definitions of him as a being endowed with rights and qualities that make of him a noble creature, he should be referred to as a rat, a goat, a dog, a monkey; all of these animals together or any of them separately, according to his free, democratic choice. These new definitions should be inserted, with a special Amendment, into the American Constitution. Now, this of course would not in itself suffice. In fact, if my proposal consisted in this alone, many would rightly call it a bad joke, an insult to the sacredness of American Institutions etc. The second step would be of a purely juridical nature, and here it is, in that formal terminology that allows Mr. Truman to say so many things without being laughed at:

Whereas Man, under the new Constitutional Amendment, has the inalienable right to call himself any of the four beasts listed under subsection (a), (b), (c), and (d) —to wit, a rat, a goat, a dog, or a monkey—or all of them together, if in his full freedom of conscience he so choses, and

Whereas he now has the right, under the said Amendment, to apply for and receive from the Federal Government a certificate entitling him to permanent membership in any of the said families of the Animal Kingdom,

Now therefore I, . . . (this "I" refers to the President, so it is obvious that *I* can't continue in that language). So, to come back to unpresidential language, man, made beast, would automatically be put under the protection of the ASPCA, and cease being in the care of Statesmen, Politicians, or any other civilian or military defender of our high ideals. By which I don't mean to hamper these worthy gentlemen in the defense of their and our ideals; they may and indeed *should* continue to defend them even more strenuously than before, as now they would be free from their greatest burden: man, and we could no longer accept the old excuse that they can't do anything for us because we are there. They would be put on the same enviable basis as the government-paid writers in Soviet Russia, whose job is to be inspired and put it down in black and white. Expenses paid, worries disconnected. The ASPCA in the meantime would continue to do its job, and man, deprived of his dignity, would find himself far more secure, and be able to enjoy the speeches of his Statesmen and Defenders with a far greater relaxation than he ever experienced before.

To those who claim that my plan is devoid of reality I shall tell how I came to think of it. The people of Bikini, who were cruelly removed from their island, not in the heat of war and the grave hour of supreme emergency, but in the heat of peace and in the gravest of all hours when supreme emergencies are quietly made up, have been shifted from island to island, and are now, we hear from Dr. Howard G. MacMillan in his long report to the U.S. Navy regarding the Bikini people, "defeated, frustrated, poverty-stricken, and hungry." Mr. McMillan said (and I am quoting the *New York Times*) "that even before the atomic bomb tests, the Bikini inhabitants were not well off. But he added that shifting the population to Rongerik, 120 miles eastward, had only aggravated the situation because there were only 416 acres on Rongerik as compared with 1484 on Bikini, a 72 per cent reduction in land. He said that there had been a progressive decline of Rongerik resources since the displaced Bikinians arrived.

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A naval spokesman said the Navy had been supplementing the native diet with rice, protein and flour. In addition to the hardships, a disastrous fire damaged 30 per cent of the Rongerik coconut trees and retarded food production for 166 Bikinians for twenty months. They also declared they had been poisoned by fish in the lagoon. The transfer is expected to be made in the near future, for Dr. MacMillan has reported THE DEPARTURE OF THE NATIVES FROM RONGERIK HAS BEEN DELAYED TOO LONG. The desperate inhabitants of Rongerik are reported to be cutting palms and eating palm hearts."

That these Bikinians are human beings, and human beings of our exalted kind, endowed with all the Christmas-tree decorations of Our Sacred Rights is beyond doubt. Since the day when they were kind enough to obey orders from the U. S. Navy to move out of what has been their home for tens of centuries, in order that the Navy may poison their waters and destroy their land, they have been honored in at least 200 speeches by Admirals, Generals, Politicians and by the President himself, and honored with such titles that, if they were at all susceptible to vanity or to literacy, they would all have become unbearable snobs by now. Some called them benefactors of mankind, others standard-bearers of progress, still others Instruments of Peace. Luckily enough for them, they did not have the time to indulge their vanity, because they were too busy moving out, dying out, or trying to find out what sort of world this is.

Now, had these people been considered beasts, according to my modest proposal, anyone, even the Secretary of the Navy, would have understood that it is a real crime to drag an animal out of its natural environment. What guardian of a chicken-coop would be forgiven if he had his chickens chased around all day and made unhappy so that they would stop growing fat and laying eggs? What farmer would escape a fine and legal punishment for making the pigs in his care grow thin and nervous, and the cows unable to give milk? Not to mention silverfoxes and other animals whose fur is praised by man and man's companion, woman, and of whom it is known that they require the greatest, most scientific care before slaughter, or the fur won't be good. Had those Bikini people enjoyed the rights that I would offer them, the atom bomb test would have been conducted in such places where people have become so unlike animals that they have no roots at all: such as for example, Los Angeles, Chicago, Florida, New York City, Newport or any place definitely NOT for beasts.

But alas, just as I pride myself with my modest proposal, I am told by a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, that they had quite a fight, and a losing one, trying to protect some goats and pigs from being radio-activated at Bikini. . . . No, even there, in the animal kingdom there's no place for man. What else should he assert or ask for? His inalienable right to be considered a mineral? Well, that would be somewhat repetitious. We still have that right, and it is pretty much the only one that's left us.

Here and Now (1):

THE MACEDONIA COMMUNITY

EDITORIAL NOTE: *A common reaction to criticism is to ask the critic what HE proposes to "do about it." Logically fallacious, for the critic may be right even though he hasn't the faintest idea of a better alternative, this reaction has a certain emotional, and also practical, force. Society today is organized on such an evil and even insane basis that, on the one hand, "destructive" criticism becomes an elementary obligation, while, on the other, the very grandiosity of the political madness makes the smallest step towards a more satisfactory order enormously difficult. What is wrong, in short, becomes daily more clear, while what to do about it becomes daily more obscure.*

In POLITICS, *we have concentrated on the job that can be done today (and needs to be done), namely, "negativistic" criticism of the* status quo. *This emphasis will persist, but it seems time to consider what practical solutions, however modest and small-scale, may be found for, if not The Problem itself, as least certain of its subordinate aspects. How can we live a little better than we live now? And what is the nature of our everyday life? What can we do here and now? And what DO we do here and now? Have some of our readers found ways to "beat the system" in at least part of their daily lives?*

The following article is the first in what we hope will be a series. Suggestions for topics, and especially complete articles, are invited from readers.

"I'M going to get up some morning and look in the mirror and find I've become somebody else, if I stay in this place much longer. I'll become so well adjusted to group living that I'll lose all my individuality and peculiarity. Now, my peculiar self is precious to me, so I think I'd better leave before it's too late."

That is what I said to my wife the other night. I was half joking, but I have often had the feeling, seriously, that this business of living in a cooperative community demands too much in the way of adjusting to other people, compromising, considering. The old game of losing one's self so that one can find one's self is just as difficult as ever, which is why more people don't try it.

Those of us who live here know that we may fail in our efforts to establish a cooperative community, just as most of the others have failed who tried it in the past. We are often tired of the inconveniences and the hard work, we are sometimes annoyed by ourselves and by one another, and all of us could be earning more money elsewhere. Why, then did we come here? What are we getting out of it? What do we hope to achieve?

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DURING the recent war, while we were doing our stretches, as Conscientious Objectors, in work camps or prison, some of us became interested in the idea of co-operative communities. Having been forced to live together, and finding some comfort in this enforced solidarity against a hostile society, we perhaps subconsciously feared the prospect of facing the world alone again some day. Anyway, we felt we should retain our accidental unity.

A couple of the fellows had lived and worked at Macedonia Cooperative Community, one of the very few such projects in existence in this country, and so we learned a good deal about that. It was established in 1937 on 900 acres of Blue Ridge foothills seven miles from Clarkesville, Georgia. The founder, Morris Mitchell, chose some of the poorest land available in order to make a clear demonstration of the efficacy of applying cooperative techniques.

In 1937 the rural South was still in the grip of economic depression, and Mitchell was able to convince many of the local people of the value of a cooperative community. One family was living on the land as squatters, a couple of others moved onto it, many others worked on it but lived at home. At the time of Pearl Harbor, some pasture had been cleared, a dairy herd had been accumulated, buildings had been built, and a sawmill set into operation.

The area in which Macedonia is located is one of small subsistence homesteads, where the people work part of the year at the saw mills, part on their crops, part not at all. The manufacture and sale of illegal or "blockade" whiskey is a thriving industry. The Southern Highlands are to the North, the agricultural Deep South in the opposite direction. There was little industry before the war. Timber is the chief resource. Year after year the forests are cut, the land left naked to the heavy rainfall, the same bottom land and hillsides planted to corn, further depleting the usefulness of the small amount of arable land.

During the war years, the local people withdrew from the project one by one to work elsewhere for higher wages. By various expedients, the dairy was kept going, but all else was at a standstill. In the meantime, Mitchell, who had resigned from his position at Florence, Alabama, State Teachers College, was able to arouse the interest of a number of us CO's in the possibilities of Macedonia.

SO, finally, when the war was over, a few of us came here to Macedonia. There are now five families, two single men and one single woman, making a total population of eighteen. There are five children under three years of age, and two of the women expect babies in the Spring.

These people are employed as follows: two men in the woodworking shop, with occasional assistance from the women; three men working at dairying, gardening and farming; one man on general maintenance, who also works occasionally in the shop; one man employed by the local store as manager, who also does part time work for the Georgia Workers Education Service among the farmers of the locality as well as keeping the books for the community. Mitchell retains residence but is away most of the time teaching and lecturing.

To the best of our knowledge, Macedonia has a capital value of about $45,000 It also has a considerable debt. By early 1948 we hope to have an audit completed which will give an accurate picture of where we stand financially. At present, we are operating on a monthly deficit, which has been decreasing as dairy and shop production increased over the last few months.

However, anything said about the project should be taken as applying to this particular point in its development and no other. Those of us who have been here longest have little more than a year's residence, so that we have not had time to do much more than get acquainted with the problems. We have come to an undertaking that is heavily in debt and have yet to get beyond the stage of making new debts to pay back old ones. We have succeeded in putting the dairy on a business-like basis and have started the woodworking shop from scratch. With our neighbors we have started a cooperative store and have initiated steps towards a credit union and a cooperative sweet potato curing house.

SINCE most cooperative communities have failed in spite of or because of economic success, it seems evident that psychological and sociological factors are of prime importance. It is a truism that members must have a great deal in common. Historically, the longest lived communities have been those whose members held in common strong religious convictions, so let's examine this aspect of Macedonia.

Within the past few months we have established a meeting for corporate, silent worship of the Quaker variety. Three of the families attend regularly, with the parents alternately taking care of the children. The others attend sporadically or not at all, giving as a reason that they do not find the periods valuable to them. There are no fundamentalist Christians in the group, and even those who attend the silent meetings regularly are not Christians in the conventional, institutional sense. It is primarily as a matter of neighborliness that two of the families attend the local Baptist church.

Aside from pacifism, what may be the strongest binding force in the group is an attitude of disillusionment with modern industrial society. All the members are college graduates and/or literate, have experienced directly the sterility of urban living, have little faith in the usual kind of political activity or the wistful thinking of liberals. Further, partially because of their war experiences, they are distrustful of any kind of authority or top-down organization, believing that the improvement of society must come through education and activity at the grass roots.

Probably the area of strongest disagreement is that regarding finances. We pay ourselves no wages, allowing ourselves only subsistence. Each family makes out a list of groceries and supplies and these things are bought by one of the women on a weekly shopping trip. While there is no surveillance of these lists, each family is supposed to be as economical as possible, and the occasional extravagance is resented by those who feel themselves more self-denying. The group has discussed this question several times with

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some success, but no agreement has ever been reached as to what constitutes an adequate standard of living. Some members would voluntarily restrict their own standard because they believe there are psychological and social benefits to be derived from maintaining a pattern of functionally simple living. Others believe that the "economy of abundance" should begin at home, so to speak.

The membership gathers at least every two weeks for supper meetings at the Dairy House. Meals are usually planned in advance, so that one family brings the salad, another dessert, a third a staple dish. After the meal, the children are taken to another room by one of the women, and the meeting begins with the reading of the agenda by the coordinator. Usually a time is set for the adjournment of the meeting and the agenda is adjusted to the time available. The topics discussed may vary widely, but are usually concerned with one aspect or another of the job of making a financial success of the project. This involves decisions on the use of manpower, the allocation of funds to each part of the project, etc. For instance, the price of lumber may have gone up, and we must decide whether it is advisable to let the shop work wait for a while so that we can operate the saw mill. In the course of this discussion someone is apt to point out that it is a shame that we have no tie-up with cooperative housing groups so that we might avoid selling to middlemen. This point may take a great deal of time, but someone will eventually bring the attention of the group back to the original point.

Or an entire meeting may be taken up with an intense session over a report on the dairy operations. There have been several meetings concerning the dairy during the last year, and they demonstrate a steady process of growth in the ability of the group to solve its problems. The first meetings would start out with a financial report on the dairy and bog down in emotional attacks on individuals or even on individual cows. At the last meeting, however, the dairy program was rationally discussed and agreed upon.

So far no disagreement has been sufficient to drive us to a vote. Some members feel that majority rule is completely vicious, that a vote should never be resorted to, while others feel that a time might come when a vote might have to be taken. In the meantime, meetings are completely informal, and all decisions are made on the basis of consensus. In several cases where there has been no agreement or where even one member has strongly opposed a proposal, the matter has been postponed to allow for further thought and discussion.

THE conflicts within the group might have proved destructive before now if the coordinator (chosen by the group) were not peculiarly gifted in maintaining personal objectivity and in reconciling and compromising differences. He is adept at showing disputants that they should not adopt strong positions on grounds that are outside their personal experience, and he thus prevents intellectual concepts from becoming highly emotional points of view. In the opinion of the writer some such conciliatory influence must be present in any group such as ours if it is to survive, since we cannot depend for integration upon authority of any kind.

Last winter Dr. Henrik Infield of the Rural Settlement Institute spent several days in the community. On the basis of his observations he said, in effect, "You should not talk about being a cooperative community: you are not even a group!" The results of a sociometric test which he administered to the members bore out his statement, though we do not know yet to what extent, since we have not received complete results of the tests. When we do, we hope to discuss them in detail, though it is by no means certain that we will not shy away from the discussion when the opportunity is at hand.

This is perhaps one of our basic weaknesses as a group: our failure to discuss frankly and openly our differences and our social, psychological and sexual relationships. Some members of the group are not yet sure that we are mature enough to engage in such discussion successfully. Such discussions take place between individuals but not as yet on a group basis. The other evening, quite unexpectedly, we found ourselves in the midst of a frank and open free-for-all over the question of family budgets, and the session had some value, marred though it was by being too highly emotional. It remains to be seen whether the occasion marked progress.

The group has probably grown in integration since Infield was here. The situation could not have been hopeless last winter or the group would have disintegrated by now. The process of living together necessarily involves self-examination and increased knowledge of the natures of others. In the face of social pressure, a strong individuality is required of one who is a pacifist, and when a number of individualistic pacifists are gathered together, what you get may be something other than sweetness and light.

Whatever of faint sweetness or dim light there is, is to be found in our recreational activity, which is sporadic and severely limited by the amount of time and energy available. However, in retrospect the past year does seem to have afforded a good number of occasions when we met for fun. There was a party celebrating a wedding, an anniversary party, the usual holiday gatherings and several incidental affairs. Whenever the group is together, there is apt to be singing of folk songs, and for a while last summer the presence of a first tenor made possible a barbershop quartet. One member plays the accordion and leads folk dances, and he has organized fortnightly neighborhood affairs.

Individual aesthetic activities include the making of pottery, weaving, reading, wood carving, writing, listening to recordings of classical and folk music, making furniture and toys. A pottery is being built, and recently three second-hand looms were obtained, individual projects which will provide home furnishings for our own use and perhaps for sale.

In a situation such as this, family life is a much different thing than it can be for most city people. There is plenty of outdoor space for children, cats and dogs, and that in itself can mean the difference between a free or a repressed child personality. Children here are an asset in many more ways than that "they can help with the

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work when they grow up." An old man, one of our neighbors, said when he saw our year-old daughter, "My! Now hain't you got yourself a play-purty!" I had never thought of Patsy as a toy for my amusement, but the idea seemed to have a great deal of merit. Poor as we are, we cannot afford the usual kind of commercial amusement, and most of us have outgrown it anyway, but we spend an extravagant amount of time playing with the children and watching them play.

HOW do we get along with other people in the area? Our close neighbors among the local people are on the whole fairly friendly, and some of them even show some understanding of what we are trying to do. The teacher of the local graded school (43 pupils in seven grades) is certain that the reason she received a low grade in a summer course at a nearby college was that she insisted to the instructor that we are not Communists. A new high in "PR" (public relations) was reached recently when one of the local weeklies published a favorable article about the project. There is still an element in the county that might shoot cows and burn buildings if there were sufficient provocation, such as a too-sudden plunge into inter-racialism.

A filling-station attendant said to me not long ago, "I hear Mitchell has Japs working for him out there."

For the sake of PR I resisted a 'So what?' and explained instead that from time to time friends of Morris' who were American citizens of Japanese ancestry visited him.

"How come he knows people like that?" the fellow asked in the same tone.

"He does a lot of speaking and teaching around the country and makes friends with all kinds of people," I replied in as offhand a manner as I could manage. His answer was a grunt. Some days we can't make a single convert.

However, considering the fact that the project has, over a period of ten years, successfully survived accusations of harboring "nigger-lovers," Communists, nudists, free love advocates, atheists, conscientious objectors and Yankees (which latter two we are) Macedonia's reputation is in fine shape. We now have good friends among the farm, professional and business people of the area, exchange dinner invitations, etc.

As a matter of fact, we're probably on better terms with some of our immediate neighbors than we are with some of our lib-lab friends in other parts of the country. These latter have given us up in despair, accusing us of trying to escape from "life," and they equate life with existence in the urban industrial jungle. They forget that the vast majority of the world's population has always lived and still does live in small communities. They consider as small potatoes indeed bringing a drunk, angry and armed man to a state of amiability, persuading a group of farmers to a belief in and practice of cooperation, or keeping a local 12-year old boy accused of grave-robbing from being sent to a reformatory.

For the life of us, we can't feel that we've escaped from anything except the insuperable handicaps to decent living imposed by the megalopolis. We walk to work through evergreen woods; we work with friends whom we know and trust; we work at jobs the immediate value of which we can see and feel; we find full play for brains, muscle, emotions in meeting the problems that arise; we play together as families, the children joining as well as they can in the songs and dances; home-made wine is an occasional addition to festive occasions, and nothing stronger is wanted. In short, we feel that, in spite of all the problems and frustrations, we are living as good a life as we can imagine. And after the atomic war, who will bear the responsibility then? The murdered masses in the cities or the few survivors in the sticks?

An itinerant Communist organizer bumming his way back North stopped with us for a few days. He worked with us and talked with us, and when he left he was a disturbed and confused man. "Why you've got the good life right here!" he said. "This is what we're all working for! But you aren't doing it the right way. You ought to join the Party, forget about your pacifism and work with the comrades so that some day everyone can live this way!"

He may be right, but we suspect that the way for men to become free is to begin to live as free men.

DAVID R. NEWTON

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French Letter:

"PLANNED CHAOS"

Those who run France, like their opposite numbers in England, began with the premise that Planned Economy and democracy are compatible.* Every day, however, we see that the opposite is the case. The crisis we are now going through is as much a crisis of Planned Economy as of democracy.

Three years after the liberation of Paris, the food shortage is as bad as ever, in some ways worse. Fruits and vegetables are off ration, it is true, but months go by—the August that has just ended, for example—without any butter at all; the fat and sugar rations, even when they can be got, are insufficient; the bread ration is lower than it was under the Germans; milk is so scarce that even children often fail to get their full ration; colonial products like coffee, tea and rice are practically non-existent; meat is unrationed, but costs more than ordinary people can afford; etc. etc. How is it, people ask here as well as abroad, that France, which has been and still is a rich farming country, cannot any longer feed its inhabitants?

The standpoint from which the success or failure of a Planned Economy is judged, however, is that of world power and not of the comfort and happiness of individuals, since the first principle of such an economy is the increase of capital investments at the expense of consumption. Those who put it into effect were quite aware of this: "If we decide to recreate the comfortable life of pre-war France, then we must give up all hope of seeing France recapture her place in world affairs."

The present shortage of food and consumers' goods, of course, goes far beyond the calculations of the Planners, and their anguish is real enough when they realize that, without immediate help from America, hunger will be more widespread in France this winter than it has been since the Middle Ages. But what really worries the Planners is that the 1947 program of investments and exports set up by the Monnet Plan will not be fulfilled, even after the 40% reduction which the Government had to make at the beginning of the year. The goal of the Monnet Plan—to give France a modern and powerful productive apparatus—is actually farther off today than it was a year ago when the Plan was installed. Which means also that the "national greatness" of France is farther off than ever.

Planned Chaos

The ineffectuality of economic controls together with opportunist political considerations—thus no party dares propose measures which would offend its peasant supporters—has caused a disparity in prices which upsets the whole economy. The "scissors" between industrial and farm prices widens constantly to the advantage of the latter, which also have left wages far behind them.* This, added to the failure of all attempts to control food production and distribution,** undermined other pillars of the structure of Planned Economy: notably, the freezing of prices and wages and the avoidance of strikes.

The industrial price structure is equally chaotic. Through subsidies and direct controls, the government has held down prices in the key sectors, mostly nationalized: coal mining, railroads, public utilities, iron and steel. The idea was to assure a level of industrial prices which would make possible the exports demanded by the Monnet Plan. But in actuality the only industrial prices which remained low were those of the key sectors; exports were not encouraged, and the subsidies were simply a drain on the treasury—and one more factor in the general inflation. This inflation is another unsolved problem. The instability of the currency is such that savings are either not accumulated or else are put into gold, works of art, etc.; thus capital is lacking for new investments. Industrial production, after rising to some 85% of the 1938 level, has levelled off at that figure.

Furthermore, the government often can not get those goods, industrial and agricultural, produced which it considered most necessary. Above all, it has been unable to distribute properly—that is, according to the Plan—such goods as have been produced. There is the tragi-comedy of bread, for instance. It is in short supply in the cities and even in many country districts, while at the same time the peasants fatten their pigs with wheat (and with milk). Another part of the supply goes into cakes which, although it is strictly forbidden to make them, are openly displayed in bakery windows and are sold without ration coupons. Altogether, the distribution of not more than a quarter of the basic food supply is effectively controlled by the state; the three-fourths which escapes control is distributed on the free (i.e., black) market, to those who can pay the highest prices. Thus a primary task of the Planned Economy cannot be carried out: that of assuring to the workers by whatever means—rationing, taxation, etc.—enough food for healthy living, which in turn is the condition necessary if they are to produce enough to restore France to her position as a Great Power.

All this results in a division of the national income which is not only scandalous from a social standpoint but also absurd in relation to the aims of the Planned Economy. Thus the peasants today get two or three times the income they got in 1913, although agricultural productivity is little higher. Their taxes, furthermore, are lower than those of any other social group; H. Tietgen, Vice-President of the Council, has stated that the peasants pay less in taxes than they receive in subsidies. This favored treatment serves neither to increase farm production—since tractors and machinery are lacking—nor to help along the industrial program, since the peasants refuse to

* See the authors' "Anti-Capitalist Revolution in France" (POLITICS, Nov. 1946) for discussion of Planned Economy. They use the term in a special sense: "Man is considered part of a machine which is supposed to yield maximum efficiency. This makes for a social security policy on a much larger scale than under private capitalism. . . . But this society takes such measures only in order to better defend its interests of power. . . . Power politics and a Planned Economy to implement them are indissolubly linked in postwar France."

* Compared to 1938, farm prices are twice as high as industrial prices and as wages. Since July, 1946, when wages and prices were broadly revised, farm prices have gone up 81%, industrial prices only 28%.

** For many months, the government struggled with the peasants over meat rationing. When meat was rationed, it simply disappeared from the legal market; when more severe controls were imposed, it vanished from the black market as well—the cities just didn't get any meat at all. When the government yielded and took meat off ration, prices at once soared to fantastic heights.

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buy the bonds of a government in which they have lost all confidence. There has also been an enormous growth of shopkeepers and traders—it is estimated that one out of every ten adults in France today is engaged in commerce, either legitimate or black market. Not only are these traders unproductive parasites, from the standpoint of industry, which is short-handed, but they make big profits which add to the forces of inflation.

In these circumstances, the government has not been able, for all its efforts, to put its financial house in order. Nor has it been possible, either to use American credits on projects envisaged under the Four-Year Plan. The importation of anticipated producers' goods has been reduced, while that of consumers's goods, notably food commodities, goes beyond anything expected. It is possible to make out a case for the Government, since it could hardly have foreseen the bad weather, much less be blamed for it. It is a fact that the damage arising from last year's winter freeze was very great. Yet, also to be remembered is the wastage of the very good 1946 harvest already alluded to.

The Breakdown

Let us consider the relative success of 1946. Investments were up 15% in relation to the 1938 level as against a corresponding 19% decrease in consumption, which also included a remarkable 27% drop in food consumption. Though painful for the consumer, was not this to be interpreted as a respectable success for Planned Economy? Perhaps a closer scrutiny of this development will reveal its unhealthy aspects.

Let us remember that in this period of general reduction of consumption, a whole sector of the population, namely, a third, consisting of farmers and agricultural middlemen, were able to augment steeply their share of the national income. This meant correspondingly heavy sacrifices for disadvantaged portions of the population: little *rentiers* and pensioners as well as the great mass of small— and middle-salaried workingmen and employees. Their purchasing power was now about 50% of that of the pre-war period. This was clearly an intolerable situation, but where lay the way out?

In December of 1946, despite the discouraging results shown by the general salary revisions of July of the same year, the General Labor Confederation, acting under pressure from the rank and file, called for new wage raises. This could only have for effect an acceleration of inflation and a renewal of the threat to the policy of national reconstruction.

It was at this point that the "Blum Experiment" was launched in a supreme effort to create, in the face of everything, the conditions for the setting in motion of the Four-Year Plan that had just been laid down. The prestige of Leon Blum made for a climate favorable to a policy of price reduction. And when the Blum Government partially accomplished the temporary miracle of halting the price spiral, the hope for a substantial success was awakened in the majority of the population. The consequences of ultimate failure were thereby rendered all the more disastrous.

Actually, Blum's policy was doomed to failure from the outset. Each depression of price levels was effected only by recourse to Treasury subsidies. Blum's real powerlessness is clearly shown by the fact that at no moment was his Government able to influence food prices, which account, after all, for 70% of the current workingman's budget. Meat prices soared to fantastic levels . . . and everyone's patience was worn to a frazzle; and when suddenly, the bread crisis erupted, indignation broke through every dike. Paris saw the outbreak of the first *spontaneous* major strikes of the 4th Republic. They spread rapidly through the country, culminating in the railway strike of June. On top of that, the Planners were forced to bear the brunt of a vehement assault launched by little business, small industry, artisans, and peasants. The State's credit was now at the vanishing point. For the first time since the Liberation, redemption of Treasury Bonds exceeded subscriptions and renewals.

Some profess to see the cause of the general agitation gripping the country in the new about-face of the Communist Party which had ended in its expulsion from the Administration. They are in error. When the Communists changed tactics, they were already under the pressure of mounting general discontent. To have remained in the Government would have meant a rapid loss of influence over the country.

Quite simply, the limits of patience had been reached. People had had enough of weariness and constant harassment, of endless privation, of inferior food. They wanted to eat their fill, they even wanted to eat for pleasure— not merely to sustain life. After seven years of misery and suffering, they wanted finally to experience the meaning of well-being. . . . It was, then, a unique event in the history of the 4th Republic: a great event in fact, but blind and unoriented, hence negative and despairing. Amidst this storm, the weakly administered Plan foundered in a sea of anarchy. The government has continued to affect the language of authority but is powerless to enforce the law either among businessmen or peasants or workers or industrialists or consumers. In the words of a Rightist organ, *Le Monde*: "Paul Ramadier is trying his best to keep a fictive State afloat amidst the swelling anarchy."

The most important development is not, however, the multiple disorder, but the collapse of the whole Planning edifice. Professional organizations, trade unions, employers' bodies, and agricultural associations, all of which were to have been—and in fact had begun to be—instrumentalities of the central planning authority, charged with passing on State directives to their members and enforcing them, have now seceded from it.

Under pressure from below, the CGT has abandoned its policy of encouraging production and is now in process, for the first time since the Liberation, of calling strikes— against its own will. Moreover, the Communist Party, in its own name and in that of the CGT has followed the general current and now launches slogans like: "Down with bureaucratic red tape and interference." A myth has been dissipated. On the morrow of Liberation the Planned Economy Program had been hailed as the future bearer of glad tidings. It is now blamed for every ill.

The new employers' organization, the CNPF (Conseil National du Patronat Français) which had been called into existence barely a year ago by the Government itself for the purpose of creating an indispensable organ for the execution of the Plan, is now in process of transforming itself from a creature of the government into an autonomous employer association. . . .

Finally, the CGA (Confédération Générale de l'Agriculture) has served notice on the Government that, failing the new agricultural price hikes it demands, it will hold it responsible for non-delivery of agricultural commodities by peasants to established distribution bodies.

The culminating point in this process of dislocation of the planning apparatus is reached when representatives

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of workers and employers (CGT and CNPF) meet privately to settle salary and price levels, consenting, at the most, to communicate their decisions to the Government. Whether approval is forthcoming or not seems to matter very little. Should the Planners take this lying down, it would be the end of planned economy, for obviously any economy whose price and wage structure is determined outside the State is no longer a planned economy.

The chaotic situation raises the question: *If France is to pursue a policy of power recovery, which in turn is dependent on an economic plan, will it be able to avoid a dictatorship?*

The Marshall Plan as a Way Out

Since the present tendency to dictatorship is born ultimately of an economic orientation determined by considerations of national power, would not the solution be to break out of the national orbit by the creation of a united Europe? It would seem, after all, that such a course could be embarked upon straightway, since the Marshall Plan holds out the promise of substantial aid precisely on the condition that it make for inter-European reconstruction.

The watchword "European Federation" is indeed the great attraction of this post-war period, whereas the United Nations—so awkwardly reminiscent of the League of Nations—holds no charms for anyone. Committees and organizations for the fostering of a European Federation have been springing up like mushrooms under a warm rain. It is extolled by all outstanding political tendencies, except the Communists who of course represent the Eastern Bloc. And yet the simple fact that a Churchill—of whose profound nationalism there can be no question—or a de Gaulle—who is neither internationalist nor democratic—are so full of ardor for this notion of a Federation of Europe, must give one pause.

Nonetheless, many, among them the Socialist leaders, have proclaimed their faith that the Marshall Plan opens up, at this critical juncture, a possibility that they had believed utterly smothered under the course of events, namely, of the realization of their dream of organizing Europe into a "third world," which would be independent, democratic, and a keeper of the peace.

But just what is the implication of a scheme to create a Europe susceptible of defending the remains of the old continent against Russian expansionism? And, what is more, of creating a power capable of remaining simultaneously independent of the two great powers? The implication must be, if it is anything, the bestowal on Europe of an industrial potential of the same character envisaged under the Planned Economy scheme, namely, one in the service of national defence or national greatness! With but this difference: It would be erected over a broader base. Now, the base area at Russia's disposal is at least as ample. The broadening of the base can be no guarantee of a policy essentially different from that we now know.

Moreover: The creation in Europe of such a power presupposes a *single will vested with authority,* which will be firmly imposed over the integrant parts. The only question then remaining would be: which of the aspirants must assume the rôle of Boss?

The "creation of Europe" becomes the master counter in the game of power generation or consolidation of some *particular* nation. To be sure, Europe would be lifted out of its chaotic and enfeebled state. But we should still see it inexorably drawn under a planned power economy, no matter what the nation which took over. For, the task of swiftly modernizing and tooling an impoverished Europe in accord with some specified end is an enormous task. A broadening of the base of operations to continental proportions would certainly enhance the chances for success of such a planned economy, but it would in no way mitigate its pitiless internal logic. And in the last analysis, what destiny might a Europe thus reconstituted—to say nothing of the world at large—expect?

To convince oneself how little this "European" solution differs from a *national* policy, it is necessary only to analyze a bit more closely what the implications of the latter really are in a period like ours. . . .

Though new American credits are indispensable to France's emergence from the present crisis, they do not, in themselves, constitute the solution. In order that they should be utilized for the re-establishment of an economic policy of national reinforcement, it would be necessary at the outset that the State should be vested with sufficient authority to crush any local or private interest which might assert itself above national needs. Such a regime can be realized only if it is based on a mass movement of nationalist ideology, the only real counter-weight to class and private interest.

A European Socialist Federation?

The question finally arises whether there is not some way of eliminating the conditions that would lead to the imposition of a planned power economy over Federated Europe. . . .

A sector of the Left, within and outside the various Socialist parties of Western Europe hold that a beginning can and should be made of Europe that would not be a *hierarchy of powers* dominated by the *single* will of a given nation, but would be a real federation of free equals bound by a *common* will; of a Europe which would be democratic in virtue of the creation of a planned economy based on *consumption;* of a peaceful Europe, in a word, since it would refuse to play any political game but its own. whether internally or externally.

The creation of a European Socialist Federation is indeed imaginable. The existence of hostile forces standing in the way of its instauration is no condemnation *a priori* of its chances. However, the event would hang on the question: with the help of what forces could this work be brought to consummation?

It is not possible to base a policy of socialist federalism on any existing organized or constituted power, whether state or party, because each and all, they have long since determined their policy, which is not socialist federalism.

In order to create a Europe that would not be swept along the old grooves of the contemporary world, but which would instead open a new way for itself, it will be necessary to depend on other forces. Do they exist? The events of last spring have come as an encouraging reminder to those who no longer dared believe in the existence of a great force irreducibly hostile to everything which has been historically built on the contempt for man and on his servitude. The workingmen of Europe and of France in particular, are not hopelessly sunk in a sterile and blind servility. An important sector of the working class is in process of detaching itself from powerful organizations, in which they have lost all confidence, and of recapturing its questioning, critical spirit. . . . As Monatte recently wrote in the August, 1947, issue of *Modern Review,* French trade unionists are asking for "something new, something radically new; they are willing to make the necessary effort in this respect, but they do not know just what 'the something new' could be, nor what kind of an effort

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would be needed to achieve it." It is not our intention to approach the problem thus conceived, though we may be allowed to observe that if everything must be put on a new footing, that does not mean that something completely unheard of is here invoked, something which would emerge abruptly from the genius of our own time. What is necessary is a renascence and prolongation of the more positive elements of the history of Western civilization.

Post-Script

To bring our analysis up to date: The country has been continuing its slide into chaos and the Government has been obliged to surrender every pretence of putting the Monnet Plan into operation. In the development of political power, two factors have come to the fore, both of them pregnant with consequences for the future. The Communist Party has sealed its abandonment of the policy it had pursued since the Liberation and the Gaullist *Ralliement du Peuple Français* has become a factor of prime importance in political life.

The present [strike] policy of the Communist Party is not merely a turnabout for purposes of tactical maneuvering. It is a real turning point, which has found final confirmation in the decisions of the Warsaw Conference which call for participation of the French Communist Party in the "Kominform." French Communists have now been assigned new tasks, in accord with international developments. Since the bosses of Soviet Russia now believe that a strong France cannot be a Russian advance post but, rather, the bridgehead of the anti-Russian front, the Communist rôle now becomes that of sabotaging, not strengthening, the country. This means that for the first time—leaving out of account the weak and confused opposition of the Socialist left—there is now in France a political force which is consciously opposed to power planning. To be sure, this force has no intention of replacing a planned power economy by one based on consumption, but by an economy which will keep the country in a state of emaciation. However, far from abandoning their nationalist phraseology, they are whipping it up to the point of red-hot chauvinism.

The crisis of the Planned Economy program—and it is the problem we have been discussing all along—depends henceforward in great measure on the struggle between the two camps, Communist and de Gaullist. At the beginning of the 4th Republic, de Gaulle and the Communists both favored the installation of a planned power economy, though they were in bitter competition to the point where one (de Gaulle) is for the planned economy program and a new powerful France, while the Communists are opposed to both.

The battle against the kind of restraints and standard of living implied by the planned power economy program is no Communist invention, but had already been opened by the working masses acting on their own initiative—in the face of opposition from all the powerful political groupings. Although these workingmen did not really understand what they were lining up against, their resistance was one of the essential causes for the checkmate of the planned economy program. It was, moreover, because this movement of self-defence had run into the fierce opposition of the Communists that anti-Communist currents arose amidst the ranks of the working classes and that anarcho-syndicalist tendencies were strengthened.* The critical sense of these workers has not been lulled by the new Communist line. The results of the recent elections prove that. In Paris, the Communists received their first setback since the war: they lost more than 80,000 votes, slipping from 400,566 to 319,984. Even more significant is the stinging defeat they have suffered in certain mining areas.

An ambiguous situation is created by the fact that the Communists, fresh from their 180° turn, now seek not only to join hands with the independent-minded workingmen who are now acting in the defence of their interests, but to go beyond them in violence. These workers are fighting for economic and social freedom, struggling against the triumph of a power principle that would crush their liberties and personal autonomy. They thereby find themselves allied against their will to a power that is the very incarnation of the principle they are combatting. There is a very grave danger that the deepest aspirations of this movement will be denatured. Seeking to exploit *spontaneous* action to the profit of their political ends, the Communists might well graft upon it their own mendacious ideology and anti-libertarian spirit.

The Elections and De Gaulle

Over a year ago, we pointed out in this magazine that the Communists had reached and passed their peak. The recent elections have confirmed this observation. But the most surprising development, almost as surprising here as it must have been abroad, is the sensational success of de Gaulle's RPF. It is in this success rather than in any loss of votes that the new weakness of the Communists resides. Mass desertions from the Moderate Rupublicans to de Gaulle have taken place. The first round, then, is de Gaulle's. A party which had sought a *modus vivendi* with the Communists has been abandoned by its ranks, who now adhere to a movement which has vowed the destruction of communism by any and all means. In spite of opinion to the contrary, de Gaulle's success is not owing to any formidable propaganda campaign. On the contrary, while the Communists have their newspaper in each city (that also goes for Bidault's Republicans), the RPF has not, properly speaking, a press of its own yet. To be sure, there are weeklies like *Carrefour* and dailies like *Paris-Presse,* but these are not party organs. As for election meetings, for every RPF gathering, there were dozens of others. On the other hand, RPF meetings were packed while their rivals' were sparsely attended.

It would be a mistake to think that de Gaulle has al-

* The French CP reached its apogee in the middle of 1946. The party's own figure of one million members then was probably not too far from the truth. By the time of the Strasbourg party congress last summer, the membership had slumped to about 670,000 (a figure arrived at from the party's own published statements). Note, also, that hardly a quarter of these members are veterans—that is, date their membership from 1939 or earlier. The turnover has clearly been great; thus 16% of the party membership dropped out between 1946 and 1947. The CP-dominated trade unions of the C.G.T. have also suffered heavy membership losses in the last year or two. Jean-Charles Aubry, an observer in whose objectivity one can have confidence, recently estimated, in *Carrefour,* that the C. G. T. had lost almost half its members in the first six months of 1947! "Simultaneously," he continues, "a movement into independent unions has assumed big proportions. These unions, beginning as modest 'action committees,' have evolved into fullfledged unions completely outside the C. G. T. In some cases, as with the post and telegraph workers union, they have won over from the Communists whole industries. . . . Already the formation of a rival overall body to compete with the C.G.T. is being talked about." [Since this was written, the anti-Communists have seceded from the C.G.T. and formed an independent organization.—D.M.]

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ready clinched his domination of French society. In this respect it is to be noted that the audiences of RPF meetings were seldom marked by frenzied enthusiasm. As yet, there is no tidal wave of active nationalism. But there is a hatred, increasingly more pronounced, of the Communists. There is no doubt that there already exist certain de Gaullist formations of a Storm-Trooper complexion, but they have not been seen on the streets yet. And de Gaulle still lacks his trade union *cadres*. He has yet to create the extra-parliamentary means essential to the maintenance of power. But after his electoral successes, many are poised for a grand rush to his bandwagon. And they will come not only from parliamentary circles. Many state bureaucrats and managerial elements from nationalized enterprises and government corporations, who got jobs in their capacity as Republicans, Socialists, and Communists, will earnestly search their hearts for an answer to the question: Shall I join de Gaulle and keep my job? If we have correctly reported the situation and appraised de Gaulle for what he really is, de Gaulle will not allow himself to be hurried by circumstances into the formation of a Gaullist government until his extra-parliamentary formations are ready. At the moment, most serious observers believe that the following will take place: There will be a number of Deputies sufficient to bring about certain constitutional and electoral changes as well as the dissolution of the Assembly. All this would take several months, thus enabling de Gaulle to put his organization on a secure footing. But meanwhile the general situation of the country will have deteriorated further, for, whatever the prevailing Administration, it will be considered as something provisional. If, however, de Gaulle should, in the face of all present appearances, accept power immediately, it is not clear how he can arrest economic attrition. Certain intellectuals, like Malraux and Raymond, a recent editor of *Combat* and now on the staff of *Figaro*, who are preparing the way, with all their fine phrases, for dictatorship and barbarism, seek to veil the very real danger that de Gaulle and his RPF represent. In today's *Figaro*, for instance, Raymond says de Gualle might well turn out to be the savior of parliamentary institutions! According to him, all it takes is "the reconstitution . . . of a homogeneous majority and the deliverance of the trade unions from communist domination," and "their diversion back into legitimate channels: the defence of occupational interests." One wonders what kind of trade unions and "defence of occupational interests" he has in mind, considering that de Gaulle's rule would mean open, implacable battle against democracy, liberty, and any and all autonomous organizations.

It still remains for de Gaulle to organize the cadres capable of imposing on society that draconian "discipline" without which a planned power economy cannot be made to function. Will he succeed? The social and political struggle now looming up will not be an event of just a few days' duration.

GELO AND ANDREA

(Translated by F. Giovanelli and D. Macdonald)

EUROPEAN READERS PLEASE NOTE

Rep. Arends (R., Ill.) today read in the House of Representatives the menu of the dinner which Charles Luckman, former Federal Food Conserver, gave when he retired recently. "The dinner began with cocktails in generous supply," said Rep. Arends. "Then came shrimp cocktail, fried oysters, crab-shrimp-and-lobster gumbo, curried chicken, roast turkey, baked ham, roast beef, string beans au gratin, fried apple rings, pickled walnuts, mixed green salad, assorted ice cream, finger rolls, and coffee."—N. Y. Journal-American, Dec. 19, 1947.

Manifesto

Note: The Following statement was recently issued in Paris. Among the signers are:

Georges Altman (editor, *Franc-Tireur*), Bertrand d'Astorg, Simone de Beauvoir, Albert Beguin, Claude Bourdet (editor, *Combat*), Jean-Marie Domenach, Georges Izard (Socialist deputy, writer), Maurice Merleau-Ponty, Emmanuel Mounier (editor, *Esprit*), Marceau Pivert (chairman, Seine Federation, Socialist Party), David Rousset, Jean-Paul Sartre (editor, *Les Temps Modernes*), Jean Texcier (member, ex. comm., Socialist Party).

WHEN the men of Europe came home after the armistice, they could look forward only to a breathing-spell of a few years before a new slaughter might begin. By now, they have lost confidence in their own forces, and they are prevented from action by skillful propaganda that resigns them to waiting for death and leaving their fate in foreign hands. Man is most vulnerable when he is convinced of his own helplessness.

We who make this appeal, united by danger in spite of our differences, are not pacifists. We consider pacifism abstract and ineffective because it seeks to avoid war in general; and unethical because it believes in avoiding war at any cost. We do not value peace above everything. But we believe that it is man who makes history and that this absurd and unjustifiable war must be avoided.

War *must* be avoided because:

1. Its outcome depends on so many unknown circumstances that, even if we sympathised with one side, we could not reasonably gamble on victory. Besides, the preparations for this war involve on each side the perversion of the ideals which are being defended. The victor, if there is one, and even were he the one we had hoped for, would emerge unrecognizable, bringing the evils we fear most.

2. For Europe the consequences of a conflict are manifest: occupation, or ruin, or both.

3. Preparation for war unbalances the economic life of the world and diminishes its chances for recovery by paralyzing world trade.

4. Preparation for war retards social emancipation: war would set it back indefinitely. Inconceivable in its effects, it would render the entire historic future unimaginable. To those, of whatever bloc, who claim that this would be the last war before the liberation of man or the only means of defending his liberty, we answer simply that they are accomplices of an enormous and criminal mystification. And let no one claim that the balance of power is a means of assuring peace: armed peace is not peace; prolonged, it would become the major, and perhaps the ultimate obstacle to the international organization without which true peace is inconceivable.

War *can* be avoided.

But only if we men of France and of Europe do not consider ourselves innocent victims. It is true that we are victims: even before the war has broken out, even without the certainty that it will break out, Europe is a battle-field for the two great enemy forces. For both sides she is prey and threat. Prey, because her disunion and her misery deliver her to every influence; threat because

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these influences divide her into two opposed camps and make her a reduced image of the conflict that divides the whole world. Since it is through the enslavement of Europe that each bloc attempts to defend itself, each looks for partisans and soldiers on our soil and stimulates by its actions the fears and counter-moves of the other. But if we consent to this enslavement, even by inertia, we cease to be victims in order to become accomplices. Buffeted between the two forces, letting ourselves be maneuvered by one and by the other, we are divided by the cold war, and our division may cause war. Therefore, there is not one country of Europe, not one citizen of a European country who can escape the responsibility for war or peace.

The most urgent appeal for union would be of no use if it were directed towards a *single* country. No *national* movement, whatever its nature, can put an end to unrest and to the rise of fascism as long as misery, cold and hunger foment hatreds. No country can conquer famine, misery or cold by itself. Only a Europe which will administer her own resources and share them according to her needs instead of the needs of a few, can return to a decent standard of life and can thus overcome its disagreements. Only the suppression of capitalistic interests and of trade barriers can end our conflicts. Only the removal of these conflicts and the establishment of economic unity can give Europe self-government and relative independence. Divided, Europe may be the source of war; united, the source of peace. It is not Europe which the USSR fears, it is American politics in Europe; it is not Europe which America fears, it is the influence of the Cominform on the European masses. The USSR and the United States will have much less to fear from a continent which has established its sovereignty than from a collection of impoverished nations whose only liberty is to choose the master they want to serve; and since the war which threatens us is motivated more by fear than by hope of gain, so radical a change in the situation of Europe could not fail to make each bloc revise its policy.

Only a radical transformation of the social structure can defeat the resistance of particular interests to an independently controlled European economy. We must know what we want: to find a solution for national problems, we must look for it within the framework of an international organization, and if we want to establish this organization we must realize that it requires a socialist revolution and the replacing of private ownership of the means of production and exchange by collective ownership. At the same time, since this Europe which is to be brought into being comprises several colonial empires, it goes without saying that the emancipation of the working classes which is the aim and the means of the Revolution would be senseless without the parallel emancipation of the colonial masses.

Finally, the worst mistake would be to form a third bloc which would surround itself with a new sphere of contempt, suspicion and isolation and which would, besides, have the major drawback of being weaker than the two others. We do not want Europe to isolate herself. If we consider her as the point of origin for a movement which should extend to the proletariat of the entire world, it is, first of all, because her situation permits her to realize that she will be the victim of war without being its beneficiary, whatever the issue. It is, secondly, because we are neither Russians nor Americans, but citizens of Europe and we should plough our own fields. Our appeal is therefore addressed not only and not primarily to the people of France but beyond the frontiers to all the democratic and socialist forces of the world, to abandon their factions and their nationalism, which conceal the influence of foreign powers, and to follow the international tradition which must be inseparable from Socialism and which is the only means of assuring peace.

(*Translated by Eve Gassler*)

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BACKSLIDER

I refuse to believe that even Franklin D. Roosevelt was right all the time.

—Max Lerner in "P.M.", Oct. 15, 1947.

WORDS-OF-ONE-SYLLABLE DEPARTMENT

A lecture on public opinion polls was given by Dr. Hadley Cantril, Professor of Psychology at Princeton and Director of the Office of Public Opinion Research.

Dr. Cantril, referring to the effect of the recent Nebraska election on the political fortunes of Harold A. Stassen, said the impression of defeat could have been avoided by a pre-election poll. The expenditure of a couple of thousand dollars on a poll would have told Mr. Stassen just how badly his candidate was going to be beaten, Dr. Cantril asserted, and with that information he could have minimized the importance of the election and even have painted the picture blacker than it was. Then when the final returns were reported, it could have been said that the defeated candidate "seemed to have done a little better than expected."

—"N. Y. Times," June 28, 1946.

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The Work of Jean Vigo

JEAN VIGO (1904-1934) has at last arrived in America. Two of his four films, *Zero de Conduite* and *L'Atalante,* were shown to an indifferent audience for five weeks during June and July at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. Their failure to make money is unfortunate, because *Zero de Conduite* is a masterpiece, easily the best film to be shown in New York since *Modern Times,* and *L'Atalante* contains some scenes of great merit.

L'Atalante (1934) is a Seine River power barge loaded with unspecified cargo and four "Gallic Cinema" characters. The barge captain and his bride, whom he has snatched from a passing village, are in the process of learning to get along together, with the assistance of an elderly grizzled Mate (Michel Simon, the apotheosis of the "Gallic Character"), the moronic Boy, who does very well by *not* hogging the screen, and the Mate's numberless cats. A fifth character, an Eternal Young Man, signifying perhaps the spirit of optimistic vitality, is pure Vigo, if one judges purity to be completely expressed by *Zero de Conduite.* The Young Man, a peddler because everybody must have an occupation in this world, is more than a cyclist, tumbler, one-man-band and lady-charmer. He is something of a magician, and certainly an apparition, who startles a relatively slow and dull picture for a few minutes, and then disappears, presto, the way he came. The few minutes are enchanting, and accomplish the clarification of the story.

The Peddler intensifies the bride's frustrated desire to see the streets of Paris, so she puts on her coat and hat and wanders for a few hours in fairyland. Her husband is Gallicly jealous. In a fit of pique, he embarks without her. She, meanwhile, has lost her purse, and can't reach the barge, etc. They suffer the pangs of separation, then are reunited through the kindly offices of the Mate and good luck. The story is fragile and sentimental; the picture at least twice too long. Without the Peddler, whose realization in movie terms as a truly universal character is nothing short of wonderful, *L'Atalante* could be counted as merely a French film of the better sort, superficially relieved by the director's mannerisms. Still discounting the Peddler, Vigo would appear to have an unusual sensitivity for revelatory details of his characters and their environments, more subtle than Duvivier, Carné, Renoir, etc., and also less "profound." *L'Atalante* would then be "Gallic Cinema" at its best-and-worst: *Little Miss Fix-it,* with Michel Simon in the Shirley Temple role.

ZERO DE CONDUITE (1933) is something else. Looking for flaws here would inevitably take on the appearance of petty sniping, and this is what was done by A. W. in *The N. Y. Times,* who remarked: "(It), a study of life in a French boarding school for boys, is a series of vignettes lampooning the faculty, climaxed by a weird, dream-like rebellion of the entire student body. These amorphous scenes, strung together by a vague continuity may be art, but they are also pretty chaotic."

A. W. failed to notice that this picture is a study of rebellion. It will be incomprehensible only to those who find rebellion both stupid and ridiculous. If revolt is an important human activity, whether futile, useful, or heroic, *Zero de Conduite* is also important, compounded as it is from the primary rebellion of children. Three of the four Conspirators have strong motives: Tabart's mother dresses him like a girl, Colin's mother cooks beans every day for the school, and Caussat lives with a Guardian. Druel's reasons are obscure; perhaps he loves adventure for its own sake. The rest of the boys are normal, which is to say that school is a jail run by adults who are gross, dirty, petty, and dictatorial. Revolt, expressed in terms of the ordinary games of the "little hellions," invariably involves breaking the rules, and the punishment is equally futile. Druel, Caussat & Colin, Inc. are constantly getting "zero for conduct," apparently the extreme punishment. Their revenge is the Conspiracy, starting with hidden marbles, then gradually working up to the dormitory pillow fight, an ecstatic "religious" procession in the dormitory (covering Tabart's mock-heroic act of raising the homemade skull-and-crossbones flag on the roof), the prank on the sleeping teacher, and the interruption of the formal school ceremony as the "rebels" throw rubbish into the yard full of assembled dignitaries and artificially arranged pupils.

Vigo shows nearly everything in two ways: as the boys see it, and as his camera *would* see it if it were real or "natural." The two views are so subtly blended that the spectator is constantly being surprised into noticing that a change has taken place. In a utilitarian sense it serves to remind the audience to look sharp, but more important, it reveals a wealth of imaginative detail *no sooner* than an acceptance of the idea that revolt is an important human activity. No better workmanship could be required, and few artists ever attain it.

In the scene titled "Caussat spends Sunday with his guardian," there is only one camera set-up. At the left is a newspaper seated in a chair, presumably with an adult behind it. In center background two straight chairs, Caussat blindfolded on one of them, sitting rigid. One thinks immediately, "What cruelty!," and looks for action. Crawling slowly on the closed keyboard cover of an upright piano at the right is a little girl, obviously trying to be utterly silent. She reaches, and takes down a small glass globe. With agonizing care, she gets off the piano and hangs the globe in front of the blindfolded boy, removes the bandage, and then they both smile at the trick, which is also a trick on the one who thought the "discipline" cruel. But the fact of discipline remains, not crudely (the sensationalist would show a sadistic whipping and distorted grimaces), but forcefully enough for the spectator to forgive the director's trick on him, which is sufficient. Meanwhile, the children have invented a way to pass a dull Sunday, and it happens millions of times every week.

This 45 minute film is literally packed with such illuminations. Whatever way they are viewed, their consistency is astonishing, and they all lead to the "revolution," which might presage and symbolize the inevitable change from child to grown-up. It is a change from one world to another, with no turning back, and that kind of change is always accompanied by tempestuous and seemingly irrational events.

The conflict is between an adult world and a children's world. It proceeds throughout with only one mitigation, the presence of the newest instructor, Huguet, who appears to be officially on one side and emotionally on the other. To categorize him from the viewpoint of either side would be impossible, for each, in an atmosphere of irreconcilable conflict, would call him a collaborationist for the other. This doesn't happen, since he holds the trust and confidence of both sides. The Principal recognizes him as a

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"problem," although not a serious one. Huguet is never reprimanded or punished, although he breaks the rules as flagrantly as the students. He is, in the widest sense, a man of good will, an utterly likable paragon. To call him a grown up child, somewhat of the same stripe as Dostoyevsky's Alyosha, would be to imply that he is being humored by the Administration, or that he is being used by them because of his "way" with children, who, in that event, would certainly take complete advantage of his softness. Huguet is an Alyosha of a different sort, without the primary Dostoyevskian weapon of childish innocence in a wicked world. He is admirably wise, but neither judge nor compromiser (which would call for a remote and passive character, and lead logically to outright war between the two worlds). This ideal character is always on hand before and after each crisis. His most important function is to allow both sides to retire from the field *with honor*. The implication is that there is no real conflict of blood between children and adults, because the two groups live on different planes, and thus are unable to eliminate each other. Huguet serves as a perpetual reminder that adults were once children, and now see things differently.

The space and importance given to the "revolution" provides the key to Vigo's attitude: that rebellion is natural to children, and that adults become children again when they rebel. In *Zero,* the children are playing a serious game, with high enthusiasm. The Conspiracy about hidden marbles is transformed by Tabart into the whole routine of revolt. The dormitory aisle becomes a public square, the Proclamation is read to the assembling mob, the mob turns into a riot and battle with the police (the pillow fight). Control is lost, and the intoxication is symbolized by the religious procession, a kind of mystical mass hysteria. Meanwhile, Tabart, whose grudge is the bitterest of all, hoists the flag on the roof alone. The mock crucifixion of the policeman-teacher that takes place during the hangover of exhaustion the next morning is a triple device. It completes the religious idea, consolidates the one-night triumph of the "mob," and continues the unquenchable prankishness of the (now four; previously three) Conspirators, who then go out to the roof for their next and final overt act. There will be no more pranks this semester, but only because the semester is over. And so is the picture when Huguet waves his memorable *envoi* from the yard below. The teachers have been driven to cover. His gesture is both a salute and a farewell.

Huguet is acceptable as a self-portrait of Vigo, endowed with transcendent, universal qualities, and here superbly acted by Jean Dasté. Any comprehensible analysis of the film has to account for this character as more than merely a sympathetic teacher, a funnyman, an Administration stooge, or a Pollyanna, and must place him somewhere in the vicinity of the Pied Piper. Indeed, any comprehensible analysis fails, in the absolute sense, as it always does when confronted by a real work of art.

Zero de Conduite has been called "avant-garde" and an "episodic" creation of a "poet of the cinema." In the absence of specific information, and in the presence of a profoundly moving work, such compartmentalization seems futile, in the same way that Freudian interpretations of the arts are futile. There can be no substitution for the experience, and to fit the work that produced the experience into a rigid scheme is to attempt the substitution, which is to make the mistake of saying that the work can exist in another form. The compartments are for malleable material only.

Vigo had a natural understanding of his medium. The form that his ideas assume in *Zero de Conduite* is translucent and non-obtrusive, except for two places where cinematic devices of fast and slow motion detract from the revelation of events. The Priest skitters away in the street, and we say "Ah, fast motion!" The religious procession is dreamy and sinuous, and we say "Ah, slow motion!" The camera tricks in these two places are defects, because they call attention to themselves, and seem in retrospect to be unnecessary. Here the moviemaker appears to have lost his touch, and to be pressing too hard for his effects. However, in comparison with the wealth of solid achievement throughout the film, they are indeed minor drawbacks. Vigo, by the evidence of this picture, emerges as one of those extreme rarities who thought in terms of movies, and who could make a film without having to state in words or "prove" in any way that the essentials of the cinema medium are concerned with the illusory qualities of photographic images, the "absence of the space-time continuum" (Arnheim), and the axiom that "two images in conjunction convey more than the sum of their visible content" (Museum of Modern Art and others). Vigo's "school-comedy" is filled to overflowing with movie tricks, and will doubtless remain a rich quarry for generations of cinema pedants. It is sufficient to state here that his technique is adequate for the expression of his ideas.

It may seem almost unnecessary to point out that *Zero de Conduite* is a serious film in the guise of a comedy, and that this is the only way it could be produced, in combination with low-cost methods, considering the historic commercial role of motion pictures, but it is important to remember also that this picture cannot be considered a product of the "avant-garde" or of the "Gallic Cinema," for both terms are far too constrictive to contain a genuine work of art.

Vigo's box-office failure may have sprung from his unique qualities, and perhaps it is too much to expect the adult Galliacs to accept him suddenly. They were a long time rejecting the clichés of Hollywood, and they have long been applauding the clichés that abound in *Les Amours de Toni, Le Bonheur, End of a Day, Harvest, Daybreak, Un Carnet du Bal, Mayerling,* etc. Right now, their pets are *The Well Digger's Daughter* and the crudely sensational *Open City.* It may take thirteen years more, but bet on Vigo in the long run.*

GEORGE BARBAROW

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* I am told that Vigo's first film, *Apropos de Nice* is a sardonic documentary where he allowed full play to his anti-bourgeois feelings. It is supposed to make *Zero de Conduite* look actualy gentle. I have recently received a letter, in reply to an inquiry, from M. Henri Langlois, Secretary of "Cinematheque Francais" (7 Ave. de Messine, Paris), which may be of interest: "*Apropos de Nice* of which we have the negative and one copy, is a 'film-clef'; it was a turning-point in the development of the documentary film and has greatly influenced recent productions, especially those of the growing young school of Italian documentary. *Apropos de Nice* was an act of faith, made with Vigo's own money. *Zero de Conduite* and *L'Atalante* were financed by a wealthy industrialist who believed in Vigo's talent. As you perhaps know, *Zero de Conduite* was photographed as a silent film and the sound was dubbed in later. It was banned by the censor after a hostile demonstration at its premiere. . . . As for *L'Atalante,* only a handful of people have really seen it. For while Vigo lay dying of pneumonia, unable to defend his film against the imbecility of the commercial distributors, Louis Chavance cut the film to pieces, especially the sound. . . . Sorry you have not seen *Taris* [Vigo's fourth film] which is a pure splendor of photography."

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The Social Format:

FICTIONS

A YOUNG lady I know was about to have a baby and she left the job she had held for several years. The job had paid very modestly, but it was not too boring, requiring some initiative and ability to organize material as well as routine bookkeeping. The young lady looked forward to the more interesting and difficult job of rearing a baby.

After the baby was born, she needed some money to live on, for her husband earned very little; and her friends advised her to apply for Unemployment Insurance.

Now this insurance, of course, is not given to those who are sick, or tending babies, but to those who are able to work, are looking for work, but cannot get jobs. The young lady had had a job and did not intend to get another, but she had no great moral qualms about disregarding the intentions of the Insurance act, especially since she had paid her premiums during many years.

The administration of the Insurance is connected with an Employment Agency that tries to find work for those on the insurance rolls. One has to take a job that turns up; but because of the peculiar standards of our society, a person need not take (perhaps cannot take) a job that is not as dignified, well paid, and appropriate to one's talents as one's last job: the obligatory job must be in the same "classification." This was very fortunate for our young lady, because her last job had had a certain gimmick that put it in a learned classification for which opportunities rarely turned up at the Employment Agency. (A beautiful case of this is a young man I know, just returned from the wars, who need only take a job as leader of a chorus of 70 or more voices; this opportunity rarely turns up at the Employment Agency.)

The young lady had had no particular vocational attachment to that particular "classification"; she just happened to have had a job of that kind, until she had a baby.

One misrepresentation the young lady did make; she did not declare that she could do bookkeeping, for she feared that they would then find her a job; but she was foolish, because she could always insist just on the gimmick.

Presumably the officials of the Insurance and the Agency understood that these shenanigans were common; but they, worthily and sensibly, as a viable social policy in our complicated and unviable society, made no close scrutiny. Many were able to batten on the $20 weekly payments (for 20 weeks).

The young lady suffered one crisis, when a job turned up that almost had the gimmick. She was sent to apply for it, but managed to appear so ineffectual that she was not hired.

So the weeks passed—the baby breast-fed and happy—until nearly the end of the period of the benefits. Suddenly there was a rigorous inquisition. (The reason for this is inscrutable to me; maybe it is the policy always to end in a blaze of correctness; maybe somebody Above had a toothache; maybe it was an election year.) Close scrutiny, new questions; it came out that she had a baby.

"Ha! you were going to desert your baby in its infancy!"

"She was a lot less pest then than now; my husband would have taken care of her."

"Why doesn't your husband get off his ass and go earn some more money?"

"Why in hell don't you mind your own business?"

"Did you look for a job yesterday?"

"I was standing on line here all day yesterday waiting for this inquisition."

"Monday? What about last Saturday? Friday? Thursday?"

She burst into tears. They 'phoned the last employer and his secretary unguardedly gave out that the young lady had also done bookkeeping.

"Bookkeeping!" cried the Official, "you didn't declare it. You're a *fraud!* You'll hear from us."

They struck her from the rolls; but it was already nearly the last payment. But for months the young lady lived in terror of imminent prosecution. She had many bouts of guilty tears and visions of jail. Her husband, whose indolence gave him the opportunity to view these matters in a more philosophical way, was hard put to console her with broader considerations.

I do not intend this parable as a satire on the persons or even the institutions. On the contrary, the point I would draw is that everywhere there was good sense, justified wishes, a worthy leniency (to let the modern system stagger on another year). But nowhere was it possible for good intentions, shrewd judgment, natural and courageous effort, etc. to express themselves directly.

We are given a questionnaire to fill out, and it asks "Yes or No?" when the truth lies in the middle. Or it makes a subdivision of species of things and says, "Check A. B. C. or D" when the genus that is being subdivided does not naturally exist. Or a group of questions interrelate to reach a conclusion, but the theory of the interrelation is absurd.

The difficulty is understood on all sides. One sets himself to guess the intention of the questioner, in order to create the desired impression by one's answers. Or sometimes even, a well-intentioned Official suggests the answers that will enable him legally to do you a good turn.

How is it possible to live on and to write English in this fog of fictions?

PAUL GOODMAN

LENIN AS PHILOSOPHER

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by

ANTON PANNEKOEK

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Ancestors (5):

Alexander Herzen

NOT many Americans have read Alexander Herzen's *My Past and Thoughts*. Few have even heard of the author—many people confuse him with Herzl, the founder of Zionism, or Hertz, the physicist. The two main American indices to periodical literature have, from 1920 to date, exactly four references to Herzen.

This neglect is odd because Herzen's memoirs are, as I think these extracts will show, not only great political writing and an autobiography which ranks with the best, but also extremely entertaining reading. Trotsky's *My Life* is the nearest parallel that occurs to me, and even that brilliant work is thin compared to Herzen. It is also strange because Herzen was the first great Russian revolutionary—and a special favorite of Lenin—and because American intellectuals have long paid more attention to Russian politics than to their own.

There were, of course, reasons why in the thirties we were not interested in Herzen. Then the outrages of rationality and human feeling which we read about every day in the newspapers—that we read about them in the papers rather than experiencing them in our own lives was, and is, symptomatic of the quality of American intellectual life, but this is a point that cannot be developed here—these outrages were stimulating more than they were depressing, since they showed how absurd and hateful (therefore intolerable, therefore soon to be overthrown) the status quo was, and since we knew very well both the kind of social system that should replace it and how to go about the replacing. Marx was our man then—the systematic genius who had with Titanic labor worked out History's "law of motion," the great Believer in the workingclass proletariat as our savior and redeemer. But now we are a world war and a few aborted revolutions the wiser, now we don't much believe in Titans and even suspect Historical Laws. We are, in fact, in much the same state of mind as Herzen was after 1848: despair and doubt ravage us, the Marxian dream has turned into the Russian nightmare (or the British doze), and we can appreciate the unsystematic, sceptical, free-thinking, approach of Herzen. His disenchantment, mingled with humor and a lively response to human values, seems to us (or to me, at least) more sympathetic than Marx's optimistic, humorless and somewhat inhuman doctrine of progress through the historical dialectic. In short, if Marx was our man in the thirties, Herzen may be our man in the forties. It may be objected that he had no program, no "message" which retains much meaning today. That is true, if a positive program is meant: Herzen was a critic, an analyst, a "negativist." All we can learn from him is what certain historical events mean to the mind—and the heart—not what to do about them. But this objection is just another way of stating why Herzen is relevant today. In a period like this, when mankind seems to be in an *impasse,* such a thinker, precisely because he is free, uncommitted, is better able to make us aware of our real situation than a thinker like Marx. I think, for example, that Herzen's reactions to the 1848 debacle must appear to the objective reader today more "to the point," more historically valid than Marx's. 1848 was the turning-point in both Marx's and Herzen's intellectual development. It drove Marx to a mighty effort of system-building which today seems ethically sterile and intellectually over-optimistic (how much more sympathetic and "to the point" the pre-1848 Marx is than the Marx of *Capital!*). It threw Herzen into a permanent state of depression and disenchantment, and now that we can see what the failure of the workingclass to make a revolution in 1848 really meant, about both the workingclass and Western society, Herzen's despair seems less self-indulgent, more realistic than Marx's optimism. Certainly it is more sympathetic; we recognize ourselves—*de te fabula narratur!*

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ALEXANDER Herzen was born on March 25, 1812, in Moscow a few months before Napoleon's troops entered the city.* His father, Ivan Yakovlyev, was a

* The following is taken from these books and articles in English or French in the N. Y. Public Library: D. S. Mirsky: "A History of Russian Literature"; "Herzen, the Founder of Russian Liberalism" by C. Hagberg Wright (*Fortnightly Review,* 1920, New Series, Vol. 108); "Alexandre Herzen" by A. Soulange-Bodin (*La Revue Hebdomedaire,*" April 1918); "A Synthetic Russian" by Alexander Kaun (*The Freeman,* Feb. 6, 1924); "Alexander Hertsen" by Semen Rapoport (*The Socialist Review,* July-Sept. 1919); two articles on "My Past and Thoughts" by V. S. Pritchett in *The New Statesman and Nation* of June 12 and June 19, 1943; E. H. Carr: "The Romantic Exiles."

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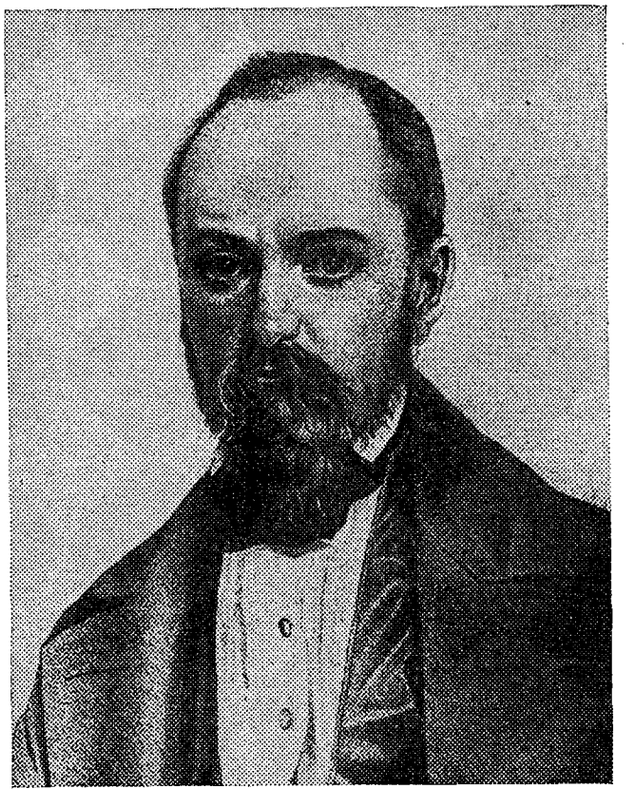
wealthy landowner who belonged to one of the most aristocratic families of Russia. His mother was Henriette Haag, a German-Jewish girl whom Yakovlyev had met, when she was sixteen, in her native city of Stuttgart and had taken back with him to Russia. Although he never married her, he treated her as his wife and brought up their son, to whom he gave the name "Herzen" ("dearest heart" in German) as his heir. Herzen attended the University of Moscow, where he read and discussed Saint-Simon (extracurricular) becoming enough of a radical to write, at 19, in a letter which the police later used against him: "Constitutional parties lead nowhere; all constitutions are simply contracts between a master and his slaves. The problem is not to improve the condition of the slaves, but to eliminate that condition altogether." He was framed up and arrested by the secret police in 1834 and exiled to the provinces, where he remained for six years as a government clerk. In 1838, he married his first cousin, Natalie Yakovlyev, also illegitimate. He was allowed to return briefly to St. Petersburg in 1840, but was exiled soon again. In 1842, he was permitted to return to Moscow, where he became the center of a group of "Westernized" intellectuals which opposed the Slavophils and which included Granovsky, Belinsky, and Bakunin. The death of his father in 1847 made Herzen a rich man. Getting permission, with difficulty, to travel abroad, he left Russia that year, never to return. From 1847 to 1852, he lived in Italy, France, and Switzerland. He was active politically in 1848, gravitating naturally toward the anarchists; he financed Proudhon's newspaper, the *Voix du Peuple,* for which he also wrote; and he supported his old friend, Bakunin, in his revolutionary activities. The 1848 failure was for Herzen a personal as well as a political catstrophe: he wrote two important books about it, neither of which has been translated: *Letters from France and Italy* and what most critics consider his masterpiece: *From the Other Shore.* In 1852, he settled permanently in London, where he founded the first Russian printing press outside Russia. In 1857, he and his lifelong friend, the poet Nicholas Ogarev, started a weekly called *Kolokol* ("The Bell"). The paper—whose motto was, after Pushkin, "Vive la Raison!"—at once became an enormous success. "Between 1857 and 1861," writes Mirsky, "*The Bell* was the principal political force in Russia. It was read by every one and not least by those in power." *Kolokol's* political program was liberal rather than socialist: a constitution, a free press, and the freeing of the serfs (which was in fact done by the new czar, partly because of Herzen's influence). In the Polish uprising of 1862-3, Herzen, partly out of loyalty to Bakunin, supported the Poles in *Kolokol*; this practically killed the paper, as the Russian liberals became ultranationalistic in the face of the revolt. The younger generation, on the other hand, considered Herzen an old fogey, much too mild and sentimental for their nihilistic-materialistic tastes. The paper lost its influence as rapidly as it had gained it. When Herzen died in 1870, he had become, politically, a "superfluous man." He left no followers, no school—though his agrarian socialism later became the basis of the powerful Social Revolutionary party. But he did leave his memoirs.*

D.M.



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Who is entitled to write his reminiscences?
Every one.
Because no one is obliged to read them.

In order to write one's reminiscences, it is not at all necessary to be a great man, nor a notorious criminal, nor a celebrated artist, nor a statesman. It is quite enough to be simply a human being, to have something to tell, and not merely to desire to tell it but to have at least some little ability to do so.

Every life is interesting; if not the personality, then the environment, the country are interesting, life itself is interesting. Man likes to enter into another's existence, he likes to touch the subtlest fibres of another's heart, and to listen to its beating. He compares, he checks it by his own, he seeks in himself confirmation, justification, sympathy. ...

The fact is that the very word "entitled" to this or that form of composition does not belong to our epoch, but dates from an era of intellectual immaturity, from an era of poet-laureates, doctors' caps, peddling savants, certificated philosophers, diplomaed metaphysicians and other Pharisees of the Christian world. Then the act of writing

* The indefatigable Constance Garnett (to whom all English-speaking readers owe an enormous debt for devoting her life to translating the Russian classics) has translated *My Past and Thoughts.* It was brought out over here by Knopf in 1924 in six attractive small volumes (from English plates), from which edition the present excerpts, with permission, are taken. The book was not a publishing success. At least, I recall seeing it remaindered in the drugstores, in the early thirties, at 49c a volume; I did not buy them (and have since got them, with difficulty, at $2.50 a volume) because I was as ignorant as every one else about Herzen; I am indebted to Meyer Schapiro for "putting me on to" Herzen several years ago. Readers should be warned, by the way, about the Yale University Press's edition (1924): not only is it limited to the first two volumes, but the translator, Mr. J. D. Duff, for some obscure reason—or perhaps not so obscure?—chose to use the 1913 Russian edition, which was heavily censored by the Czarist authorities, although, a complete edition published in Geneva was then available. Miss Garnett used the complete Geneva edition.

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was regarded as something sacred; a man writing for the public used a high-flown unnatural choice language, he "expounded" or "sang."

We simply talk. For us, writing is the same sort of secular pursuit, the same sort of work or amusement as any other. (Vol. 2, P. 63)

"VERA Artamonovna, come tell me again how the French came to Moscow," I used to say, rolling myself up in the quilt and stretching in my crib, which was sewn round with linen that I might not fall out.

"Oh, what's the use of telling you, you've heard it so many times. Besides, it's time to go to sleep! You had better get up a little earlier tomorrow," the old woman would usually answer, although she was as eager to repeat her favorite story as I was to hear it.

"But do tell me a little bit. How did you find out, how did it begin?"

"This was how it began. You know what your papa is—he is always putting things off; he was getting ready and getting ready, and much use it was! Every one was saying, 'It's time to set off, it's time to go; what is there to wait for, there's no one left in the town.' But no, your Uncle Pavel Ivanovitch and he kept talking of how they would go together, and first one wasn't ready and then the other. At last we were packed and the carriage was ready; the family sat down to lunch, when all at once our head cook ran into the dining room as pale as a sheet, and announced: 'The enemy has marched in at the Dragomilovsky Gate!' Our hearts did sink. 'The power of the Cross be with us!" we cried. Everything was upside down. While we were bustling about, sighing and groaning, we looked and down the street came galloping dragoons in such helmets with horses' tails streaming behind. The gates had all been closed, and here was your papa left behind for a treat and you with him; your wet nurse Darya still had you at the breast, you were so weak and delicate."

And I smiled with pride, pleased that I had taken part in the war.

"At the beginning, we got along somehow, for the first few days, that is; it was only that two or three soldiers would come in and ask by signs whether there was something to drink; we would take them a glass each, and they would go away and touch their caps to us, too. But then, you see, when fires began and kept getting worse, there was such disorder, plundering and all sorts of horrors. At that time we were living in the lodge at the Princess Anna Borissovna's and the house caught fire; then Pavel Ivanovitch said, 'Come to me, my house is built of brick, its stands far back in the courtyard and the walls are thick.'

"So we went, masters and servants all together, there was no difference made; we went into the Tverskoy Boulevard and the trees were beginning to burn. We made our way at last to the Golohastovs' house and it was simply blazing, flames from every window. Pavel Ivanovitch was dumbfounded, he could not believe his eyes. Behind the house there is a big garden, you know; we went into it thinking we would be safe there. We sat there on seats grieving, when, all at once, a mob of drunken soldiers were upon us; one fell on Pavel Ivanovitch, trying to pull off his travelling coat; the old man would not give it up, the soldier pulled out his sword and struck him on the face with it so that he kept the scar to the end of his days. The others set upon us; one soldier tore you from your nurse, opened your baby-clothes to see if there were any bank-notes or diamonds hidden among them, saw there was nothing there, and so the scamp purposely tore your clothes and flung them down. As soon as they had gone away, we were in trouble again. Do you remember our Platon who was sent for a soldier? He was dreadfuly fond of drink and was very much under the influence that day; he tied on a sabre and walked around like that. The day before the enemy entered, Count Rastoptchin [Governor of Moscow in 1812] had distributed all sorts of weapons at the arsenal; so that was how he had got hold of a sabre. Towards the evening, he saw a dragoon ride into the yard; there was a horse standing near the stable; the dragoon wanted to take it, but Platon rushed headlong at him and, catching hold of the bridle, said: 'The horse is ours. I won't give it to you!' The dragoon threatened him with a pistol, but we could see it was not loaded; the master himself saw what was happening and shouted to Platon: 'Let the horse alone, it's not your business!' But not a bit of it! Platon pulled out his sabre and struck the man on the head, and he staggered, and Platon struck him again and again. 'Well,' thought we, 'now the hour of our death is come; when his comrades see him, it will be the end of us.' But when the dragoon fell, Platon seized him by the feet and dragged him to a pit full of mortar and threw him in, poor fellow, although he was still alive; his horse stood there and did not stir from the place, but stamped its foot on the ground as though it understood; our servants shut it in the stable; it must have been burnt there. . . . Then I took a piece of green baize from the billiard table and wrapped you in it to keep you from the night air; and so we made our way as far as the Tverskoy Square. There the French were putting the fire out because some great man of theirs was living in the governor's house; we just sat in the street; sentries were walking everywhere, others were riding by on horseback. And you were screaming, straining yourself with crying, your nurse had no more milk, no one had a bit of bread. Natalya Konstantinova was with us then, a wench of spirit, you know; she saw that some soldiers were eating something in a corner, took you and went straight to them, showed you and said, *'Mangé* for the little one.' At first they looked at her so sternly and said, *'Allez! Allez!'* but she fell to scolding them. 'Ah you cursed brutes,' said she, 'you this and that.' The soldiers did not understand a word, but they burst out laughing and gave her some bread soaked in water for you and a crust for herself. Early in the morning an officer came up and gathered together all the men and your papa with them, leaving only the women and Pavel Ivanovitch who was wounded, and took them to put out the fires in the houses nearby, so we remained alone till evening; we sat and cried and that was all. When it was dusk, the master came back and with him an officer. . . . "

Allow me to take the old woman's place and continue

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her narrative. . . . Mortier remembered that he had known my father in Paris and informed Napoleon; Napoleon ordered him to present himself next morning. In a shabby, dark blue, short coat with bronze buttons, intended for sporting wear, without his wig, in high boots that had not been cleaned for several days, with dirty linen and unshaven chin, my father—who worshipped decorum and strict etiquette—made his appearance in the throne room of the Kremlin at the summons of the Emperor of the French. . . .

After the usual phrases, abrupt words and laconic remarks, to which a deep meaning was ascribed for thirty-five years, till men realized that their meaning was often quite trivial, Napoleon blamed Rastoptchin for the fire, said that it was vandalism, declared as usual his invincible love of peace, maintained that his war was against England and not Russia, boasted that he had set a guard on the Foundling Hospital and the Uspensky Cathedral, complained of Alexander, said that he was surrounded by bad advisers and that his (Napoleon's) peaceful dispositions were not made known to the Emperor.

My father observed that it was rather for a conqueror to make offers of peace.

"I have done what I could; I have sent to Kutuzov; he will not enter into any negotiations and does not bring my offer to the attention of the Tsar. If they want war, it is not my fault—they shall have war."

After all this comedy, my father asked him for a pass to leave Moscow. . . . Napoleon thought a moment, and suddenly asked:

"Will you undertake to convey a letter from me to the Emperor? On that condition, I will give you a permit to leave the town with all your household."

"I would accept your Majesty's offer," my father observed, "but it is difficult for me to guarantee that it will reach him."

"Will you give me your word of honor that you will make every effort to deliver the letter in person?"

"Je m'engage sur mon honneur, Sire."

"That is enough. I will send for you. . . . "

At four o'clock one morning, Mortier sent an adjutant to summon my father to the Kremlin.

The fire had attained terrific proportions during those days; the scorched air, murky with smoke, was insufferably hot. Napoleon was dressed and was walking about the room, looking careworn and out of temper; he was beginning to feel that his singed laurels would before long be frozen and that there would be no escaping with a jest, as in Egypt. The plan of campaign was absurd; except Napoleon, every one knew it: Ney, Narbonne, Berthier, and officers of lower rank; to all objections, he had replied with the cabalistic word, "Moscow"; in Moscow, even he guessed the truth.

When my father went in, Napoleon took a sealed letter that was lying on the table, handed it to him and said, bowing him out: "I rely on your word of honor."

On the envelope was written: *"A mon frère l'Empereur Alexandre."*

(Vol. I, pp. 1-8)

VODKA and tea, the tavern and the restaurant, are the two permanent passions of the Russian servant; for their sake, he steals; for their sake, he is poor; on their account, he endures persecution and punishment and leaves his family in poverty. Nothing is easier than for a Father Matthew from the height of his teetotal intoxication to condemn drunkenness, and sitting at his own teatable, to wonder why servants go to drink tea at the restaurant instead of drinking it at home, although at home it is cheaper. . . .

How can a servant not drink when he is condemned to the everlasting waiting in the hall, to perpetual poverty, to being a slave, to being sold? He drinks to excess—when he can—because he cannot drink every day. . . . The savage drunkenness of the English workingman is to be explained in the same way. . . . It is not surprising that, after spending six days as a lever, a cogwheel, a spring, a screw, the man breaks savagely on Saturday afternoon out of the penal servitude of factory work, and in half an hour is drunk, for his exhaustion cannot stand much. The moralists would do better to drink Irish or Scotch whiskey themselves and to hold their tongues, or with their inhuman philanthrophy, they may provoke terrible replies.

Drinking tea at the restaurant has a different significance for servants. Tea at home is not the same thing for the house-serf: at home everything reminds him that he is a servant; at home he is in the dirty servants' room, he must get the samovar himself; at home he has a cup with a broken handle, and any minute his master may ring for him. At the restaurant, he is a free man, he is a gentleman; for him the table is laid and the lamps are lit; for him the waiter runs with the tray; the cup shines, the teapot glistens, he gives orders and is obeyed, he enjoys himself and gaily calls for pressed caviare or a turnover for his tea.

In all of this there is more of childish simplicity than of immorality. . . . This resemblance between servants and children accounts for their mutual attraction. Children hate the aristocratic ideas of the grownups and their benevolently condescending manners; they are clever and understand that in the eyes of grownup people they are children, while in the eyes of servants they are people. Consequently they are much fonder of playing cards or lotto with the maids than with visitors. Visitors play for the children's benefit with condescension, give way to them, tease them and throw up the game for any excuse; the maids, as a rule, play as much for their own sakes as for the children's, and that gives the game interest. Servants are extremely devoted to children, and this is not a slavish devotion but the mutual affection of the weak and the simple.

(Vol. I, pp. 31-33)

IN the Vatican there is a new gallery in which Pius VII, I believe, has placed an immense number of statues and busts dug up in Rome and its environs. The whole history of the decline of Rome is there expressed in eyebrows, lips, foreheads. . . . On one hand, there is sensual and moral degradation, low brows and features defiled by vice and gluttony, bloodshed and every wickedness in the

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world, petty as in the hetaira Heliogabalus, or with sunken cheeks like Galba. . . . But there is another—the type of military commander in whom everything social and moral, everything human has died out, and there is left nothing but the passion for domination; the mind is narrow and there is no heart at all. They are the monks of the love of power; force and austere will is manifest in their features. Such were the Emperors of the Pretorian Guard and of the army, whom the turbulent legionnaires raised to power for an hour. Among their number I found many heads that recalled Nicholas before he wore a mustache. I understand the necessity for these grim and inflexible guards besides what is dying in frenzy, but what use are they to what is youthful and growing?

(Vol. I, p. 64)

Russia Under Nicholas I

ON the day after we left Perm, there was a heavy unceasing downpour of rain from dawn, such as is common in forest districts; at two o'clock we reached a very poor village in the province of Vyatka. . . .

A short, elderly officer with a face that bore traces of many anxieties, petty cares, and fear of his superiors, met me with all the genial hospitality of deadly boredom. He was one of those unintelligent, goodnatured soldiers who work in the service for twenty-five years without promotion and without reasoning about it, as old horses serve, who probably suppose that it is their duty at dawn to put on their harness and drag something.

"Whom are you taking and where?" I inquired.

"Oh don't ask, for it is heart-rending. Well, I suppose my superiors know all about it. It is our duty to carry out orders and we are not responsible, but, looking at it as a man, it is an ugly business."

"Why, what is it?"

"You see, they have collected a crowd of cursed little Jew boys of eight or nine years old. Whether they are taking them for the navy or what, I can't say. At first the orders were to drive them to Perm, then there was a change and we are driving them to Kazan. I have taken them over a hundred versts. The officer who handed them over said it was dreadful, and that's just what it is—a third were left on the way" (the officer pointed to the earth). "Not half will get there," he added.

"Have there been epidemics or what?" I asked, deeply moved.

"No, not epidemics, but they just die off like flies. A Jew boy, you know, is such a frail, weakly creature, like a skinned cat; he is not used to tramping in the mud for ten hours a day and eating dried bread. Then again, being among strangers, no father nor mother nor petting; well, they cough and cough until they cough themselves into their graves. And I ask you, what use is it all to them? What can they do with little boys?"

I made no answer.

"When do you set off?" I asked.

"Well, we ought to have gone long ago, but it has been raining so heavily. . . . Hey, you there! Tell the small fry to form up."

They brought the children and formed them into regular ranks. . . . Pale, exhausted, with frightened faces, they stood in thick, clumsy soldiers' overcoats, with standup collars, fixing helpless pitiful eyes on the garrison soldiers who were roughly getting them into ranks. The white lips, the blue rings under their eyes looked like fever or chill. And these sick children, without care or kindness, exposed to the icy wind that blows straight from the Arctic Ocean, were going to their graves.

And note that they were being taken by a kind-hearted officer who was obviously sorry for the children. What if they had been taken by a military political economist?

What monstrous crimes are buried in the archives of the infamous reign of Nicholas! We are used to them. they are committed every day, committed as though nothing were wrong, unnoticed, lost in the terrible distance, noiselessly sunk in the silent bogs of officialdom or shrouded by the censorship of the police.

(Vol. I, pp. 270-272)

OF course, there is a small group of cultured landowners who are not knocking about their servants from morning to night, are not thrashing them every day, but . . . the rest have not advanced beyond the stage of the American planters.

Rummaging about [in the files of the military government of Novgorod, where Herzen held a post during his second exile] I found the correspondence of the provincial government of Pskov concerning a certain Madame Yaryzkin. She flogged two of her maids to death, was tried on account of a third, and was almost completely acquitted by the Criminal Court, who based their verdict among other things on the fact that the third one did not die. This woman invented the most surprising punishments —beating with a flat iron, with gnarled sticks, or with a washing bat. . . .

In *Property in Serfs,* I have told the story of the man flogged to death by Prince Trubetskoy and of the *Kammerherr* Bazilevsky who was thrashed by his own servants. I will add one more story of a lady.

A serf-girl in the family of a colonel of gendarmes at Penza was carrying a kettle full of boiling water. Her mistress's child ran against the servant, who spilt the boiling water, and the child was scalded. The mistress made the punishment fit the crime: she ordered the servant's child to be brought, and she scalded its hand from the same samovar. . . .

In the servants' quarters and in the maid's rooms, in the villages and the police cells, perfect martyrologies of terrible crimes lie buried. The memory of them haunts the soul and in course of generations matures into bloody and merciless vengeance. . . . Staraya Russa, the military settlements! Terrible words! . . . . The beating with sticks and scourging with lashes went on for months together.

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The blood was never dry on the floors of the rural offices. Every crime that may be committed by the people against their torturers on that tract of land is justified beforehand.

(Vol. II, pp. 198-201)

"I WILL abolish bribe-taking," said Senyavin, the Governor of Moscow, to a grey-headed peasant who had lodged a complaint against some obvious injustice. The old man smiled.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Senyavin.

"Excuse me, sir," answered the peasant, "It reminds me of one fine young fellow who boasted that he would lift a cannon, and he really did try, but he did not lift it for all that."

(Vol. I, pp. 296-297)

BEFORE the end of my time at Vyatka [this was Herzen's first exile] the Department of Crown property was stealing so impudently that a commission of inquiry was appointed. What things it was my lot to read! Melancholy, and amusing, and disgusting. The very headings of the cases moved me to amazement:

RELATING TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE OF THE PARISH COUNCIL, NO ONE KNOWS WHERE, AND TO THE GNAWING OF ITS PLAN BY MICE.

RELATING TO THE RE-ENUMERATION OF THE PEASANT BOY VASSILY AMONG THE FEMININE SEX.

This last was so strange that I at once read the case from cover to cover.

The father of this supposed Vassily wrote in his petition to the governor that fifteen years ago he had a daughter born whom he had wanted to call Vassilisa; but that the priest, being drunk, christened the girl Vassily and so entered it on the register. The circumstance apparently troubled the peasant very little. But when he realized, years later, that he would have to furnish a recruit and pay the poll tax, he reported on the matter to the mayor and the rural police superintendent. The case seemed very suspicious to the police. . . . The peasant went to the governor, who arranged a solemn examination of the boy of the feminine sex by a doctor and a midwife. At this point, a correspondence sprang up with the Consistory, and the priest, the successor of the one who had been too drunk to tell a boy from a girl, appeared on the scene. The case dragged on for years, and the girl was left under suspicion of being a man until the end.

Do not imagine that this is an absurd figment of my fancy. Not at all—it is quite in harmony with the spirit of the Russian autocracy.

In the reign of Paul, some colonel of the Guards in his monthly report entered an officer as dead who was dying in the hospital. Paul struck him off the list as dead. Unluckily, the officer did not die, but recovered. The colonel persuaded him to withdraw to his country estate for a year or two, hoping to find an opportunity to rectify the error. The officer agreed, but his heirs, who had read of their kinsman's death in the *Army Gazette,* refused on any consideration to acknowledge that he was living and, inconsolable at their loss, insisted on bringing the matter before the authorities. When the living corpse saw that he was likely to die a second time, not merely on paper but from hunger, he went to Petersburg and sent in a petition to Paul. The Czar wrote with his own hand on the petition: *"Forasmuch as a decree of the Most High has been promulgated concerning this gentleman, the petition must be refused."*

This is even better than my Vassilisa-Vassily. Of what consequence was the crude fact of life beside the decree of the Most High? Paul was the poet and dialectician of authority!

(Vol. I, pp. 314-316)

TCHAADAYEV and the Slavophils alike stood facing the unsolved Sphinx of Russian life, the Sphinx sleeping under the overcoat of the soldier and the watchful eye of the Tsar. Both were asking: "What will come of it?" To live like this is impossible: the oppressiveness and absurdity of the present position is obvious and unendurable—where is the way out?"

"There is none," answered the man of the Petersburg period of exclusively Western civilization, who, in Alexander's reign, had believed in the European future of Russia. He mournfully pointed to what the efforts of a whole age had led. Culture had only given new methods of oppression, the church had become a mere shadow under which the police lay hidden; the people bore all, endured all, the government crushed all, oppressed all. "The history of other nations is the story of their emancipation. Russian history is the development of serfdom and autocracy." Peter the Great's upheaval has made us into the worst that men can be made into—enlightened slaves. . . .

The mistake of the Slavophils lies in their imagining that Russia once had an individual culture, obscured by various events and finally by the Petersburg period. Russia never had this culture, never could have had it. . . . Only the mighty thought of the West, to which all its long history has led up, is able to fertilise the seeds slumbering in the partriarchal mode of life of the Slavs. The workmen's guild and the village commune, the sharing of profits and the division of fields, the mir meeting and the union of villages into the self-governing *volosts,* are all the cornerstones on which the temples of our future, freely communal existence will be built. But these cornerstones are only stones, and without the thought of the West our future cathedral will not rise above its foundations.

This is what happens with everything truly *social*: it inevitably draws the nations into mutual interdependence. Holding themselves aloof, cutting themselves off, some remain at the barbaric stage of the village commune, others get no further than the abstract idea of communism, which, like the Christian soul, hovers over the decaying body.

The receptive character of the Slavs, their femininity, their lack of initiative, and their great capacity for assimilation and adaptation, make them pre-eminently a people that stands in need of the other peoples; they are not fully self-sufficing. Left to themselves, the Slavs readily "lull themselves to sleep with their own songs," as a Byzantine chronicler observed. Awakened by others, they go to the farthest consequences. . . .

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To be formed into a princedom, Russia needed the Varangians;* to be formed into a kingdom, the Mongols. Contact with Europe developed the kingdom of Muscovy into a colossal empire ruled from Petersburg.

"But for all their receptiveness, have not the Slavs shown everywhere a complete incapacity for developing a modern European political order without continually falling into the most absolute despotism, or hopeless disorganization?"

This incapacity and this incompleteness are great *talents* in our eyes.

All Europe has now reached the inevitability of despotism in order to preserve the existing political order against the pressure of social ideas striving to create a new order, towards which Western Europe, for all its terror and resistance, is being carried with incredible force. There was a time when the half-free West looked proudly at Russia crushed under the throne of the Czars, and cultivated Russia, sighing, gazed at the happiness of its elder brothers. That time has passed. The equality of slavery prevails. We are present now at an amazing spectacle; even those lands in which free institutions have survived are striving for despotism. Humanity has seen nothing like it since the days of Constantine when free Romans sought to become slaves to escape civic burdens.

Despotism or socialism—there is no other alternative. Meanwhile Europe has shown a surprising incapacity for social revolution. We believe that Russia is not so incapable of it, and in this we are at one with the Slavophils. On this, our faith in its future is founded. This is the faith which I have been preaching since the end of 1848. Europe has chosen despotism, has preferred imperialism. Despotism means military discipline, empires mean war, the Emperor is the Commander-in-Chief. Every one is under arms, there will be war, but where is the real enemy? At home—down below in the depths—and yonder beyond the Niemen.

The war now beginning [i.e., the Crimean War] may have intervals of truce but will not end before the beginning of the general revolution which will shuffle all the cards and begin a new deal. It is impossible that the two great historical powers, the two veteran champions of all Western European history, representatives of two worlds, two traditions, two principles—of state and of personal freedom—should not crush the third, which, dumb, nameless, and bannerless, comes forward so opportunely with the rope of slavery around its neck and rudely knocks at the doors of Europe and the doors of history, with an insolent claim to Constantinople, with one foot in Germany and the other on the Pacific Ocean.

Whether these three will try their strength and crush each other in trying; whether Russia breaks up into pieces or Europe, enfeebled, sinks into Byzantine decay; whether they are reconciled and go hand in hand forward into a new life or slaughter each other endlessly—one thing we have discovered for certain and it will not be rooted out of the consciousnes of the coming generations: *the free and rational development of Russian national existence is at one with the ideas of Western socialism.*

(Vol. II, pp. 271-278)

1848

FROM the middle of the year 1848 I have nothing to tell of but agonizing experiences, unavenged insults, undeserved blows. My memory holds nothing but melancholy images: my own mistakes, and other people's; mistakes of individuals, mistakes of nations. . . . Alarmed by the Paris of 1847, I had opened my eyes to the truth for a moment, but was carried away again by the current of events seething about me. All Italy was "awakening" before my eyes! I saw the King of Naples tamed and the Pope humbly asking the alms of the people's love. The whirlwind set everything in movement; it carried me, too, off my feet. All Europe took up its bed and walked—in a fit of somnambulism which we took for awakening. When I came to myself, all was over; la Somnambula, terrified by the police, had fallen from the roof. . . .

(Vol. III, pp. 19-20)

I LEFT Italy in love with her and sorry to leave her; there I had met not only great events but also the very nicest people—but still I went. It would have seemed faithless to all my convictions not to be in Paris when there was a republic there. Doubts are apparent in the lines I have quoted, but faith got the upper hand, and with inward pleasure I looked in Civita at the consul's seal on my visa on which were engraved the imposing words: *"République Francaise."* I did not reflect that the very fact that a visa was needed showed that France was not a republic.

(Vol. III, p. 10)

ON leaving the steamer at Marseilles, I met a great procession of the National Guard, which was carrying to the Hôtel de Ville the figure of Liberty, i.e., of a woman with immense curls and a Phrygian cap. With shouts of "Vive la République!" thousands of armed citizens were marching in it, and among them workmen in blue blouses who had been enrolled in the National Guard. I need hardly say that I followed them. When the procession reached the Hôtel de Ville, the general, the mayor, and the commissaire of the Provisional Government, Démosthène Ollivier, came out into the portico. Démosthène, as might be exepected from his name, prepared to deliver an oration. An immense circle formed about him. The crowd, of course, moved forward; the National Guards pressed it back; the crowd would not yield. This offended the armed workmen; they lowered their guns and, turning around, began with the butt-ends

* The Varangians were Scandinavian and Norman tribes whose rulers were, according to tradition, summoned in 862 by the Northern Slavs to rule over them. (Translator's Note)

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hitting the toes of the people who stood in front; the citizens of the "one and indivisible republic" stepped back.

This proceeding surprised me the more because I was still completely under the influence of the manners of Italy, and especially of Rome, where the proud sense of personal dignity and the inviolability of the person is fully developed in every man—not merely in the *facchino* and the postman, but even in the beggar who holds out his hand for alms. In Romagna such insolence would have been greeted with twenty *coltellate* (dagger stabs). The French drew back—perhaps they had corns?

This incident made an unpleasant impression on me. Moreover when I reached the hotel, I read in the newspapers what had happened at Rouen.* What could be the meaning of it? Surely the Duc de Noailles was not right? But when a man wants to believe, his belief is not easily uprooted, and before I reached Avignon, I had forgotten the butt-ends at Marseilles and the bayonets at Rouen.

In the stagecoach with us there was a thickset, middle-aged abbé of dignified deportment and attractive exterior. For appearance's sake, he took up his breviary, but to avoid dropping asleep, put it back soon afterwards in his pocket and began to talk charmingly and intelligently. . . .

I wanted to taunt the abbé with the republic, but I did not succeed. He was very glad that liberty had come without excesses, above all without bloodshed and fighting, and looked upon Lamartine as a great man, somewhat in the style of Pericles.

"And of Sappho," I added, without, however, entering upon an argument. I was grateful to him for not saying a word about religion. So talking, we arrived at Avignon at eleven o'clock at night.

"Allow me," I said to the abbé as I filled his glass at supper, "to propose a rather unusual toast: 'To the Republic, and to those churchmen who are republicans.'" The abbé got up and concluded some Ciceronian sentences with the words: *"A la République future en Russie."*

"A la République universelle!" shouted the conductor of the stagecoach and three men who were sitting at the table. We clinked glasses.

A Catholic priest, two or three shopmen, the stagecoach conductor, and a party of Russians—we might well drink to the universal republic!

But it really was very jolly.

"Where are you bound for?" I inquired of the abbé as we took our seats in the stagecoach again. "For Paris," he answered. "I have been elected to the National Assembly." . . .

A fortnight later came the fifteenth of May, that sinister *ritournelle* which was followed by the terrible June Days. That all belongs not to my biography but to the biography of mankind.

* At the elections for the Constituent Assembly, the Socialist candidates were heavily defeated; suspecting some fraud, the workmen assembled, unarmed, before the Hotel de Ville. They were attacked by soldiers and National Guards; eleven were killed and many wounded. (Translator's Note)

I have written a good deal about those days. I might end here like the old captain in the old song:

Ici finit tout noble souvenir,
Ici finit tout noble souvenir.

But with those accursed days the last part of my life begins.

(Vol. III, pp. 14-17)

ON the evening of the 24th of June, coming back from the Place Maubert, I went into the Quai d'Orsay. A few minutes later, I heard a discordant shouting, and the sound came nearer and nearer. I went to the window: a grotesque comic *banlieu* marched in from the suburbs to the support of order—clumsy, rascally fellows, half peasants, half shopkeepers, a little bit drunk, in wretched uniforms and oldfashioned casques, they moved rapidly but in disorder, with shouts of *"Vive Louis-Napoleon!"*

It was the first time I heard that ill-omened shout. I could not restrain myself, and when they reached the cafe I shouted at the top of my voice, *"Vive la République!"* Those standing near the windows shook their fists at me; an officer muttered some words of abuse, fingering his sword. For a long time I could hear the shouts of welcome to the man who had come to strangle half the revolution, to destroy half the republic, to inflict himself upon France as a punishment for forgetting in her hysteria both other nations and her own proletariat.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 26th of June, Annenkov and I went out to the Champs Elysées. The cannonade we had heard in the night had ceased; only from time to time there was an interchange of shots and the beating of drums. The streets were empty, and the National Guards stood on each side of them. On the Place de la Concords there was a detachment of the *Garde Mobile;* near them some poor women with brooms, some ragpickers and concierges from nearby houses were standing. The faces of all were gloomy and horror-stricken. A lad of seventeen leaning on his gun was telling them something; we joined them. He and all his comrades, boys like himself, were half drunk, their faces blackened with gunpowder and their eyes bloodshot from sleepless nights and drink; many were dozing with their chins resting on the muzzles of their guns. "And what happened then there's no need to describe." After a pause, he went on. "Yes, and they fought well, too, but we paid them out for our comrades! What a slaughter! I stuck my bayonet up to the hilt in five or six of them; they'll remember us," he added, trying to assume the air of a hardened criminal. The women were pale and silent; a man who looked like a concierge observed: "Serve them right, the blackguards!" But this savage comment evoked not the slightest response. They were all of too ignorant a class to be moved to pity by the massacre and by the wretched boy whom others had turned into a murderer.

Silent and depressed, we went on to the Madeleine. Here we were stopped by the National Guards. After searching our pockets, they asked us where we were going, and let us through: but the next cordon beyond the Madeleine refused to let us through and sent us back; when we went back to the first cordon, we were stopped again. "But you

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saw us pass here just now!" "Don't let them pass!" shouted an officer. "Are you laughing at us or what?" I asked. "It's no use your talking to me," answered the shopman in uniform rudely. "Take them to the police. I know one of them" (pointing to me); "I have seen him at meetings. I dare say the other is the same sort too; they are neither of them Frenchmen, I'll answer for it—march!" Two soldiers in front, two behind, and one on each side escorted us.

The first man we met was a *représentant du peuple* with the silly badge in his buttonhole: it was DeTocqueville, the writer on America. I appealed to him and told him what had happened. It was no joke—they kept people in prison without any sort of trial, threw them into the cellars of the Tuilleries, and shot them. De Tocqueville did not even ask who we were; he very politely bowed himself off, delivering himself of the following: "The legislative authority has no right to interfere with the executive." He might well be a a minister under Napoleon III!

(Vol. III, pp. 22-24)

THE shamelessness of attacking an unarmed crowd aroused great resentment. [Refers to the demonstration of June 13, 1848, in which Herzen took part.] If anything really had been prepared, had there been leaders, nothing would have been easier than for fighting to begin in earnest. Instead of showing itself in its full strength, the *Montagne,* on hearing how absurdly the sovereign people had been dispersed by horses, hid itself behind a cloud. Ledru-Rollin carried on negotiations with Guinard. Guinard, the artillery commander of the National Guard, wanted to join the movement, wanted to give men, but would not on any consideration give ammunition—he seems to have wished to act by the moral influence of cannons. . . . The most foresight was shown by some young men who built their hopes on the new regime. They ordered themselves prefects' uniforms, which they declined to take after the movement failed, and the tailor had to put them up for sale. . . .

But the dilatoriness of Ledru-Rollin, the pendantry of Guinard—these were the external causes of the failure, and were as "historically necessary" as are decisive characters in more fortunate circumstances. The internal cause was the poverty of the republican idea in which the movement originated. An idea that has outlived its day may hobble about the world for years—may even, like Christ, appear after death once or twice to its devotees; but it is hard for it ever again to lead and dominate life. Such ideas never gain complete possession of a man, or gain possession only of incomplete people. If the *Montagne* had been victorious on the 13th of June, what could it have done? It would have been an insipid reproduction of the gloomy Rembrandt or Salvator Rosa picture of 1793 without the Jacobins, without the war, without even the naive guillotine. . . .

(Vol. III, pp. 52-53)

IN my misery, I turned hither and thither, restlessly seeking distraction—in books, in noise, in solitude, in company—but always there was something lacking. Laughter did not make me merry, wine only made me heavy, music cut me to the heart, and lively talk almost always ended in gloomy silence. Everything within was outraged, everything was turned upside down, all was chaos, full of glaring contradictions; again I was pulling everything to pieces, again there was nothing. The principles of one's moral existence, worked out long ago, were turned again into questions; facts had risen sullenly on all sides to refute them. Doubt trampled underfoot the little we had gained: it was now tearing in shreds not the vestments of the Church nor the robes of learned doctors, but the flags of the revolution. . . .

And here at one's side, simple-hearted friends shrug their shoulders, wonder at one's poor-spiritedness, at one's impatience, look forward to the morrow, and forever fussing, forever busy with the same thing, see nothing, stop before nothing, go on forever and are never a step forwarder. They judge you, comfort you, scold you—oh wearisome insufferable infliction! "Men of faith, men of love" (as they call themselves in contradistiction to us "men of doubt, men of negation") do not know what it is to tear out by the roots the cherished convictions of a lifetime. They know nothing of the sickness of truth. . . . And so the gnawing despair of others seems to them caprice, the self-indulgence of a too well-fed mind, idle irony. They see that the wounded man laughs at his crutch, and conclude that the operation meant nothing to him. It does not enter their heads to wonder why he is prematurely old and whether the stump aches at the change of weather and the blowing of the wind.

(Vol. IV, pp. 15-17)

Bakunin

THE first days after the February Revolution of 1848 were the happiest days in the life of Bakunin. Returning from Belgium, to which he had been driven by Guizot for his speech on the Polish anniversary of the 29th of November 1847, he plunged head over ears into all the depths and shallows of the revolutionary sea. He never left the barracks of the *Montagnards.* He slept with them, ate with them, and preached, preached continually—communism and *l'égalité du salaire,* levelling-down in the name of equality, the emancipation of all the Slavs, the destruction of all the Austrias, the revolution *en permanence,* war to the extinction of the last foe. Caussidiere, the prefect from the barricades engaged in "bringing order out of chaos," did not know how to get rid of the precious orator, and plotted with Flocon to send him off to the Slavs in earnest, with a brotherly *accolade* and a conviction that there he would break his neck and be no more trouble. *"Quel homme! Quel homme!"* Caussidiere

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used to say of Bakunin. "On the first day of the revolution, he is a treasure, but on the day after, he ought to be shot!"*

. . . Disappearing from Prague, Bakunin appeared again as military commander of Dresden. The former artillery officer taught the art of war to the professors, musicians and chemists who had taken up arms, and advised them to hang Raphael's Madonna and Murillo's pictures on the city walls and so guard them from the Prussians, who were *zu Klassisch gebildet* to dare to fire on Raphael.

Artillery was always his stumbling block. On his way from Paris to Prague, he came somewhere in Germany upon a revolt of peasants. They were shouting and making an uproar before a castle, not knowing what to do. Bakunin got out of his conveyance, and without wasting time on finding out what was the subject of dispute, formed the peasants into ranks so skillfully that by the time he took his seat again to continue his journey the castle was burning on all four sides. . . .

As soon as Bakunin had looked about him and settled down in London—that is, had made the acquaintance of all the Poles and Russians there—he set to work.** To a passion for propaganda, for agitation, for demagogy, to incessant activity in founding, organizing plots and conspiracies, and establishing relations, to a belief in their immense significance, Bakunin added a readiness to be the first to carry out his ideas, a readiness to risk his life, and reckless daring in facing all the consequences.

His was an heroic nature, deprived of complete achievement by the course of events. He sometimes wasted his strength on what was useless, as a lion wastes his strength pacing up and down in the cage, always imagining that he will escape from it. But Bakunin was not a mere rhetorician, afraid to act upon his own words, or trying to evade carrying his theories into practice.

Bakunin had many weak points. But his weak points were small, while his strong qualities were great. Is it not in itself a sign of greatness that wherever he was flung by destiny, as soon as he had grasped two or three characteristics of his surroundings, he discerned the revolutionary forces and at once set to work to carry them on further, to fan the fire, to make of it the burning question of life? . . .

In London, Bakunin first of all set to revolutionizing the *Kolokol*. . . . He thought us much too moderate, unable to take advantage of the position at the moment, and not sufficiently inclined to resolute measures. He did not lose heart, however, but was convinced that in a short time he would set us on the right path. While awaiting our conversion, Bakunin gathered about him a regular circle of Slavs. Among them there were Czechs . . . Serbs. . . . Wallachians who did duty for Slavs, with the everlasting "esko" at the end of their names, a Bulgarian who had been an officer in the Turkish army, and Poles of every shade—Bonapartist, Miroslavist, Czartorysczkist: democrats free from socialistic ideas and of a military tinge; socialists, catholics, anarchists, aristocrats, and men who were simply soldiers, ready to fight anywhere in the northern or southern states of America, but by preference in Poland.

With them, Bakunin made up for his years of silence and solitude. He argued, lectured, connived, shouted, gave orders, decided questions, organized and encouraged all day long, all night long, for days and nights together. In the brief minutes he had left, he rushed to his writing-table, cleared a little space from cigarette ash, and set to work to write ten, fifteen letters to Semipalatinsk and Arad, to Belgrade and Constantinople, to Bessarabia, Moldavia and Byelaya-Krinitsa. In the middle of the letter, he would fling aside the pen and bring up to date the views of some oldfashioned Dalmatian, then, without finishing his exhortations, snatch up the pen and go on writing. This, however, was made easier for him by the fact that he was writing and talking abut one and the same thing.

His activity, his laziness, his appetite, his titanic stature, the everlasting perspiration he was in—everything was on a superhuman scale. He was a giant himself, with his leonine head and the mane that stood up around it. At fifty, he was exactly the same vagrant student, the same homeless bohemian from the Rue de Bourgogne, improvident, careless of money, flinging it away when he had it, borrowing it indiscriminately right and left when he had not, as simply as children take from their parents, careless of repayment; as simply as he himself would give his last shilling to any one, only keeping what he needed for cigarettes and tea. This manner of life did not worry him; he was born to be a great vagrant, a great nomad. . . .

There was something childlike, simple and free from malice about him, and this gave him an extraordinary charm and attracted both the weak and the strong, repelling none but the stiff petty-bourgeois. . . . When carried away in argument, Bakunin poured on his opponent's head a noisy storm of abuse for which no one else would have been forgiven. Every one forgave Bakunin, and I among the first. . . .

That he ever came to get married, I can only put down to the boredom of Siberia. He preserved intact all the habits and customs of his fatherland, that is of student life in Moscow. Heaps of tobacco lay on his table like stores of forage; cigar-ash covered his papers, together

* "Tell Caussidiere," I said in jest to his friends, "that the difference between Bakunin and him is that Caussidiere, too, is a splendid fellow, but it would be better to shoot him on the day before the revolution." Later on, in London in 1854, I reminded him of this. The prefect in exile merely smote with his huge fist upon his mighty chest and said: "I carry Bakunin's image here, here!" (Author's Note)

** Bakunin arrived at the Herzens' house in London at the end of 1861, after twelve years of prison and exile in Austria and Russia. He had escaped from Siberia by way of Japan and the United States. In *The Romantic Exiles,* E. H. Carr quotes one of those present when Bakunin burst into his friend's house after so many years. After admonishing Natalie, Herzen's wife, who was lying on a couch, exhausted from recent childbearing, "Get well! We must work, not lie down!", Bakunin asked what was new. "Only in Poland there are some demonstrations," replies Herzen. "And in Italy?" "All quiet." "Austria?" "All quiet." "Turkey?" "All quiet everywhere, and nothing in prospect." "Then what are we to do?" asks Bakunin in amazement. "Must we go to Persia or India to stir things up? It's enough to drive one mad. I cannot sit and do nothing."

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with half-finished glasses of tea; from morning onwards, clouds of smoke hung about the room from a regular chorus of smokers, who smoked as though against time, hurriedly blowing it out and drawing it in—as only Russians and Slavs do smoke, in fact. Many a time I enjoyed the amazement, accompanied by a certain horror and embarrassment, of the landlady's servant, Grace, when at dead of night, she brought boiling water and a fifth basin of sugar into this hotbed of Slav emancipation.

Long after Bakunin had left London, tales were told at No. 10 Paddington Green of the way he went on, which upset all the accepted notions and religiously observed forms of English middleclass life. Note at the same time both the maid and the landlady were passionately devoted to him. . . .

He used to receive every one, at all times, everywhere. Often he would be asleep like Onyegin, or tossing on his bed, which creaked under him, while two or three Slavs would be in his bedroom, smoking with desperate haste. He would get up heavily, souse himself with water, and at the same moment proceed to instruct them. He was never bored, never tired of them; he could talk without weariness, with the same freshness of mind, to the cleverest or the stupidest of men.

This lack of discrimination led to very funny incidents.

Bakunin used to get up late—he could hardly have done otherwise, since he spent the night talking and drinking tea. One morning at eleven o'clock, he heard some one stirring in his room. (His bed stood curtained off in a large alcove.)

"Who's there?" shouted Bakunin, waking.

"A Russian."

"What is your name?"

"So-and-so."

"Delighted to meet you."

"Why is it you get up so late and you a democrat?"

Silence; the sounds of splashing water; cascades.

"Mihail Alexandrovitch!"

"Well?"

"I wanted to ask you, were you married in church?"

"Yes."

"You did wrong. What an example of inconsistency! And here is T. having his daughter legally married. You old men ought to set us an example."

"What nonsense are you talking?"

"But tell me, did you marry for love?"

"What has that to do with you?"

"They are saying you married because your bride was rich."

"Have you come here to cross-examine me? Go to the devil!"

"Well now, here you are angry, and I really meant no harm. Goodbye. But I shall come and see you again all the same."

"All right, all right. Only be more sensible next time."

Meanwhile, the Polish storm was drawing nearer. . . . Bakunin grew younger; he was in his element. He loved not only the uproar of the revolt and the noise of the club, the market-place and the barricade; he also loved the preparatory agitation, the excited and at the same time restrained life, spent among conspiracies, consultations, sleepless nights, conferences, agreements, rectifications, invisible inks and cryptic signs. Any one who has taken part in rehearsals for private theatricals, or in preparing a Christmas tree, knows that the preparation is one of the nicest, most delightful parts of the entertainment. But though he was carried away by the preparations for the Christmas tree, I had a gnawing at my heart. I was continually arguing with him and reluctantly doing what I did not want to do.

(Vol. V, pp. 133-146)

The Darkness

DISILLUSIONMENT in our sense of the word was not known before the Revolution; the 18th century was one of the most religious periods of history. I am not speaking now of the great martyr Saint-Just or of the apostle Jean-Jacques; but was not the pope Voltaire, blessing Franklin's grandson in the name of God and Freedom, a fanatic of his religion of humanity?

Scepticism was proclaimed together with the republic of the 22nd of September 1792.

The Jacobins and the revolutionaries in general belonged to a minority separated from the life of the people by their culture. They formed something like a secular clergy ready to shepherd their human flocks. They represented the *highest* thought of their time, its *highest* but not its *common* consciousness, not the *thought of all.**

This new clergy had no means of coercion, neither physical nor supernatural. From the moment that the governing power dropped out of their hands, they had only one weapon—conviction. But for conviction to be right is not enough; their whole mistake lay in supposing so. Something more was necessary: *mental equality.*

So long as the desperate conflict lasted to the strains of the hymn of the Huguenots and the hymn of the Marseillaise, so long as men were burnt at the stake and blood was flowing, this inequality passed unobserved. But at last the oppressive edifice of feudal monarchy fell, and slowly the walls were shattered, the locks torn off the gates—one more blow struck, and the brave men advance, the gates are flung open and the crowd rushes in. But

* Later, Herzen extends this observation from the Jacobins to the European intelligentsia in general: "We know nothing but the top, *cultured* layer of Europe, which conceals the heavy substratum of popular life formed by the ages, and evolved by instincts and by laws that are little understood in Europe itself. European culture does not penetrate into those foundations in which, as in the works of the Cyclops, the hand of man is indistinguishable from that of nature and history passes into geology. The European states are welded together of two different peoples whose special characteristics are maintained by utterly different educations. There is here none of the Oriental unity which makes the Turk who is a Grand Vizier and the Turk who hands him his pipe just like each other."

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it was not the crowd they expected. Who are these men? To what age do they belong? These are not Spartans, not the great *populus Romanus. Davus sum, non Oedipus!* An overwhelming wave of filth flooded everything. The inner horror of the Jacobins before this flood was expressed in the Terror of 1793 and 1794. They saw their mistake and tried to correct it with the guillotine; but however many heads they cut off, they still had to bow their own before the might of society that was rising to the top. Everything gave way before it. It overpowered the Revolution and the Reaction, it filled up the old forms and submerged them because it made the one effective majority of its day. Sieyes was more right than he thought when he said that the petty-bourgeoisie was *everything*. . . .

We are angered, moved to fury by the absurdity, by the injustice of this fact. As though some one (apart from ourselves) had promised us that everything in the world should be just and beautiful and go easily. We have marvelled enough at the abstract wisdom of nature and of historical development; it is time to perceive that in nature as in history there is a great deal that is fortuitous, stupid, unsuccessful, and confused. . . . We know as a rule far more of the successes in nature, history and in life. We are only now beginning to feel that all the cards are not so well shuffled as we thought, because we ourselves are a losing card, a failure.

It mortifies us to find that the idea is impotent and that truth has no compelling force over the world of actuality. A new sort of Manichaeism takes possession of us. We are led *par depit,* to believe in rational (that is, purposive) evil, as we used to believe in rational good. That is the last tribute we pay to idealism.

(Vol. III, pp. 133-135)

THIS discordance and disharmony, of which Byron as a poet and genius was conscious forty years ago, has after a succession of painful experiences . . . overwhelmed many of us today. And we, like Byron, do not know what to do with ourselves. . . . Byron's epilogue, his last word, if you like, is *The Darkness*. . . .

Two enemies, hideously disfigured by hunger, are dead; they are devoured by some crablike monsters; a ship is rotting; the tarred rope sways in the muddy waters in the darkness; there is fearful cold; the animals are dying out; history has already perished and the place is cleared for new life: our period will be reckoned as the fourth formation—that is, if the new world arrives at being able to count up to four.

Our historical vocation, our work lies in the fact that by our disillusionment, by our sufferings, we reach resignation and humility in the face of the truth, and spare following generations from these troubles. With us, humanity is regaining sobriety, with us recovering from its drunken orgy. . . .

We know how Nature disposes of the individual. . . . The polypi die without suspecting that they have served the *progress* of the reef. We, too, shall serve something. Entering into the future as an element in it does not mean that the future will fulfil our ideals. Rome did not carry out Plato's idea of a republic nor the Greek idea in general. The Middle Ages were not the development of Rome. Modern Western thought will pass into history and be incorporated into it, will have its influence in its place, just as our body passes into the composition of grass, of sheep, of cutlets, and of men. We do not like that kind of immortality, but what is there to be done about it?

Now I am accustomed to these thoughts; they no longer terrify me. But at the end of 1849, I was overwhelmed by them; and in spite of the fact that every event, every meeting, every contact, every person seemed bent on tearing away the last green leaves, I still frantically and obstinately sought a *way of escape*. That is why I prize so highly the courageous thought of Byron. He saw that there is *no escape* and proudly said so.

I was unhappy and perplexed when these thoughts began to haunt me. I tried by every means to run away from them. Like a lost traveller, like a beggar, I knocked at every door, stopped every one I met and asked my way. But every meeting and every event led to the same result—to *humility* in the face of the truth, to meek acceptance of it.

(Vol. III, 137-139)

THE AMERICAN NIGHTMARE

MARIE OLSON IS GOING PLACES NOW! . . . During the war, Marie was a schoolgirl in Denmark. She worked with the underground, was caught and tormented by the Gestapo. . . . Then, in March of 1946, she came to America. And here she began to believe in the American dream. Marie dreamed of being a model. But she weighed 147½ pounds; her figure, posture and grooming were poor, according to American standards. Then some one sent her to the DuBarry Success School. . . . She learned . . . poise . . . a charming hair-do and a make-up with DuBarry preparations. . . . She lost 29¼ pounds. . . . A famous model agency has offered her a contract. "America," says Marie, "is heaven. The Success School has given me a new life." What about You? The Success School may well give *you* a new life, too.

—Advertisement in "The New Yorker" for the DuBarry Success School, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City.

LIFE AMONG THE REALISTS

The fourth International Congress for Microbiology, meeting today in Copenhagen, unanimously adopted a resolution "condemning in stronegst possible terms all forms of bacteriological warfare." . . . The Congress . . . "trusts that all microbiologists throughout the world will do everything in their power to prevent the use of such barbaric methods." . . .

It was universally agreed in the discussions that the outright refusal by scientists to lend their efforts towards bacteriological developments for warfare would be "unrealistic." Scientists, they pointed out, are also citizens, and in the absence of a universal agreement outlawing bacteriological warfare, no group in any one country could take unilateral action calculated to place their country's defenses at a disadvantage.

—"N. Y. Times," July 27, 1947.

THE CHANGING "TIMES"

The Japanese would like the world to believe that had it not been for the atomic bomb, they could have fought on indefinitely. . . . Revelations by their surrender envoys provide the answer to that fallacy. They were well licked before the first atomic bomb exploded over Hiroshima.

—"N. Y. Times" editorial. Aug. 23, 1945.

The Japanese had been gravely weakened but they were still determined to fight to the death. . . . That is the justification for the bomb's use.

—"N. Y. Times" editorial, Jan. 28, 1947.

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BOOKS

The Kinsey Report

THOSE radicals who have been prone to pride themselves on the quantity, variety or eccentricity of their sexual lives have a let-down in store in the recently published report on the sex behavior of five thousand American males interviewed by three staff members of Indiana university. As did a well-known wise man who also possessed considerable research experience in the field, the Kinsey report on *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male** tells us, in brief, that there is nothing new under the sun. Furthermore, after burrowing through the 800-odd pages of data on the American male's sexual encounters with self, his own sex, the other sex, and various non-human species of the animal kingdom, the reader is forced to conclude that, sexually speaking, there isn't even anything rare enough to be unusual.

Widely ballyhooed by advance magazine and press releases, the first of the nine-volume series planned by the Indiana research group justifies its advance claims. It is undoubtedly the most valid and complete survey yet made in its field. What is more, the scope of this report, the carefulness and precision of its methods, and the rare insight of the authors into matters both within and outside their technical fields, make the Kinsey study a landmark in the whole history of social research.

The raw material consisted of 5,300 standardized personal interviews conducted largely by the senior author, Alfred C. Kinsey, and his associates, Wardell B. Pomeroy and Clyde E. Martin. The analysis of the raw material falls into two main sections. First the variations in sex behavior by age, marital status, age of adolescence, social level, rural-urban background and religious membership are carefully analyzed. Then the data are broken down in terms of the nine major forms of sexual "outlets" [sic]: masturbation, nocturnal emissions, heterosexual petting, pre-marital intercourse, marital intercourse, extra-marital intercourse, intercourse with prostitutes, homosexuality and intercourse with animals.

The Kinsey report effectively explodes a number of old wives' tales which have for many a year been palmed off on perhaps not so unsuspecting youth by laymen and "experts" alike. The findings bear out Freud in showing that sexual responsiveness and the mechanisms for complete and specific genital sexuality operate practically from birth. Genital orgasms unmistakeably resembling adult orgasm have been documented in children as young as four months; and the authors estimate that in an uninhibited society, half of the males could reach full orgasm by three or four years of age. The human male reaches his highest sexual capacity not, as many believe, at 30, but in the adolescent and pre-adolescent years. The notion that there is a fixed quantity of sexual capacity ("a man has just so much in him"), and that the youth should therefore "save" himself for later activity, is contradicted by data which show that males beginning adolescence and sex life earliest are sexually active at least as long as, and in some cases longer than, males who begin activity late. The widespread myth that seminal emissions will "take care" of the sexual problem for the abstinent male receives scant support from the findings, which show little if any relationship between the frequency of other types of sexual activity and the number of emissions. Many of the most sexually active males have a high number of emissions, and some inactive ones have practically none. With regard to the possibility of sublimating sexual energy, the Kinsey report attests that "among the many males who have contributed to the present sample, sublimation is so subtle, or so rare, as to constitute an academic possibility rather than a demonstrated actuality."

Kinds of Experience

In analyzing how total sexual activity is distributed among the various "outlets," the study finds that 92 percent of the male population at one time or another engage in masturbation which leads to orgasm. There is no evidence that, apart from the reactions of other people, masturbation at any age is harmful. This held true, in the survey, even for those highest-rating males who masturbated on an average of 23 times a week. No doubt the most surprising finding with regard to masturbation is that among *married* men who have attended college, 69 percent masturbate *after* marriage. (This is the highest masturbation rate for married men; as we shall see later, the college-educated, professional group are society's most active masturbators.)

Undoubtedly one of the most revealing parts of the study is the analysis of homosexuality. Previous estimates of its frequency have ranged from 5 percent of the population down to one-tenth of one percent. The Kinsey survey finds that "at least 37 per cent of the male population has some homosexual experience between the beginning of adolescence and old age." This, we must bear in mind is *overt* homosexual experience with actual orgasm, and the figure does not include pre-adolescent homosexuality. (This does *not* mean, of course, that 37 percent of American males find their chief—or even an important—sexual outlet in homosexuality; on the contrary, among the males studied, only 6.3 percent of the total orgasms were derived from homosexual contacts, as against 69.4 percent from heterosexual sources.)

From these findings, the authors draw several inferences. The data demonstrate the complete meaninglessness of a dichotomy between "heterosexual" and "homosexual" *persons*. It is, of course, possible to speak of heterosexual and homosexual *experiences;* but inasmuch as at least half of the population have overt experiences—or by their own admission consciously desire overt experiences—of both kinds, the old two-fold classification of people is useless. Hetero—and homosexuality, the authors conclude, can be conceived of only in terms of a continuum, i.e., *how much* heterosexuality and how much homosexuality have entered into the individual's overt or covert behavior? The old stigmatization (or glorification) of homosexuality further breaks down in light of the fact that there is no conclusive evidence that tendencies in either direction are inherited, or that any distinguishable homosexual type exists. It appears that the homosexual as a visibly distinct biological entity is, from the standpoint of science, going to go the same way the so-called Jewish "race" has gone.

The frequency of *pre*-marital intercouse varies with

* By Alfred C. Kinsey, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Clyde E. Martin. W. B. Saunders Co., Philadelphia; $6.50.

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social level. "Among the males who go to college, about 67 percent has coital experience before marriage; among those who go into high school but not beyond, about 84 percent has such intercourse; and among the boys who never go beyond grade school the accumulative incidence figure is 98 per cent." On the basis of the data on *extra-marital* sex, the authors estimate that approximately half of American married men at some time sleep with women other than their wives. While these figures may or may not be surprising, the data on prostitution are. About 70 percent of American males at one time or another have at least one experience with a prostitute, but in the total American sexual picture prostitution plays a relatively insignificant role. The authors estimate that not more than four percent of all male sexual activity is with prostitutes; most pre-marital and extra-marital intercourse is with non-professionals, and this is true particularly of the upper social and educational groups. The relative unimportance of prostitutes among American men's sexual partners suggests that the forthcoming Kinsey survey of female sexuality may find women not much less sexually active than men.

The most "unnatural" form of sexual activity is generally thought to be intercourse with animals. The behavior of city boys (apart from their visits to the country—or the stockyards) would demonstrate either the existence of the taboo or the absence of opportunity, or both. Among boys raised on farms, however, the Kinsey report finds that about 17 percent experience orgasm as the result of animal contacts after adolescence. Of the rural group who ultimately go to college, 26 to 28 percent have such experience. In some communities, the authors found incidences of animal intercourse running as high as 65 percent.

Lest I seem to slight the only form of sexual activity which is permitted by the traditional verbal *mores,* let it be reported that the Kinsey study finds that a little less than half of all American male sexual activity consists of intercourse *within* marriage.

Class and Sex

Class or status is the prime social determinant of sexual behavior. Religion, by contrast, has a relatively small influence. Since not enough Negro cases have so far been accumulated, there is no racial comparison in this volume, but preliminary data suggest that *within the same class* there is no significant difference between the sex habits of Negroes and whites. It is unfortunate that of the nine occupational groups into which Kinsey and colleagues break the population, three were not represented in sufficient number to allow statistical analysis. These are the "very wealthy" and the "successful business" groups, at the top, and the "dependent" group, at the bottom. The result—borne out by the fact that their data on mobility between occupational groups suggest the existence of a distinct and immobile upper bourgeoisie—is that when the authors speak of the "lower" and "upper" classes, they are really talking about the proletariat as against the middle classes up through the professional group (but not into the "successful business" group).

These two groups have extremely different sexual habits and attitudes. The middle classes, as contrasted with the lower classes, are frequent masturbators, active "petters," and engage less frequently in pre-marital, extra-marital and homosexual intercourse and in intercourse with prostitutes. The lower classes, conversely, masturbate relatively little after the first adolescent or pre-adolescent experiences, and consider the college-bred male's "petting to orgasm" a strange perversion; their sexual experience is direct and less selective with respect to either the marital status or the sex of the partner. So different are the two complexes of behavior, the authors show, that if one knows the early adolescent sex behavior of a young boy, he can practically predict in what occupational group the lad will eventually wind up. If the 13-year old son of a mechanic begins to look for girls to take behind the bushes, he will probably end up a mechanic; if he starts masturbating, he has excellent chances of becoming a doctor, lawyer or college professor.

Class differences in overt sex behavior seem to express sharp differences in attitudes toward sex. The typical middle-class attitude seems to be that sex is sinful, or wrong, or inadvisable—except within legal marriage bonds. The middle classes, particularly the college groups, therefore go to extremes which to the lower classes are little short of insane in their efforts, through masturbation and petting, to keep their technical virginity. (Some religious rural men keep their middle-class chastity by having intercourse with animals throughout most of their lives, because non-marital contact with women is sinful.)

On the other hand, the lower-class attitude seems to be that sex is inevitable, but a rather nasty affair which should be got over with as directly and as speedily as possible. The lower occupational groups have, for example, a strong taboo on nudity even in sexual intercourse. Fifty-seven percent of males who get only through grade school, as contrasted with only 10 percent of college-level men, have intercourse with clothes on. Whereas the middle-class groups, once they accept the notion of intercourse, tend toward prolonged and varied mutual sex play, the lower classes engage in a minimum of it. The duration of intercourse itself is also longer for the middle-class group.

Significant, too, is the difference between the middle and lower classes in their attitudes toward the use of various coital techniques (such as "French" kissing, breast manipulation, manual and oral genital stimulation) in extra-marital as contrasted with marital intercourse. Whereas the middle-class group tends to accept these forms of sex play in marital intercourse but not outside marriage, the tendency of the working class is exactly the opposite. The attitude of the college-level male is, "I will do these things only with a girl I love"; the attitude of the lower class male is, "I might do these things with anybody *except* the girl I love." By inference from all these data, the middle class male's idea of an ideal sexual relation seems to involve experimentation and dalliance, whereas the lower class male's attitude toward the woman he respects is, "I won't do any more of this to you than I have to."

Is the Study Valid?

Readers who get the findings of the Kinsey report second-hand will doubtless ask: Granted that the findings are massive and impressive, what assurance do we have that the study actually reports what it claims to report? Are the twelve thousand males interviewed actually representative of the American male population? Or is there reason to believe that they may be a biased sample—more or less sexually active, more given to certain types of sexual activity, etc., than the average American male? Furthermore, how do we know that the interviewers succeeded

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in getting accurate reports of what people actually do?

Before reading the report, especially in light of the preliminary ballyhoo, I shared this skepticism. I now think, however, that the investigators have anticipated and tried to develop methods for handling practically all the major objections which could be raised. Space being limited, the reader will either have to take my word for this or, much better, read the book. I can mention one way in which possible bias in sampling was checked. Since a large number of the 12,000 cases were volunteers, the question naturally arises whether people who volunteer are not likely to be more sexually active or exhibitionistic than those who don't. To see whether or not this was happening, the investigators checked returns from individual volunteers against returns from "100 percent samples," which were certain groups—such as college fraternities, prison populations, units of conscientious objectors, professional organizations—which participated *en masse* without selectivity. The two sets of figures correspond closely enough to convince me that, by and large, the Kinsey findings would not be significantly different if the whole American male population had actually been covered.

The investigators also developed techinques for checking whether the person being interviewed was telling the truth. Among the devices used were reinterviewing, after a lapse of time, and comparison of the replies on the two interviews; independent interviewing of the same person by two or more interviewers; and "rapid-fire" questioning under which inconsistencies in the interviewee's story were particularly likely to show up. The investigators' wide knowledge of the backgrounds of various types of people enabled them to pick out inconsistencies in the stories told. For example, one prostitute, of better than average looks, claimed (1) that her visitors seldom returned a second time and (2) that she never stole from her customers. Her interviewer pointed out that from what he knew of the business, the only likely reason why customers would so consistently fail to return to such an attractive girl would be that they had been "rolled." Confronted with the interviewer's obviously intimate knowledge of her trade, the girl altered her story and revealed things previously denied. Special argots are also used. Thus a female subject may be asked how many years she has been "in the life"; if she replies that she has never been "in the life" she reveals that she has been, since this is a slang term used only by prostitutes.

As the authors suggest, that data on which the accuracy is greatest are probably those on which the simple question is asked, "Have you *ever* had this experience?" Questions about the weekly frequency of a given type of sexual experience have a greater margin of error. Figures on homosexuality and on extra-marital intercourse are, as the authors say, likely to be somewhat too low. Questions which probe back into the pre-adolescent years are, I should guess, subject to a still wider range of error. When, for example, it is reported that only 10 to 20 percent of boys under 10 ever masturbate, one is inclined to guess, on general Freudian principles, that a large number of people will not remember pre-adolescent masturbation even if they are trying to be honest. The authors' remark that "adults sometimes forget their childhood experiences" is a bit understated.

I have included this brief discussion of the validity of the report not in order to entwine the reader in the technicalities of method, but because no halo of scientific respectability should lead anybody to accept such findings without his having asked, and had satisfactorily answered, the kind of questions I have raised.

Sex, Law and Science

The Kinsey report is an excellent case study in the relationship between class structure and "ideology." The authors make clear at many points that the legal sex code is largely an embodiment of the *mores* of a minority of the population, the relatively successful middle class; and that to a large extent even with that class the legal code comes much closer to the verbal *mores* than to actual behavior. If all the sexual practices which are forbidden by law were actually punished, the authors estimate, about 5 percent of lawabiding citizens would be supporting the remaining 95 percent in jail. When "law on paper" is compared with "law in action," it is found that apprehension and conviction for any sexual offense depends largely on the class membership of the policeman, judge, etc. Policemen, who generally come from the working class, are lenient with extra-marital intercourse but are likely to haul into court a boy found masturbating. Judges, who are largely of upper class origin, are likely to consider masturbation a minor offense but to deal severely with "fornicators." Kinsey and colleagues make clear that the law in no way embodies the *mores* of the lower classes: the legal restrictions on sex are to the working man simply rather arbitrary and incomprehensible obstructions which one must manage if possible to avoid.

While the methods of science itself, when properly applied, get results which do not embody class bias, the Kinsey report clearly indicates that what passes for the science of sex in popular (and even not-so-popular) culture reflects the *mores* of a minority just as does the legal code. The authors cite, with specific mention of the authorities in question, many instances where experts have put forward as scientific truths statements which the Kinsey study shows to be clearly wrong. They show, furthermore, that the "truths" never rested on much more than common currency and conformity with what the dominant social group wanted to believe and wanted other people to believe. (For a specific case study in this "perpetuation of error" I should suggest that any interested reader check against the Kinsey findings the "Letter to Joan" in the January, 1948, *Ladies Home Journal*—written by a biologist who teaches college marriage courses.)

Kinsey vs. Reich?

How do the Kinsey findings square with the much discussed contention of Wilhelm Reich that political and social authoritarianism is maintained by sexual repression? Does the report substantiate or refute Reich's claim? I think the best answer we can give is that the Kinsey findings are not equipped to do either. If one assumes that frequency and promiscuity of sexual experience are signs of good sexual adjustment, then on the basis of the Kinsey findings one would be loath to accept Reich's claim that the subordination of the working classes arises from such frustration. But this is an assumption which neither Reich nor Kinsey makes. Says the senior author of the present study: "It is . . . quite possible to recognize . . . many degrees of satisfaction among sexual experiences, and there are admittedly occasions when there is little pleasure accompanying an ejaculation. But we have no statistics on . . . the various degrees of satisfaction." In other words,

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the frequency of orgasm and the degree of "orgastic potency" of the individual may be to a large degree independent, and therefore data on frequency of sexual activity throw little light on the basic question of sexual satisfaction and frustration.

Furthermore, the Kinsey findings do not seem to me to demonstrate that the lower classes, as distinguished from the middle, have a full and satisfactory sex life. The lower-class attitude toward sex as reported seems to regard it as a biological inevitability which one should indulge in with as little involvement as possible of one's own ego or that of one's partner. The notion that in sexual relations with a person one really respects the act should be reduced to its barest essentials seems to imply that intercourse is thought of as a dirty and hostile act—an inference which is hardly contradicted by examination of the walls of any public toilet. At the least, Kinsey's findings cannot be taken as a refutation of Reich's theories.

If widely read without distortion, the Kinsey report itself should accomplish some change in the attitudes and behavior of both the guilt-ridden sexual conservative and the exhibitionistic libertine, in whatever class they may be found. One of its most significant contributions, I think, is its demonstration that no type of sexual behavior is so rare that anybody need think himself outside the pale because he practices or has practiced it. There are probably few who will read this article who have not felt that in their sexual history there is some episode which they would rather not have generally known, some "perversion" which in the light of the Kinsey findings may well turn out to be an activity engaged in by the majority of the American people. I am not suggesting, of course, that majority practice, in sex any more than in politics, is the guide to ethical behavior. But the Kinsey study should enable people to view their own sex life, and the sex life of others, in a somewhat more objective light.

DON CALHOUN

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DINGE DER ZEIT. Quarterly. 40c an issue—order from "Politics."

This is a new German-language magazine put out in London by a group of independent German radicals and socialists: Zander, Lunen, Erikson, and others. They describe themselves as "anti-fascists who have never been job-holders, either in a party or a government, and who have never propagandized for either the Russian or the 'democratic' side." Their political approach might be described as libertarian socialist.

Two issues have appeared so far: June and October, 1947. The critical position of *Dinge der Zeit* is approximately that of POLITICS, which—to judge by quotations and parallel stands on various issues—has served to some extent as a model for the editors. Zander's commentaries on such topics as the Marshall Plan, the German Occupation, and Collective War Guilt are marked by great lucidity, grasp of material, and ability to hold a consistent viewpoint in the midst of multiple onslaughts on American, British, and Russian policy. The bravura, wit, and pyrotechnics are furnished by the satirist Erik Erikson, who conducts a kind of one-man critical circus. Endowed with a demoniacal gift for punning, doggerel, epigram, and mimicry, he spares no one, his favorite butts being the job-holding type of émigré German with his empty "democratic" gabble and his fortnightly calls for a "spiritual rebirth." In the June issue he points a deadly parallel, with a hilarious catalogue, in the Rabelaisian canon, of book titles issued in Germany from 1918 to 1924, illustrative of every conceivable abuse of the word 'Spirit.'

The most promising development in the review is the discussion, initiated in the first issue and in full swing in the second, of collective guilt, responsibility of peoples, and, very pertinently, psychological methods of criticism. One looks forward to further onslaughts on the "psychologizers," of the kind represented by Wilhelm Lunen's long (45-page) essay on contemporary criticism of Wagner. There is unfortunately no space to discuss this bold counter-offensive against the ignorant denigrators of Germany's intellectual past.

The most impressive single item in the issues is the late Kurt Tucholsky's moving "Testament," the letter he wrote, shortly before his suicide in 1935, to Arnold Zweig.

FELIX GIOVANELLI

"In all Berlin there is no library . . .

. . . which has anything modern in politics or literature. Could you put a notice in the next issue saying that all books mailed to me will be put into a kind of private lending-library in my bureau here fo rthe benefit of editors, publishers, writers, socialists, etc. Magazine subscriptions would also help—scholarly reviews in politics, politics, economics, history, psychology, literature would be particularly welcome."

So writes Melvin J. Lasky, now in Berlin as a press correspondent. Since last fall, when he caused an international sensation by delivering, at a Russian-sponsored German Writers Congress, a vigorous and detailed criticism of Russian suppression of free thought, Lasky's office has become a rallying-point for German intellectuals opposed to red as well as brown fascism.

Please send him all the books and magazines you can spare. His address is: Melvin J. Lasky, U.S. Press Centre Berlin Command, U.S. Army APO 742A, c/o P.M., New York, N. Y.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946.

Of Politics, published quarterly at New York, N. Y. for February 10, 1948.

State of New York
County of New York, ss.

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Dwight Macdonald, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of the Politics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, Politics Publishing Co., 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y.; Editor Dwight Macdonald, 117 E. 10 St., New York 3, N. Y.

Managing editor none; Business manager Nancy Macdonald, 117 E. 10 St., New York 3, N. Y., *Business manager* Anna Matson, 1326 Madison Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Politics Publishing Co., 45 Astor Place, New York 3, N. Y. (Business owned by Dwight Macdonald, 117 E. 10 St., N. Y. 3, N. Y.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

DWIGHT MACDONALD, Editor

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 10th day of February, 1948

MYRON J. BLUTTER, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1948)

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SMALL TALK

As the late General Patton was to the field generals in the war, the scandalous General Bennett E. ("Benny) Meyers was to the deskchair generals. That is, he was (1) notably efficient at his job; and (2) notably repugnant to civilian notions of ethics. The connection between (1) and (2) is the whole point. Patton's sadistic egomania made him probably the most effective field commander in the U.S. forces; he had what it takes to make war. Meyer's ruthless drive towards self-enrichment similarly made him one of the ablest procurement officers in Washington; he had what it takes to make capitalism produce. "Fellow officers," reports *Time,* "knew Benny Meyers as the sharpest man with figures that the Air Forces had. He received the Legion of Merit for devising the wartime system of production controls and scheduling. One top-ranking officer declared: 'Without Benny Meyers, we would not have had the B-29s when we wanted them.' " Old Blood-&-Guts was forgiven his soldier-slapping and his quasi-fascist ideas because he was a good general and thus "saved lives." But Benny is not forgiven his chiselling and finagling, although he, too, "saved lives" because he was a good businessman —i.e., a good chiseller and finagler. Americans are as hypocritical about making money as they are about sex, perhaps because ideology and practice are as far apart in one as in the other. I hope to return to this theme—apropos the hullabaloo about commodity speculation and "grey market" deals—in the next issue.

The political degeneration since World War I is shown in one fact: up to then, one could travel throughout Europe without a passport.

Victor Serge died in Mexico City last November, of heart failure. He was one of the last of the intellectuals from the 1917 revolutionary generation. Journalist, novelist, poet, historian, and revolutionary, Serge had a breadth of culture and a personal integrity not very common among political figures. He will be remembered for his splendid fight, from inside as well as outside Russia, against Stalin's tyranny; for his brilliant and moving political journalism, especially his pamphlets on the Moscow Trials; for his *Year I of the Russian Revolution* and his *Autobiography,* the former of which has not appeared in English, and the latter not in any language, except for four chapters which appeared in Politics; for his novels, especially *Ville Conquise;* and above all for his personal example of a human being who struggled all his life against monstrous social institutions without himself becoming a monster. We are all of us impoverished by this man's death.

It is an exaggeration to say that the international news is all bad. U.S. Army headquarters in Tokyo, for example, has revealed that it is not true that 100,000 *people perished in the atomic bombing of Hiroshima. The official estimate is only* 78,150.

The distortion of a quotation for tendentious reasons is not confined to Henry Wallace. In the September 24, 1947, issue of *Human Events,* a weekly newsletter of Republican views, Frank Hanighen quotes at length from Albert Camus' article in our last issue. The quote ends with Camus' description of the "vast conspiracy of silence" that spreads about us: " 'You shouldn't talk about the Russian culture purge—it helps reaction.' ['Don't mention the Anglo-American support of Franco—it encourages communism.'] Fear is certainly a technique." The words in brackets were omitted by Hanighen. He *did* put in dots, however, thereby showing the precise degree of ethical superiority of a Republican over a Stalinoid. In any case, one must agree with Camus: fear is certainly a technique.

General Marshall's wife recently published an "intimate" biography of her husband entitled Together. *Her publisher is the firm of Tupper and Love.*

The big headlines look curiously familiar: "LONG-RANGE RELIEF HEADED FOR BATTLE," "REPUBLICAN SENATOR SEES PERIL OF 'GLORIFIED WPA'," "HOUSE COMMITTEE SLASHES RELIEF FUNDS." This is where we came in twelve years ago, with the Marshall Plan substituted for WPA. The basic issue is the same. U.S. capitalism must give relief to the European peoples for the same reason it had to give a dole to its own citizens in 1935: politically, to shortcircuit revolution; economically, to enable the market to absorb goods. The same groups support the Marshall Plan as supported WPA: the liblabs plus the sophisticated conservatives; the Democrats are still the pro-relief party. The opposition is also the same: the die-hard budget-balancers plus the isolationists, mostly Republican. In each case, the Communists are the feared leaders of the revolution. The difference is that in 1935 most of us radicals hoped they would make it, while today we hope they won't.

Freud should have been at the Harvard commencement exercises last June 7. Dean Simmons of the Public Health Graduate School concluded his remarks to the Graduating Class: "I hereby confer the following diseases upon you."

The United Automobile Workers is undoubtedly the most democratic of our big unions. The following three episodes at their recent convention should therefore give us pause:

(1) A fairly high union job, for some reason, was going begging—i.e., no clique had organized to put their man into it. Somebody nominated *all* the five-thousand-odd delegates for the office, proposing that any one who wanted it should accept the nomination and stand for election. His motion was carried—as a gag.

(2) Dick Leonard, who was defeated for re-election as vice-president, received a tremendous ovation. Reason: he announced that he was actually going to go back to his job in the plant, as just a humble, simple, ordinary worker.

(3) Walter Reuther, the champion of popular democracy, was accompanied everywhere by two large, silent, and muscular characters who, in less elevated company, would have been called bodyguards.

To which might be added—just to twist the knife a little deeper—the story an eyewitness told me about last fall's CIO convention. A reporter was interviewing one of the delegates on the floor when Murray began to speak. The reporter continued the interview, since he'd get the speech in a handout later anyway. Presently a husky steelworker called over from the next table: "Shut up! Cantcha hear the boss is talking?"

"The State—friend of everybody in general and enemy of everybody in particular."—Paul Valery.

The manifesto signed by Sartre, Mounier, Pivert and others which appears elsewhere in this issue is printed as a document significant for the names signed to it and for the spirit it expresses rather than for its content or style. The latter seems to me flat, the former banal where not fallacious. The difficulty is that the literary signers don't know much about politics.* While the political signers know too much, in the sense that they are good Socialists, that is, old wheel-horses plodding the well-beaten round of Marxian platitude. I have several minor objections to the manifesto. It perpetuates the old misunderstanding about pacifism meaning simply "giving up"; it is not true, despite Marxian expectations, that modern war retards social emancipation or paralyzes world trade—if anything, the reverse is, alas, the case. But the chief weakness of the manifesto is its notion that the United States of Europe would be a gesture of independence from the two clashing world imperialisms. On the contrary, Russia is as strongly against it as the Western powers are for it. Churchill advanced the idea several years ago, as a strategic counterbalance to Russia; Bevin has very recently made a

* The Sartre group apparently first became seriously interested in socialist politics only during the Resistance, which means that the lessons of the Popular Front and the Moscow Trials which we over here learned—at a distance, of course—years ago, are only now coming to be discovered by them; which explains, for one thing, their late realization of what Stalin's New Order really means.

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powerful speech for it, advancing some of the same arguments the manifesto does; and the U.S. State Department has not only endorsed his speech but has even come around to publicly endorsing socialism (in Europe, that is) as a "bulwark" against Soviet communism.

It is true that Bevin and Truman would not look with favor on the independent and internationalist Europe the manifesto proposes. But that simply means that the manifesto is unrealistic in hoping that its kind of Europe can avoid becoming a third power-bloc in between the Big Two. Europe, it says, must become "the point of origin for a movement which should extend to the proletariat of the entire world." But if such a movement really got under way, and the proletariat of Russia and America responded to such an appeal, then Europe would become not only an isolated third-power-bloc, but also one which would be the object of special unfriendly attentions from the other two. They might even make truce in order to suppress such a threat, which would indeed avert, or at least postpone, the next world war. But I don't imagine that is exactly what the manifesto-signers had in mind.

The trouble with the manifesto is that it doesn't go far enough. It says, rightly, that another war would be catastrophic; but so does everybody else. To avoid a war, it proposes only the old socialist formulae: economic collectivism, a united Europe. But the former is being practiced by Russia and Britain and tolerated (abroad) by America, while the latter is becoming a major object of Anglo-American foreign policy in its struggle with Russia. In short, these external, institutional changes no longer go far enough. Only the most extreme and "impractical" ideas, such as Gandhi's non-violent politics, have any practicality today if one is a revolutionary—i.e., seeking for a road to human survival, and hence fundamentally opposed to the present set-up. Anything less can be taken over by the partisans of As They Are, and thus becomes an element in *their* calculations. In making this criticism, I don't mean to imply that I see the road any more clearly than the manifesto-signers do; in fact, I am sceptical as to whether a sensible document of this kind can be drawn up at all today; world problems may be by now beyond control or understanding. But then we shouldn't issue manifestoes.

"All man's miseries derive from his not being able to sit quietly in a room alone."—Pascal.

HOLLEY CANTINE, editor, of *Retort,* invites manuscripts from COs who served prison terms, for use in a "Prison Anthology of World War II" he plans to publish. "Prison etiquette," he writes, "is a learned art for the radical. The technique varies with country, time and political set-up. We must be equipped to evade prison, to survive in it if caught, to resist in the most psychologically economical and politically effective way." Cantine also invites cash contributions towards the $400 he figures the book will cost to put out—he and his wife, Dachine Rainer, do all the typesetting, printing and binding on their own press. Address manuscripts and checks to him at Bearsville, N. Y.

The class of Harvard 1948 *has picked, as class marshals to lead the Commencement procession next June, a Catholic, a Jew and a Negro.*

I LISTENED IN on the annual meeting of the American Sociological Society, held in a local hotel here last December. It was, I was told, a typical academic convention. The life was all in the lobbies, where everybody milled around, arguing, gossipping, and (I was told) trying to meet people who could give them jobs—and vice versa. The "papers" were listened to in a silence that was dead in every sense of the word. At one point, some one applauded. Sensation! Everybody turned around to look. It struck me that the formal courtesy of the language of the papers I heard was excessive and, perhaps designedly, a bar to communication. It is impossible to come to grips with some one's ideas if you have to be so damned careful not to step on his academic toes. The rudeness of tone of the political gatherings I used to attend in the old Trotskyist days—though perhaps they overdid it—I now saw as having some merit: at least people got excited, and thus said accidentally a little of what they really thought. Also, one could keep awake. . . . In general, it all impressed me just about as the labor conventions I have attended did: purely as a ritual (since the "papers" would all be printed anyway, and much better grasped in print than from the unskillful verbal delivery of the authors—just like the speeches at labor conventions, except that no one in his senses would ever sit down to read *them*) but a ritual which had no emotional impact; thus a contradiction in terms. It also seemed odd to me that here were some thousand people whose profession it was to analyze such ritualistic performances. Why doesn't a sociologist study the mores of a sociological convention, instead of always talking about the Navajos and the juvenile delinquents? Physician, heal thyself!

The most depressing news item in months is the announcement by Frederick Joliot-Curie, French High Commissioner of Atomic Energy (what a flair the French have for titles!), of the discovery of "a new component of cosmic rays that causes the rays to shower on the earth in a chain-reaction manner." This new horror is called Lambda Meson, and its discovery, according to High Commissioner Joliot-Curie-Frankenstein, will make possible "important knowledge in the field of nuclear science." He adds, to assure our complete dejection: "Without a doubt, the discovery will lead to practical applications for the future."

THE FIRST ISSUE of *The Progressive* in its new form as a monthly magazine—January, 1948—is to hand. The editors call its resurrection "a modern miracle," relating how the readers spontaneously kicked in $40,000 when they learned of the financial difficulties of the old weekly. It may be a miracle, but I question whether it is a resurrection. The first issue seems pretty dead to me. I seem to have already read, and not only once, almost everything in it. There is Chancellor Hutchins of the University of Chicago—the eminent anti-militarist whose university brought into being, while his back was turned, the atomic bomb—on "Conscription, Act of War," a routine that is OK by me but which I seem to have caught before. There is Stuart Chase saying, in that old familiar punchy style, what he has been saying for these twenty years. (Opening paragraph: "With the World going plumb to hell [that folksy touch] on the front page every morning, it is comforting to look at one cheerful blueprint for the future. The Twentieth Century Fund of New York . . . has projected an economic curve into the next dozen years in this country. . . . It promises to land us by 1960, if not exactly in Utopia, in a very comfortable berth indeed." Five paragraphs later: "World War III could, of course, completely wreck the bright picture. So could a breakdown on the home front." No, not exactly Utopia.) Milton Mayer writes the same column about the same guilt feelings he has about being so rich and smart and successful that he has been writing for a long, long time. (Sometimes it's good, but can't we get on to more cosmic themes than Inside Mayer?) David E. Lillienthal does a little number called "You and the Atom," which is adequately summed up in the subtitle: "The Development of Atomic Energy Can Wreck Our Democracy if the People Yield Control." Uh-huh. . . . Cyrus Eaton, the Cleveland banker who doesn't like Wall Street, for sound business reasons, and consequently fascinates the liberals, writes a stirring tract entitled: "The People vs. Wall Street." This was sure-fire stuff about the time I was born (1906), and had been since the days of Colonel Bob Ingersoll, the daring atheist who used to stop the show at Chatauqua by hauling a watch out of his pocket and challenging God to strike him dead in one minute if He was really there (and, of course, happened to be listening in on the Colonel's lecture).

It may appear ungracious to write like this about one of the few journals in this country with which I have some political sympathy. And it *is* ungracious. But I have never thought that good intentions made up for banality, at least not in journalism.

D.M.

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A Report to the Readers

Last November 17, I sent the following letter to the subscribers:

A PERSONAL LETTER TO 2500 PEOPLE

Dear Subscriber:

As you may have noticed, the last issue of POLITICS *was dated July-August.* POLITICS *has a long and dishonorable tradition of coming out late, but the present lag is something special even in our history. There is only one reason for it:* POLITICS *has been a one-man magazine, and the man (myself) has of late been feeling stale, tired, disheartened, and—if you like—demoralized.*

For a while I thought of indefinitely suspending publication. But the reactions to this proposal were so unfavorable, even indignant, as to suggest that perhaps POLITICS *still has, or could have, more of a function than I thought. Further, there is still no magazine for which I would rather write. Thus obligation and inclination both point to an attempt to continue* POLITICS *on a more satisfactory basis.*

The first step toward such a revival is the analysis of the editorial mood noted above. It seems to be due to three factors: (a) the ever blacker and bleaker political outlook; (b) my own growing sense of ignorance, which requires more time to investigate and reflect before sounding off in print; (c) the psychological demands of a one-man magazine which, at first stimulating, have latterly become simply—demands.

Not much can be done about (a). But the other two may admit of solution by (b) changing the frequency to quarterly for a while, and (c) drawing others into the work of planning and editing POLITICS.

The next issue will, therefore, appear in January. It will be dated "Winter 1948" and will be the first of a new quarterly series. It will have more pages and will cost more. (Present subscriptions will be honored on a pro rata basis.) I think it will be possible to get together an editorial group to put out the magazine beginning with the Spring, 1948, issue. What the new POLITICS *will be like will depend on what kind of group can be formed and what they decide to do. I hope it will be possible to give more details of future plans in the next issue.*

This letter is now out of date in three respects, viz.: (1) I feel more cheerful (or at least energetic), God knows why; (2) the present issue appears, as many of you will kindly point out to me, in February and not in January: (3) it is not yet possible, unfortunately, to say anything definite about the "editorial group," whose formation seems to be attended with unexpected difficulties of both a subjective and an objective nature.

POLITICS will appear quarterly during 1948. I hope it will be possible to make it again into a monthly beginning January, 1949. That will depend to some extent on finances, but chiefly on the formation of an editorial "team" which can put out a magazine which seems to them, and to you, worth publishing.

The response to the "Personal Letter" was much more encouraging than I had expected; indeed, I had not written the letter with the idea of getting any replies at all. About seventy-five readers wrote in about it, and perhaps as many more called me up or talked with me about it. *Time* ran a story about the letter, complete with picture of the editor; they apparently considered a de-promotion letter, so to speak, in the man-bites-dog category. The response from readers was almost wholly (though not wholly—see below) sympathetic and encouraging, so much so, indeed, as to make me very glad I had decided to continue the magazine. Excerpts:

¶ Sorry you feel bad. We do, too. But we feel better when we read POLITICS and find out that everybody else feels bad.

¶ Your letter disturbed and saddened me. I've felt *involved* in the magazine as I never have done with any other. It was, to me, obviously more honest, unaffected and relevant to daily moral concerns than anything else being published. I've wanted to write for POLITICS but have been deterred by the feeling that somewhere in each issue I was being represented better than I could be in my own writing.

¶ POLITICS is not worth the print and paper. I regret this because it started off with great promise. But your attempt to analyze MAN showed that you had neither read nor thought on this very important subject. . . . Equally an understanding of the Cosmos and its significance is essential. Have you ever studied cosmology? Take a job at honest work. (I make my living on a farm.) Put in 5 or 10 years of reading, discussion, reflection. . . .*

¶ You say you are disheartened? What man of goodwill, what man who is both intelligent and sensitive is not disheartened these days? Our times are such that it is actually pleasant, almost exhilarating to find a person whose views are even gloomier than one's own. If for no other reason, POLITICS should continue as the Journal of Gloom. But there *are* other reasons. As POLITICS has pointed out more than once, philosophical distinctions and political groupings which were valid twenty years ago have lost their meaning now. POLITICS could be, and no doubt has been, a rallying-point for many of those disappointed conservatives, liberals, socialists, anarchists, humanists, Christians and pagans who find that most members of their own group have become indifferent to their professed principles and who are comforted to find themselves in agreement with men of entirely differnt backgrounds. I regret that POLITICS is to become a quarterly. I should have liked it to be briefer and to appear more often. I feel that POLITICS will lose touch with its readers if it appears at long intervals. To us, the day when POLITICS arrives is a good day. It acts like the opening of a window in a stuffy room. I think you should keep your readers in the habit of letting in fresh air, and if you can persuade them to do some of the window-opening themselves, so much the better. Reading POLITICS should be a way of meeting intellectually honest and morally decent people, and once you have found them, you will want to hear from them more often than once in three months.

¶ I'm disappointed that POLITICS will turn quarterly. It always seemed to me that the mere haste with which POLITICS was put out was one of its chief advantages. The sort of sprightly comment on what was going on replaced the more ponderous analysis of those magazines with a larger editorial board to tone down statements and more time for foresight and hindsight. Now POLITICS, it seems, is to become something authoritative and balanced—judicious is the word, I suspect. I certainly don't like it. Why don't you reduce the format, make POLITICS a sort of newsletter and then run it fortnightly, with the longer analyses thrown in as bonuses? To go into a quarterly is to head in precisely the wrong direction. I feel quite earnestly about this, since POLITICS has been the magazine which I've most enjoyed reading in the past year.**

¶ You seem to need some encouragement. I don't think that you are more ignorant or silly than most people.† You just worry more about it, which is by no means bad. And please don't forget that your readers learn just as much from your ignorance and silliness as they do from your insights and intelligent statements. In addition, the former are perhaps more stimulating. Not to know that is not to understand quite fully the function of a magazine. That function is, briefly, suggestive and heuristic more than anything else. And you have done well along those lines, and I should miss you.

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* Other free advice: (1) "Arrange a consultation with Dr. A. A. Brill (he's in the book)—state your case to him and get him to recommend a psychoanalyst for you." (2) "What about getting Rahv & Phillips for your board? Or James P. Cannon?" (3) "Make the articles shorter; that will save some of your juices." (4) "Go jump in the lake." (paraphrase)

** Cf. present issue for proof that a quarterly can be unbalanced, injudicious, and not at all authoritative. Nonetheless, I agree with last two letters that more frequent publication is desirable. But it takes much less editorial energy to put out a big quarterly four times a year than a thinner monthly twelve times a year; also much less money: mailing costs and office expense go up the more often a magazine appears. POLITICS has had a deficit every year so far. It was $3,059 in 1944; $953 in 1945; $6,041 in 1946; and $2,020 in 1947 (only 4 issues put out). These deficits are of some interest to Nancy and myself, since we have to make them up.

† Thanks.

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THE FASCINATED READERS

Last March we sent a questionnaire to our 2250 U.S. subscribers. It was drafted by C. Wright Mills and myself. The code for analyzing the returns statistically was set up by Mills and Carlyn Sanes. The returns were coded by Helen Constas, Bertha Gruner, Jacob Jaffe, Elizabeth Klintrup, Nancy Macdonald, Anna Matson, Judy Page, and Eli Trachtenberg, under the supervision of Carlyn Sanes. The returns were then analyzed by Ruth Harper Mills, who has drawn up the following report. So far as we know, this is the first time the readers of a "little" magazine have been so intensively studied; Mrs. Mills' report is therefore of some sociological interest. To the above friends of the magazine whose volunteer work has made this report possible, our warmest thanks.—ED.

A WORD of caution at the beginning: this is a report not on POLITICS readers in general, but only on the 37% who filled in and returned the questionnaire. Since we know nothing about the 63% of readers who did not reply, there is no way of telling how representative of the whole POLITICS readership the replying 37% are. They may be typical, or they may not. It seems fair to assume that they are more interested in the magazine than those not replying. Let us, therefore, call them the Fascinated Readers. This report is concerned with them and only with them.*

I.

The Fascinated Readers of POLITICS have been reading it a long time: 41% since the first issue, and another 25% for over two years.

The FRs are mainly men, only 19% being women. And most of them are young. Here is a table on age and sex:

Age & Sex of Fascinated Readers

	Men	*Women*
Under 25	19%	16%
25-34	48	40
35-44	18	19
45 & over	14	23
no answer	1	2
Total cases	669	162

According to this table, 67% of the men, and 57% of the women are under 35 years of age. The average age of the women is 36 years, and that of the men, 33 years. Sixty-two percent of the men and 57% of the women are married. And of all the married people, 65% have at least one child.

Most of the people who filled out the questionnaires have been to college: 89% of both the men and the women. Young people in general have more opportunities for school than older ones; so 95% of the respondents under 25 years of age, but only 79% of those over 45 years of age are on the college level.

In fact, at least 33% of all the FRs claim to have attended two or more colleges. The colleges include foreign universities and institutions all over the United States. Here is the educational line-up:

*Alma Maters of Fascinated Readers**

Elite colleges	14%†
Well-known colleges	39%‡
Colleges not well-known	49%
New York City colleges	9%
Trade & vocational schools	2%
Foreign universities	8%
Total who went to college	735

II.

The FRs are mainly New Middle Class. Thirty-nine percent work in the salaried professional fields, having jobs as teachers, engineers, government officials and other staff positions. Here is the way they reported their main occupation:

	Men	*Women*	*Total*
Business men & farmers	7%	3%	6%
Free professionals	11	9	10
Salaried professionals	40	36	39
White collar workers	9	11	9
Wage workers	4	2	4
Students	25	7	22
Housewives	—	29	6
Unemployed or Retired	1	1	1
No answer	3	2	3
Total cases	669	162	831

If we classify just those people who are employed in paying jobs, we can see more about their general occupational structure. Here are the fascinated readers of POLITICS who work compared to the ordinary working people in the United States.

	Fascinated Readers of POLITICS	*Ordinary people from the* 1940 *Census*
FREE ENTERPRISERS	24%	20%
Farmers	2	10
Business men	7	9
Free Professionals	15	1
NEW MIDDLE CLASS	70%	25%
Salaried Prof. & Tech.	56	6
Managerial	7	3
Office & Salespeople	7	16
WAGE WORKERS	6%	55%
Total employed	576	45,166,083

* Two points should be noted here: (1) 37% is a remarkably high return on a mail questionnaire. (2) The questionnaire was also sent to recently-lapsed subscribers and was inserted in the New York City newsstand copies. Returns from these two sources were so low—8% and 6% respectively—that it did not seem worth analyzing them. This report deals only with the 831 subscribers who returned the questionnaire.

* As more than one college was often named by each respondent the percentages add to more than one hundred percent.
† As: Yale, Harvard, Vassar, Dartmouth.
‡ As: U. of Chicago, Columbia, U. of California.

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The FRs are predominantly salaried and free professionals; whereas the ordinary people are more apt to be wage workers, office and sales people, and farmers and businessmen. The background of the FRs is also strongly New Middle Class: 40% have held jobs, other than the one they now have, as salaried professionals. Nevertheless, even though only 4% now work in wage worker jobs, 24% have been wage workers at one time or another, probably during the summer time.

Among the salaried professionals, we can pull out the 16% who are teachers. Together with the students these teachers form the academic bloc, containing 38% of all the FRs. The internal composition of the bloc is: 10%, college professors; 6%, Grammar and High School teachers; and 22%, students.

III

We asked each reader what his father's occupation was at about the time the reader was in high school. Forty-three percent of the fathers were free enterprisers; 35% were New Middle Class; and only 13% were wage workers. Here is the detailed breakdown:

FREE ENTERPRISERS	43%
Farmer	6
Businessman	29
Free Professional	8
NEW MIDDLE CLASS	35%
Salaried Professional	17
Manager	9
Office & Salespeople	9
WAGE WORKERS	13%
Deceased, unemployed or retired	7%
No answer	2%

Sixty percent of these fascinated readers are now either academics or otherwise professional; but 43% of their fathers were free enterprisers. They represent a bridge between old independent middle class and new salaried middle class. Maybe POLITICS should become a political vanguard magazine for the white collar people of America!*

IV

Only 30% of the FRs claim church affiliation. We asked them, if they were church members, to say which they belonged to. In some cases they said they didn't belong to any church, and then went on to give their religious backgrounds. We have been able, therefore to determine the religious background of more than just the church members. The proportions in each religious group are as follows:

Protestant	25%
Jewish	8
Quaker	7
Catholic	3
Other	3
Not ascertainable	54
Total cases	831

* Maybe.—ED.

The FRs are a non-religious group, but the proportions of Jewish and Quaker respondents are higher than those in the national population; and the proportion of Catholics is lower.

V

Most (66%) of the FRs live in cities of over 100,000 population. The rest are about equally divided between middle-size cities, small towns and farms.

Almost half (47%) live in New England, New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. 16% live in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan; and 16% live on the Pacific Coast. 7% live in the South Atlantic states, from Maryland and Delaware down to Florida. The rest are scattered throughout the rest of the country.

VI

We asked the readers to tell us how many of their friends read POLITICS more or less regularly. This is what they said:

FASCINATED CIRCLES	20%
1. A Great Many	6
2. About Half	14
FASCINATED ISOLATES	78%
3. Just a Few	43
4. Practically None	35
No answer	2
Total cases	831

We have no way of knowing how many friends each person may mean by the classifications we imposed upon him. When one person says 'just a few' he may mean five out of a circle of twenty friends, while another may mean one out of a circle of six. Yet the fact that they chose the third and fourth categories for their answers seems to indicate that they feel a little lonesome in their reading of POLITICS.

About 8 out of 10 of the fascinated readers do not believe they have a wide circle of friends regularly subscribing to POLITICS, with whom they could discuss it if they wished. Maybe that's why they fill out questionnaires instead of talking out their opinions on the magazine and the issues it raises. Anyway they are isolates. Only 2 in 10 are members of circles.

We asked: "How many people read your copy of POLITICS (including both family and outsiders)?" The lending practices revealed are as follows:

The FRs Having Parasites	
Three or more	30%
Two	29
One	19
None	10
No answer	2
Total cases	831

Note to the Advertisers: Our paid-up subscription circulation is 2500. Another 2,000 copies are sold on newsstands. But what would the circulation of the magazine be if all those who read it would buy instead of borrow? When the proportions of pass-on are applied to the present circulation, the result is a readership of 11,500, or over two and a half times the number of copies sold.

Note to the Reader: The above note to the advertisers is phoney. You can't assume that those not fascinated

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enough to answer the questionnaire are fascinated enough to pass-on their copies at the rate that the fascinated do.

VII

"What do you like most about POLITICS?" and "What do you like least about POLITICS?" we asked, and allowed about three lines for whatever detailed answer the reader thought necessary. Some could do it quickly with just a phrase or two; others filled up all the margins of the questionnaire.

What Fascinated Readers Like Most About POLITICS

METHOD OF HANDLING	
Not doctrinaire; searching, fresh, experimental	27%
Honesty and integrity	13%
Humanitarian qualities	13%
High literary & intellectual level	10%
Factual presentation	3%
Other	5%
CONTENTS	
Comment on current events	21%
Political, Social and Economic Theory	14%
Specific articles	14%
Contains articles not found elsewhere	11%
Articles on pacifism	5%

Where the respondents have mentioned specific articles as what they like best about POLITICS, it is possible to cull out the ones they like most. "The German Catastrophe" ranked first, with "The Root is Man" and "The Responsibility of Peoples" next. Other well-liked articles were the "Iliad" and "Cyprus."

Eighteen percent of the respondents mentioned specific sections of the magazine which they liked. Of these the "European Newsreel" was the most popular. Following this in degree of popularity were Comment, Popular Culture, Books and Commonnonsense.

What Fascinated Readers Do Not Like About POLITICS

Too polemical and factional	15%
Too difficult & unintelligible	13%
Too precious & snobbish	10%
Too utopian & impractical	9%
Too personalized	9%
Too much or too little marxism	8%
Not scientific enough	7%
Too negativistic or defeatist	5%
Too pacifistic	2%
No answer	18%

The big gripe seems to be that there's too much arguing in POLITICS, which these dedicated readers find hard to follow; some even accuse Macdonald of deliberately carrying on discussions over their heads. But all the rumors about the chief complaint being that POLITICS is too impractical and too defeatist are disproved by this table.

In answer to the question "What was your reaction to the 'New Roads Series'?", four out of ten answered favorably, while about three out of ten either didn't answer or stated that they hadn't read the series. Here is the full breakdown:

Favorable	42%
Neutral	6
Unfavorable	22
No answer	30
Total cases	831

There is a definite political underpinning of liking and disliking the 'New Roads' series. The Anarchists liked it, the Trotskyists didn't. Here are the percentages of those who mentioned reading each brand of political magazine who have a positive word or so to say about the 'New Roads' series:

Who Likes the 'New Roads'

Anarchists	72%
Lib-Labs	61%
Social Democrats	58%
Trotskyists	36%

"What topic or field would you like POLITICS to devote more space to?" The answers to this question reaffirm the fact found previously that the FRs like political comments and analysis.

What They Want More Of:

Analysis of Contemporary Political Events	37%
Social Sciences	13%
Popular Culture	7%
Book Reviews	7%
Arts and Letters	6%
Pacifism	4%
Scientific Method	4%
Co-op, small community movements	2%
No answer	22%

VIII

The fascinated readers of POLITICS are avid readers. Here are the kinds of things they read:

Types of Other Magazines:

Literary	66%
Political	53%
News	33%
Technical & Academic	21%
General	15%
Religious	8%
Business	4%
Other	4%
Don't read any other	4%
No answer	4%

Over half of the fascinated readers read magazines in the literary field and over half read magazines in the political field. Some read both, some read neither, and some one of each. Here is how it looks:

Both	35%
Literary only	31
Political only	18
Neither	17
Not ascertainable	4
Total cases	831

Specific magazines which were most frequently read were:

Partisan Review	33%
Time	28%
The New Yorker	23%

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New Rep. and/or Nation	21%
Progressive	12%
The Call	7%
New Leader	6%
Sat. Rev. of Lit.	6%
Labor Action, Militant, New Int'l and/or 4th I.	5%

On the basis of all the literary magazines the respondent read, we coded the level of his reading. Such magazines as *Partisan Review, Sewanee Review,* etc., we called 'Highbrow.' The *New Yorker, Harpers,* etc., were termed 'Middlebrow'; with *Liberty, Saturday Evening Post,* etc. as 'Lowbrow.' When the respondent named magazines whose classifications overlapped, we gave him the benefit of the doubt. This is how they rate:

Literature Level of the FRs	
Highbrow	35%
Middlebrow	30
Lowbrow	2
No literary mags. read	33
Total cases	831

Thirty-six percent of the FRs who went to college, while only 21% of those who did not, are 'Highbrow' readers.

We classified all the FRs by the type of political magazines they read. This is the way they stack up:

Lib-Lab	29%
Socialist or Social Democrat	10
Trotskyist	4
Anarchist-syndicalist	2
Not classifiable	8
No political magazines read	47
Total cases	831

What is the relation between political and literary reading habits of the FRs? Twice as many of the Anarchists and Trotskyists are highbrow literary readers as are Social Democrats and Lib-Labs. Of the FRs who read political magazines, here are the types of political and literary reading each does:

	Political Reading			
	Anarchists	*Trotskyists*	*Lib-Labs.*	*Soc. Dem.*
Highbrow	65%	65%	33%	32%
Middlebrow	9	6	37	17
Lowbrow	—	—	2	2
None	26	29	28	49
Total cases	23	34	238	86

Tastes Cluster.

IX

Fifty-four percent of the people fascinated by Politics were willing and able to vote in the last presidential election.

The FRs Vote	
Yes	54%
No	19
Not eligible	26
No answer	1
Total cases	831

Lack of interest in politics by no means kept FRs away from the polls; at least whether or not they read political magazines makes no difference in whether or not they vote. Of those who did not choose to vote, 82% abstained because they saw no difference between the two major parties. Lack of proper residence was the cause of nearly half of those ineligible to vote; age and CO restrictions were those of the remainder. (It is interesting to note that 74% of the FRs who were eligible to vote did so; this is higher than the national average, which in the 1940 election was 63% of those eligible.)

A few more of the women voted than the men, but there are no differences in the candidates for whom they voted. This is the way the voters voted:

Roosevelt	24%
Thomas	20
Dewey	7
Other	2
No answer	1
Total who voted	54%

Of the fascinated readers who voted for Thomas, 65% read political magazines; for Roosevelt, 57%; and for Dewey, 37%.

As far as direct political affiliation is concerned, these fascinated readers are either independents or socialists. Here is the way they answered the question, "What political party, if any, do you favor?":

The Political Party of the FRs	
No Party	46%
Socialist	24
Democratic	12
Republican	4
Trotskyist	3
Liberal	1
American Labor Party	*
Communist	*
Other	3
No answer	6
Total cases	831 *Less than 1%

X

"What is your opinion of Henry Wallace?" The FRs reacted to Wallace in three ways: to his moral intention; to the political content of his views; and to his ability as a politician. Forty-seven percent of the FRs reacted positively to his moral intention; 24%, positively to the political content of his views; and only 14% made positive comments on his ability as a politician. These three aspects of Wallace are related in the minds of the FRs in the following ways:

Moral Intent	*Political Ability*	*Political View*	
—	—	—	31%
+	—	—	28
+	+	+	21
+	—	+	16
All others			4
Total cases commenting on 3 aspects			431

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Of those who commented along all three dimensions, most are negative on all three, but almost as many are willing to give him the benefit of the doubt as far as moral intention goes. In fact, only a few less appraise him positively on all three aspects, but the strongest doubt among these has to do with his political ability. Thus, those who are totally against him begin first to respect his intentions, and those most completely for him begin to doubt his political ability.*

XI

During World War II, 47% of the FRs were civilians, 27% were Conscientious Objectors, 22% were in the armed forces (17% were enlisted men, 5% were officers), and 4% wouldn't tell us what they did.

We asked: "If you had to describe in a sentence or phrase your attitude towards World War II, what would it be?" The following table shows the relationship of *status in* World War II to *attitude toward* World War II:

	CO's	*Civilians*	*Army*
Opposed	100%	34%	30%
Critical Support	——	20	28
Support	——	14	12
No answer	——	32	30
Total cases	221	388	181

The curious thing about this table is that what the FRs did in the war bore little relation to how they felt about it. The COs, of course, were consistent. But just about the same percentage—one-third—of civilians and army men were opposed to the war: some got caught in the draft and some didn't.

We also asked about attitudes towards a possible World War III between the USA and Russian. A comparison of reactions towards both wars, II and (potential) III, gives us this:

	War II	*War III*
Opposed	50%	57%
Critical support	16	12
Support	9	10
No answer	25	21
Total cases	831	831

Only 6% of those who opposed War II would change their position so as to give any kind of support to War III, while of those who gave critical support to War II, 20% would change to oppose War III, and—most important of all—16% of those who completely supported War II now oppose War III and another 10% would only give it critical support.

RUTH HARPER MILLS

EDITOR'S POSTSCRIPT: *The New Republic* on January 29 last released the results of a survey of its readership, done on a polling rather than a mail-questionnaire basis. This shows (assuming the two surveys are wholly comparable, which they are not) that *New Republic* readers are older, more capitalistic, more agricultural, more female, less well-educated, more religious, and more Democratic and less Socialist, party-wise, than POLITICS readers. To be specific. Their median age is 42, as against our not-quite-comparable average of 34. Twenty-four per cent of them own their own business and another 12% are executives, as against 6% and 7% of our readers in those categories; we have, also, less professors (16% vs. their 18%), more students (22% vs. their 13%), fewer farmers (2% vs. 6%). Twenty-three per cent of them are women, as against 19% of us. Seventy-five per cent of them went to college, while 89% of us did. Exactly the same percentage of both groups are uncommitted to any political party: 46%; but those with political loyalties differ sharply: 30% of them are Democrats, as against 12% of us; 6% Republicans (vs. 4% here); 5% Socialists (vs. 24% here); Communist affiliation is almost tied: 1% for them and "less than 1%" for us.

* There are technical reasons having to do with the way in which this question was asked that make a complete analysis of the three dimensions which we coded impossible.

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Index to "Politics"—1944-1947

This index covers all issues in the first four volumes of POLITICS: Vol. I, No. 1 (Feb. 1944) through Vol. 4, No. 4 (July-Aug. 1947).

Listings appear with the month first, the year second, and the page number third, as: May 46 164.

Each volume of POLITICS corresponds to a year. Pages are numbered consecutively within each volume. Each issue has a "Volume Number" and a "Whole Number"; the former shows its relation to the yearly volume, the latter to the whole series since the first issue. Thus the November, 1946, issue is No. 10 of Volume 3, and is also Whole No. 33.*

* The January, 1947, issue bears an incorrect Whole Number. The correct Whole Number for that issue is 35.

POLITICS was issued monthly from February, 1944, through January, 1947. No issues were put out in June, 1946, and February, 1947. It was issued bi-monthly from March, 1947, through August, 1947. No issues were put out during the balance of 1947.

The index is by authors and by subject. The Authors' Index lists all material except book and magazine reviews, letters, minor reportage pieces, and Editorial Comment; only the more important of these are listed. Otherwise, the Authors' Index covers the waterfront from Abel to Zukovsky. The Subject Index is highly selective; it is designed as a kind of "reading list" for those who want to see what POLITICS has printed on certain subjects. It makes no pretense at completeness; the selection represents the editor's best judgment. D.M.

Index by Authors

ABEL, Lionel
James Burnham as Stalin's Advocate May 45 146

AGEE, James
Dedication Day April 46 121

ASH, Julian
Germany 1946—Some Impressions May 46 156

BABBITT, Milton B.
Battle-Cry (poem) Nov. 45 346

BARBAROW, George
Do We Need Hollywood? May 46 167
(See also film reviews: Sept. 46, Mar.-Apr. 47, May-June 47.)

BATAILLE, Georges
On Hiroshima July-Aug. 47 147

BAZELON, David T.
Green Ashes (story) July 44 172
New Roads and Old Footpaths July 46 184

BELL, Daniel
The Coming Tragedy of American Labor Mar. 44 37
The World of Moloch May 44 111
The Political Lag of Commonwealth May 45 139

BERGER, Morroe
British Policy in Palestine May 46 144
The Karachi Mutinies Oct. 46 312

BERRYMAN, John
Russell Davenport's Plug for America Feb. 45 61

BETTELHEIM, Bruno
Behavior in Extreme Situations Aug. 44 199
War Trials and German Re-Education Dec. 45 368

"BLANQUI"
Mr. Moscowitz Comes to St. Perkingrad Aug. 44 211

BLISH, James
Scientific Method and Political Action Nov. 46 358

BLOOM, Solomon F.
The Last King May 45 145

"BOMBARDIER"
The Story of the 477th Bombardment Group June 44 141

BROWN, John J.
American Technology—Myth v. Reality Oct. 44 267

CALHOUN, Arthur W.
Can American Politics Be Socialized? Feb. 45 48

CALHOUN, Don
The Political Relevance of Conscientious Objection July 44 177
Non-Violence and Revolution Jan. 46 17
Science, Politics, and the Absolute Sept. 46 28

CALHOUN, Francy
Ours to Reason Why Apr. 45 116
It Happened in the USA Aug. 45 248

CAMUS, Albert
Neither Victims nor Executioners July-Aug. 47 141

CHIAROMONTE, Nicola
Croce and Italian Liberalism June 44 134
Italians and Fascism (comment) Sept. 44 232
Koestler, or Tragedy Made Futile Sept. 45 266
Proudhon—an Uncomfortable Thinker Jan. 46 26
On the Kind of Socialism Called "Scientific" Feb. 46 33
Remarks on Justice May-June 47 88

CILIGA, Anton
A Talk with Lenin in Stalin's Prison Aug. 46 234

CLAIR, Louis
Stalin's Policy in Europe Feb. 44 8
Under the Lid July 44 169
The France of Tomorrow: What the French Underground Wants Sept. 44 225
The Stalintern Over Europe Mar. 45 68
The Peace Criminals Aug. 45 229
The Big 3 Against Europe Sept. 45 271
Why the Resistance Failed Apr. 46 116
Digging at the Roots? Oct. 46 323
(See also "European Newsreel" in issues of Nov. and Dec. 44 and Jan., Feb., May and June 45.)

COMFORT, Alex
A Legend of UNO (poem) Sept. 46 257
Responsibility in Science and Art. Jan. 47 20

CULLER, A. Dwight
Man—Piltdown to Fermi May 46 149

CONSTAS, Helen
A Critique of Marxian Ideology Jan. 46 132

DE ANGELIS, Gabriel J.
The Brewster Shut-Down July 44 167

DE BEAUVOIR, Simone
Eye for Eye July-Aug. 47 134

DUNCAN, Robert
The Homosexual in Society Aug. 44 209

ELLIOTT, George P.
"Where Are You Going? Said Reader to Writer." Sept. 44 245

"EUROPEAN"
The Automatization of European People Nov. 45 335
Toward a Socialist Program Dec. 45 374
Is a Revolutionary War a Contradiction? April 46 128
Notes on Mass Culture Nov. 46 353
Violence and Sociability Jan. 47 23
The French Condition July-Aug. 47 130

FARBER, Marjorie
Supermarket (poem) Mar. 45 72

FARRELL, James T.
"New Roads"—a Communication Mar. 46 89

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEY, Isabella
Odin (poem) June 44 133
FISCHER, Ruth
Bert Brecht, Minstrel of the GPU April 44 88
The Life and Death of Max Hoelz Sept. 44 234
FISHER, Frank
Can Socialism Be Humanized? Feb. 46 44
FRANCK, Sebastian
DeTocqueville, Prophet of the Total State April 46 127
Escapism vs. Marxism July 46 189
German Travel Notes Jan. 47 7
FREIDEL, Frank
The Haitian Pilot-Plant Mar. 44 43

"GALLICUS"
The Liberals' "Indispensable Man"—Hitler Jan. 45 10
Terror in the Air Nov. 45 338
"GELO & ANDREA"
The Decline of the French Communists Dec. 45 366
Anti-Capitalist "Revolution" in France Nov. 46 341
(See also "French Letter": Sept. 45, April 46, and Dec. 46)
GERTH, H. H.
Max Weber's Politics—a Rejoinder April 45 119
GLAZER, Nat
Behind the Philadelphia "Hate" Strike (with F. Hoffman) Nov. 44 306
GODWIN, William
Selections from "Political Justice" Sept. 46 262
GOLDBLOOM, Maurice
The Liberation of China June 45 167
GOLDWATER, Ethel
The Independent Woman: a New Course May 46 145
The Books of Wilhelm Reich March-April 47 44
GOLLANCZ, Victor
A Report on Germany Jan. 47 6
GOODMAN, Paul
The Attempt to Invent an American Style Feb. 44 17
Notes on Neo-Functionalism Dec. 44 335
The Ford (poem) June 45 164
The Political Meaning of Some Recent Revisions of Freud July 45 197
The Barricade and the Bedroom—Rejoinder Oct. 45 315
Revolution, Sociolatry and War Dec. 45 376
City Crowds Dec. 46 390
Plea for A Hesiod Jan. 47 19
Occasional Poetry March-April 47 59
GOULD, Joe
What To Do with Europe May 44 111
GRATSOS, C.
The Gratsos Memorandum May 45 156

HAMILTON, Wallace
Hash-House May-June 47 117
HARLAN, John Marshall
The Plessy Dissent June 45 180
HARNETT, Edward
The Diary of the Indoctrination Commentator Aug. 46 225
HERALD, G. W.
Madame Rathenau's Letter Jan. 47 28
HERBERG, Will
Personalism against Totalitarianism Dec. 45 369
HIRSCH, Helmut
What Is Roosevelt College? Aug. 46 241
HOFFMAN, Frederick
Behind the Philadelphia "Hate" Strike (with N. Glazer) Nov. 44 306
HORN, Samson
For a "Third Camp" Position on Greece April 45 123
HOWE, Irving
The 13th Disciple Oct. 46 329

JACKSON, J. Hampden
The Relevance of Proudhon Oct. 45 297
JASPERS, Karl
A Beginning Must Be Made Feb. 46 51
The Rebirth of the University Feb. 46 52
JONES, Jack
Yaltarian Culture Oct. 45 308
The Mad King March 46 85

KEES, Weldon
A Brief Introduction to the History of Culture (poem) April 44 85
KEPLER, Roy C.
An Open Letter to CPS Men June 45 167
KERR, Wilfred
Negro Leaders and the Harlem Riot May 44 121
Negroism, Strange Fruit of Segregation Aug. 44 212
KORSCH, Karl
A Non-Dogmatic Approach to Marxism May 46 151
KRISTOL, Irving
Koestler—a Note on Confusion May 44 108

LANDEN, Melrick T.
The New Five-Hours War Jan. 46 9
LASKY, Melvin J.
The Breadline and the Movies Feb. 44 9
LAUGHLIN, James
Flash! (poem) Sept. 45 263
LAURAT, Lucien
Why European Socialists Look to America Aug. 46 228
LEMANN, Bernard
The Esthetics of Bombing Oct. 44 282
LERNER, Abba P.
Labor & Management in the USSR (review) Aug. 44 220
LEVCIK, Jan
Buchenwald Before the War June 45 173
LEWIS, E. John
The Slowdown at Germfask June 45 166
"LIEUTENANT J. L."
Soldiers' Poetry Department (poems) Sept. 44 238
LIST, Kurt
The Music of Soviet Russia May 44 103
LORD, Charles
A Note on Race Prejudice Sept. 46 289
LYNN, Conrad
Original Brief in the Lynn Case Feb. 44 23

MACDONALD, Nancy
Are Hospitals Made for People? Oct. 45 306
MACDONALD, Dwight
Why "Politics"? Feb. 44 6
A Theory of Popular Culture Feb 44 20
The Revival of Political Economy March 44 46
On the Conduct of the Lynn Case April 44 85
Three Worlds May 44 97
"The Only Really Moral People" May 44 109
The Political Relevance of Conscientious Objection (reply) July 44 177
How "Practical" Is a Jimcrow Army? July 44 184
Some Reflections on National Politics Aug. 44 194
On the Psychology of Killing Sept. 44 239
Warsaw Oct. 44 257
(See also Nov 44, Dec. 44, March 45)
Thomas for President? Oct. 44 278
The Greek Tragedy Jan. 45 2
(See also Feb 45, April 45, May 45)
Wallace and the Labor Draft Feb. 45 34
The Responsibility of Peoples March 45 82
(See also discussion in May and July 45)
Popular Culture—Field Notes April 45 112
A Japanese Badoglio? June 45 161
Revolution, Ltd. July 45 218
Atrocities of the Mind Aug. 45 225
The Bomb Sept. 45 257
Labor Imperialism Sept. 45 274
Memo to Mr. Luce Oct. 45 309
Shall Europe Starve? Dec. 45 353
Rebellion or Reconversion? Mar. 46 77
The Root Is Man (1) April 46 97
The Root Is Man (2) July 46 194
The CPS Strikes July 46 177
The Story of Cyprus Aug. 46 217
The Russian Culture Purge Oct. 46 297
Too Big Dec. 46 391
The Great Coal Strike Dec. 46 404
(See also March-April 47)
The German Catastrophe: We Are Responsible Jan. 47 2
Henry Wallace (1) Mar.-April 47 33
Henry Wallace (2) May-June 47 96
Why Destroy Draft Cards? May-June 47 54
Notes on the Truman Doctrine May-June 47 85
(See also comment, book reviews, discussions, replies to letters, reports, etc., Feb. 44 through May-June 47. My God what a lot!)
MALAQUAIS, Jean
Louis Aragon, or the Professional Patriot Aug. 45 233
MANHEIM, Ralph
Maiden Flight (story) Nov. 46 347
MANN, Georg
Morality at Nuremberg Jan. 46 8
Some Notes on Soviet Science Oct. 46 303
Tomorrow's War and the Scientists May-June 47 93
MARQUART, Frank
The Briggs Strike April 45 105
The Michigan Commonwealth Federation Conference May 45 143

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MATSON, Norman
The Animoid Idea Mar-April 47 56
MATTICK, Paul
Bolshevism and Stalinism Mar. April 47 48
MAYER, Milton
How to Win the War Mar. 44 45
McKENZIE, Dorothy
The Time the Lady Writer Imagined Me Aug. 46 242
McLUHAN, Marshall
Out of the Castle into the Counting-House Sept. 46 277
McNATT, Isaac
I Was a Seabee June 44 137
MELVILLE, Herman
What Redburn Saw in Launcelott's-Hey March 44. 56
MERLEAU-PONTY, Maurice
Marxism and Philosophy July-Aug. 47 173
MEYER, Peter
The Soviet Union: a New Class Society (1) Mar. 44 48
The Soviet Union: a New Class Society (2) April 44 81
Mr. Joseph Stalin's Revolution in Economic Science June 44 143
The Russian Writer's Dilemma Dec. 46 392
What Was Behind the Coal Strike? Mar. April 47 68
MICHAUX, Henri
Voice (poem) July-Aug. 47 130
MILLS, C. Wright
The Powerless People: the Role of the Intellectual in Society April 44 68
The Barricade and the Bedroom (with P. J. Salter) Oct. 45 313

NIVOLA, Constantine
Cover designs for issues of Jan. 45, July 45, Nov. 46

OAKES, Walter J.
Toward a Permanent War Economy Feb. 44 11
Reconversion—to What? Nov. 44 299
The "Manpower Shortage" Fraud Feb. 45 57
(See also "The National Scene": Aug. 45, Sept. 45, Nov. 45)
ORLANSKY, Harold
A Note on Anti-Semitism Among Negroes Aug. 45 250
The Bomb—Observations from an Asylum Sept. 45 262
ORWELL, George
The Ethics of the Detective Story, from Raffles to Miss Blandish Nov. 44 310
"Catastrophic Gradualism" Sept. 46 268

PADMORE, George
The Anglo-American Condominium May 44 113
The Story of Viet Nam Dec. 46 388
(See also discussion March-April 47)
PALLE, Albert
The Petiot Case July-Aug. 47 159
PANNEKOEK, Anton
The Failure of the Workingclass Sept. 46 270
PEARSON, Frederick
Letter from North Africa Mar. 45 71
PECK, James
A Note on Direct Action Jan. 46 21
PETERSEN, William
Picketing and the Law Nov. 46 350
PINCUS, Arthur
Twenty and ONE in Latin America April 44 74
PROUDHON, P. J.
Selections from "General Idea of the Revolution in the 19th Century" Oct. 45 299

QUEENER, Lewellyn
Inter-Enemy Ethics Dec. 44 329

REDMAN, Ben Ray
The Story of John Mann (story) Jan. 46 1
Park Avenue a la Carte (poem) Feb. 46 61
REIMANN, Guenter
"The Responsibility of Peoples"—a Communication May 45 154
RODMAN, Selden
Exit, Pursued by a Bear (poem) March 46 77
ROUSSET, David
The Days of Our Death July-Aug. 47 151

SALTER, Patricia J.
The Barricade and the Bedroom (with C. W. Mills) Oct. 45 313
SARTRE, Jean-Paul
Materialism and Revolution July-Aug. 47 161
SAVAGE, D. S.
Socialism in Extremis Jan. 45 15
SCHAPIRO, Meyer
Max Weber's Politics Feb. 45 44
SCHUYLER, George
"An American Dilemma" (review) July 44 181
F.D.R. May 45 137
SELDON, Ed
Military Society Oct. 45 290
The Resistance Poetry of Aragon and Eluard Nov. 45 347
SERGE, Victor
The Revolution at Dead-End (1926-1928) June 44 147
War Communism Mar. 45 74
Kronstadt April 45 107
Vignettes of NEP June 46 176
SILONE, Ignazio
Nihilism May 45 138
SINHA, K.L.N.
A Green International? Feb. 46 50
SMITH, Don Elton
Conscientious Objection Is Bankrupt Nov. 46 345
SMITH, Robert Paul
Uncle P. M. (poem) Nov. 44 315
SPRATT, Philip
Marxism and Ethics Mar. 46 79
STAMPP, Kenneth
Our Historians and Slavery Mar. 44 58
STEIG, Arthur
Jazz, Clock and Song of our Anxiety Aug. 45 246

SWADOS, Harvey
Tragedy in Trieste Jan. 46 24

TAYLOR, W. P.
So What? Some Reactions to Criticisms of Russia. Dec. 44 340
THUCYDIDES
The Melian Conference May 44 119
TOLSTOY, Leo
Modern Science; Stop and Think! May 46 161
TRIEST, Frank
Conscription Is the Issue June 45 165
TUCCI, Niccolo
The Cause that Refreshes—Four Delicious Freedoms April 44 73
The War of Tyrants July 44 170
Uncle Sam's Uncle Feb. 45 42
Notes for a Political Dictionary April 45 112
The Friend of the Jews Nov. 45 333
The Streetcar Is Man Aug. 46 229
Letters to a Friend Sept. 46 267
(See also "Commonnonsense" in Nov. 44, Jan. 45, Mar. 45, May 45, July 45, Oct. 45, Jan. 46, Mar. 46, Nov. 46, Dec. 46, Jan. 47)

VOGEL, Virgil J.
A Note on Soviet Education June 45 180
Birthplace of the Bomb Sept. 45 261
VOTAW, Albert
Toward a Personalist Socialist Philosophy Jan. 46 15
Resistance in CPS Sept. 46 272

WEBER, Max
Class, Status, Party Oct. 44 271
WEIL, Simone
Reflections on War Feb. 45 51
The Iliad, or the Poem of Force Nov. 45 321
Words and War Mar. 46 69
Factory Work Dec. 46 369
WHITE, Theodore
Social Significance of Eggs on End Dec. 46 394
WISER, Arthur
Letter to a Judge Dec. 45 364
WOLFE, Bertram D.
A Note on Soviet Place-Names Jan. 46 8
WOODCOCK, George
The Tyranny of the Clock Oct. 44 265
Political Persecution in England June 45 185
Conscientious Objection in England Oct. 45 296
The English Community Movement Aug. 46 231
William Godwin Sept. 46 260
George Orwell, 19th Century Liberal Dec. 46 384
(See also "London Letter": Mar. 46, May 46, Oct. 46, Dec. 46, Mar.-April 47.)
WORTHY, William
"My Friends" July 45 209
ZOLOTOW, Maurice
On Highbrow Writing Aug. 44 217

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Subject Index

POLITICAL MORALITY

The Powerless People: the Role of the Intellectual in Society (Mills) Apr. 44 68
Behavior in Extreme Situations (Bettelheim) Aug. 44 199
Socialism in Extremis (Savage) Jan. 45 15
The Responsibility of Peoples (Macdonald) Mar. 45 82
(See also discussion: May 45 154; July 45 203)
Nihilism (Silone) May 45 138
The Iliad, or the Poem of Force (Weil) Nov. 45 321
The Automatization of European Peoples ("European") Nov. 45 335
Marxism and Ethics (Spratt) Mar. 46 79
Stop and Think! (Tolstoy) May 46 164
The Root Is Man; Part 2 (Macdonald) July 46 194
Catastrophic Gradualism (Orwell) Sept. 46 268
Violence and Sociability ("European") Jan. 47 23
Remarks on Justice (Chiaromonte) May-June 47 88
Eye for Eye (De Beauvoir) July-Aug. 47 134
Neither Victims nor Executioners (Camus) July-Aug. 47 141
The Days of Our Death (Rousset) July-Aug. 47 151
(See also the "New Roads" series and discussion, Dec. 45 through Nov. 46)

ANARCHISM

The Relevance of Proudhon (Jackson); Selections from "Revolution in the 19th Century" (Proudhon) Oct. 45 297
William Godwin (Woodcock); Selections from "Political Justice" (Godwin) Sept. 46 260

MARXISM

A Critique of Marxian Ideology (Constas) Jan. 46 10
On the Kind of Socialism Called "Scientific (Chiaromonte) Feb. 46 33
The Root Is Man; Part 1 (Macdonald) Apr. 46 97
Marxism and Ethics (Spratt) Mar. 46 79
A Non-Dogmatic Approach to Marxism (Korsch) May 46 151
Materialism and Revolution (Sartre) July-Aug. 47 161
Marxism and Philosophy (Merleau-Ponty) July-Aug. 47 173
(See also the "New Roads" series and discussion, Dec. 45 through Nov. 46)

PACIFISM

How to Win the War (Mayer) Mar. 44 45
The Political Relevance of Conscientious Objection (Calhoun); Rejoinder (Macdonald) July 44 177
Conscription and Conscientious Objection, a Symposium June 45 165
Conscientious Objection in England (Woodcock) Oct. 45 296
Non-Violence and Revolution (Calhoun) Jan. 46 17
Is a Revolutionary War a Contradiction? ("European") Apr. 46 128
The C.P.S. Strikes (Macdonald) July 46 177
The English Community Movement (Woodcock) Aug. 46 231
Resistance in C.P.S. (Votaw) Sept. 46 272
Violence and Sociability ("European") Jan. 47 23
Why Destroy Draft Cards? (Macdonald) Mar.-Apr. 47 54
Neither Victims nor Executioners (Camus) July-Aug. 47 141

WAR IN GENERAL

"War as an Institution" (series)
1. On the Psychology of Killing (Macdonald) Sept. 44 239
2. The Esthetics of Bombing (Lemann) Oct. 44 282
3. Inter-Enemy Ethics (Queener) Dec. 44 329
4. Reflection on War (Weil) Feb. 45 51
5. The Responsibility of Peoples (Macdonald) Mar. 45 82
6. Military Society (Seldon) Oct. 45 290
7. Words and War (Weil) Mar. 46 69

The Melian Conference (Thucydides) May 44 119
Atrocities of the Mind (Macdonald) Aug. 45 225
The Story of John Mann (Redman) Jan. 46 1

WORLD WAR II AND WORLD PEACE II

Toward a Permanent War Economy (Oakes) Feb. 44 11
The Cause that Refreshes (Tucci) Apr. 44 73
Three Worlds (Macdonald) May 44 97
(See also June 44 129; July 44 161)
The War of Tyrants (Tucci) July 44 170
Warsaw (Macdonald) Oct. 44 257
(See also Nov. 44 297; Dec. 44 327; Mar. 45 67)
The Greek Tragedy (Macdonald) Jan. 45 2
(See also Feb. 45 38; Apr. 45 120; May 45 151)
The Liberals' "Indispensable Man": Hitler ("Gallicus") Jan. 45 10
"Why Am I Fighting?" (document) Apr. 45 97
The Big Three Against Europe (Clair) Sept. 45 271
Terror in the Air ("Gallicus") Nov. 45 338
Shall Europe Starve? (Macdonald) Dec. 45 353
Notes on the Truman Doctrine (Macdonald) May-June 47 85

THE ATOMIC BOMB

Editorial Aug. 45 225
The Bomb (articles by Macdonald, Vogel and Orlansky) Sept. 45 257
Dedication Day (Agee) Apr. 46 121
Atomic Bombs, Union-Made Aug. 46 245
On Hiroshima (Bataille) July-Aug. 47 147
Tomorrow's War and the Scientists (Mann) May-June 47 93

IMPERIALISM

The New Imperialism (series)
The Haitian Pilot-Plant (Freidel) Mar. 44 43
Twenty and ONE in Latin America (Pincus) Apr. 44 74
Anglo-American Condominium (Padmore) May 44 113
British Labor Imperialism (Macdonald) Sept. 45 274
Cyprus (Macdonald) Aug. 46 217
The Story of Viet Nam (Padmore) Dec. 46 388
(See also discussion, Mar.-Apr. 47 76)

CONCENTRATION CAMPS

Behavior in Extreme Situations (Bettelheim) Aug. 44 199
Buchenwald before the War (Levcik) June 45 173
The Days of Our Death (Rousset) July-Aug. 47 151

THE SOVIET UNION

The USSR, a New Class Society (Meyer) Mar. 44 48 and Apr. 44 81
Bert Brecht, Minstrel of tho GPU (Fischer) Apr. 44 88
The Music of Soviet Russia (List) May 44 103
Chapters from my Memoirs (Serge)
The Revolution at Dead-End June 44 147
War Communism Mar. 45 74
Kronstadt Apr. 45 107
Vignettes of NEP June 45 176
"So What?"—Some Reactions to Current Criticism of Russia (Taylor); "Just This!"—A Rejoinder (Macdonald) Dec. 44 340
The Stalintern Over Europe (Clair) Mar. 45 68
Stalin's Advocate (Abel) May 45 146
A Note on Soviet Education (Vogel) June 45 182
500 Red Army Men Oct. 45 304
The Last Days of Berlin Jan. 46 4
The Communists and the National Question (A.B.C.) May 46 142
A Talk with Lenin in Stalin's Prison (Ciliga) Aug. 46 234
The Russian Culture Purge (Macdonald) Oct. 46 297
Notes on Soviet Science (Mann) Oct. 46 303
The Russian Writer's Dilemma (Meyer) Dec. 46 392
Bolshevism and Stalinism (Mattick) Mar.-Apr. 47 48

GERMANY

Germany, 1945 (1) May 45 130
German, 1945 (2) June 45 170
The Peace Criminals (Clair) Aug. 45 229
The Last Days of Berlin Jan. 46 4
Morality at Nuremberg (Mann) Jan. 46 8
The Rebirth of the University (Jaspers) Feb. 46 52
The German Experience—3 Documents Oct. 46 314
The German Catastrophe (special issue) Jan. 47

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FRANCE

The France of Tomorrow (Clair) Sept. 44 225
"Dual Power" in France (Macdonald) Nov. 44 290
The Decline of the French Communists ("Gelo & Andrea") Dec. 45 366
Why the Resistance Failed (Clair) Apr. 46 116
Anti-Capitalist "Revolution" in France ("Gelo & Andrea") Nov. 46 341
French Political Writing (special issue) July-Aug. 47
(See also "French Letters": Sept. 45 277; Apr. 46 125; July 46 180; Dec. 46 378)

AMERICAN LABOR AND POLITICS

Toward a Permanent War Economy (Oakes) Feb. 44 11
The Coming Tragedy of American Labor (Bell) Mar. 44 37
Reflections on "National Politics" (Macdonald) Aug. 44 194
Wallace and the Labor Draft (Macdonald) Feb. 45 34
F.D.R. (Schuyler) May 45 137
(See also pp. 134 and 148, same issue)
The Political Lag of Commonwealth (Bell) May 45 139
(See also April 44 65; May 45 143)
The Great Coal Strike (Macdonald) Dec. 46 404
(See also: Mar-Apr. 47 68)
Henry Wallace (Macdonald) Mar. Apr. 47 34; May-June 47 96

POPULAR CULTURE

A Theory of Popular Culture (Macdonald) Feb. 44 20
The Breadline and the Movies (Lasky) Feb. 44 9
Highbrow Writing v. Lowbrow Thinking (Zolotow and Macdonald) Aug. 44 217
The Tyranny of the Clock (Woodcock) Oct. 44 265
The Ethics of the Detective Story (Orwell) Nov. 44 310
Notes on Neo-Functionalism (Goodman) Dec. 44 335
Field Notes (Macdonald) Apr. 45 112
Memo on Disney Films for Latin America (document) July 45 211
Jazz, Clock and Song of Our Anxiety (Steig) Aug. 45 246
Are Hospitals Made for People (N. Macdonald) Oct. 45 306
Memo to Mr. Luce (Macdonald) Oct. 45 309
Do We Need Hollywood? (Barbarow) May 46 167
The Time the Lady Writer Imagined Me (McKenzie) Aug. 46 242
Notes on Mass Culture ("European") Nov. 46 353
City Crowds (Goodman) Dec. 46 390
Too Big (Macdonald) Dec. 46 391
Plea for an Urban Hesiod (Goodman) Jan. 47 19
Occasional Poetry (Goodman) Mar.-Apr. 47 59

RACE RELATIONS

"An American Dilemma" (Schuyler) July 44 181
Negroism (Kerr) Aug. 44 212
(See also discussion: Dec. 44 344)
Behind the Philadelphia "Hate" Strike (Glazer and Hoffman) Nov. 44 306
The Plessy Dissent (Harlan) June 45 180
"My Friends" (Worthy) July 45 209
Counter-Attack (Macdonald) Oct. 46 319
JIM CROW IN THE ARMY:
Brief in the Lynn Case (Lynn) Feb. 44 23
On the Conduct of the Lynn Case (Macdonald) Apr. 44 85
I Was a Seabee (McNatt) June 44 137
The Story of the 477th ("Bombadier") June 44 141
How Practical is a Racially Segregated Army? (Macdonald) July 44 184
Current Notes May 45 150

"POLITICS": POLICY

Why "Politics"? (Macdonald) Feb. 44 6
Where Are You Going, Said Reader to Writer? (Elliott; with a Reply by Macdonald) Sept. 44 245
Whither "Politics"? (Macdonald et al.) May 46 138
"Partisan Review" and "Politics" (Macdonald) Dec. 46 400
The Questionnaire—Preliminary Report May-June 47 122

PSYCHOLOGY AND SEX

The Homosexual in Society (Duncan) Aug. 44 209
The Political Significance of Some Recent Revisions of Freud (Goodman) July 45 197
The Barricade and the Bedroom (Mills and Salter); Reply (Goodman) Oct. 45 313
The Independent Woman—a New Course (Goldwater) May 46 145
(See also discussion with McLuhan and others, Sept. 46 276)
Factory Work (Weil) Dec. 46 369
The Books of Wilhelm Reich (Goldwater) Mar.-Apr. 47 44
Mario and the Hypnoanalyst (Farber) Mar.-Apr. 47 74

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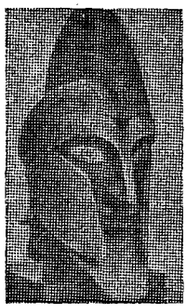

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LETTERS

Sir:

Your "Notes on the Truman Doctrine," in the May-June issue, poses sharply the terrible dilemma facing many intellectuals—those who live in countries where some political choice, at least formally, is still possible—who are trying to find out what they can do in order not to become accomplices in the war now in preparation.

Only last night a group of us—including a young American visitor to Paris—were discussing the problem your article raises. We agreed with you that, *rationally*, the alternative appears fatal: to side either with Russia or America in the coming war. I admitted that, *if* this were really the only alternative, I would, to the extent I am a Marxist, choose the American side; and I buttressed this position with Kautskyan arguments: social progress called for supporting democratic capitalism against totalitarianism; under decadent capitalism, I can still denounce social evils and can fight against the system of government and exploitation which oppresses me; under Stalinism, I can do neither; hence the world rule of American capitalism seems to me a lesser evil than that of Russian totalitarianism. As a "Marxist," I can thus demonstrate that the Americanization of the globe is a necessary historical stage on the road to world socialism.

In short, this solution seems to conform to Marx's concept of the progress of social evolution, and nothing in his work can be invoked to support the contrary thesis: revolutionary defeatism in bourgeois countries, which would work to the advantage of Russia. Did not Marx himself always consider the winning of bourgeois-democratic liberties indispensable to developing that intellectual and political maturity which the workingclass needs if it is to make *its own* revolution?

When Kautsky called on Marxist doctrine to validate his "centrist" position in World War I, he was no less "Marxist" than was Lenin, who denounced him as a "renegade." And yet, in the light of what we know today, it may be said that if Kautsky was in some ways more "Marxist" than his adversary, Lenin was more faithful to the real spirit of Marx's teaching, since he had come to understand that the Marxian phrases and formulae by which 20th century world wars were justified had lost their validity, and that it had become necessary to take a defeatist position in every warring nation. If there were only two alternatives—the victory of Germany or of the Allies—Lenin stated that he would prefer the latter, that is, the defeat of his own country. But, since he was not a Marxist, Lenin made himself the champion of a cause lost in avance, and called for revolution, civil war, and fraternization.

What could be more "Utopian"? And yet I think this line was the only one that corresponded if not to the "historical situation" at least to the basic significance of Marx's teaching. Lenin called on the workers to betray their executioners and turn their arms against their masters. He wanted revolutionary struggle to triumph over imperialistic war. How could his appeal have come to anything more than empty words?

But why all this about Lenin's policy? Is that the Third Choice you recommend—that of pacifism and libertarian socialism? Obviously not. *Your* conclusion, and solution, is much more modest, nor is it at all revolutionary in the Marxist or Leninist sense of the term. You want to act *by example*, by individual action, by a "small-scale kind of activity" which "can be rewarding in itself." In short, by practicing an ethic whose values are absolute.

I am not, as you know, a Leninist. I have cited *one* attitude of Lenin in order to show that he could, on occasion, be Utopian, as Marx too could. The Utopian socialist is he who, in every situation, stakes everything on awakening in men the most noble instincts, those most deserving of the adjective, "Promethean." Marx put his stakes on a man at the very bottom of society, but also a man who is conscious of his degradation and who wants to save himself by struggle: in a word, he bet on the proletarian.

It was to this third conclusion that I finally came in the course of last night's discussion; my friends could see only the two "realistic" alternatives—support of Russia or of the USA. In your "Notes," you indicate that you agree with me as to the necessity of refusing both these alternatives, but you base your position on pacifism rather than

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Marxism. Now it seems to me that, from the social (and hence the human) standpoint, a purely pacifist and defeatist attitude implies complicity in that evil which it pretends to resist, for in letting others alone, the absolute pacifist also lets evil alone; he does not *prevent* it. In contrast, the active revolutionary who calls on men to fight against war and the social institutions which produce it is acting effectively. You will reply that you consider your kind of activity—through reasoning and persuasion---as more effective than violent struggle. In that case, it seems to me, you should follow out the logic of your position, declare yourself a complete Tolstoyan, and break all ties with the social and historical milieu in which you live. Then, and only then, would your attitude have the value of example—one that could not be followed, of course: like Christ's whose inimitability drove Kierkegaard to despair.

I have been able to touch on, here, only a few surface aspects of the tragic situation that confronts us. Very soon I am bringing out an anthology of Marx under the title, "Selections for a Socialist Ethic," for which I have written a preface which will more fully indicate my point of view.

Paris, France MAXIMILIEN RUBEL

—Lenin's revolutionary Third Camp appeal WAS mere "empty words" so far as the great capitalist countries were concerned. It struck fire in Russia precisely because Russia was a semi-colonial country where capitalism was immature. The only popular revolutionary movements since then have been in similarly backward countries: Spain and the Orient. But the problem facing Rubel in Paris and me in New York is not of colonial revolution. It is how to get from an industrialized mature capitalistic society to a liberatarian socialist society. Up to World War II, *a reasonable case could be made out for the Third Camp position: Lenin's appeal had failed, but the crisis of capitalism had since then intensified, the next war would be far more shattering and destructive than World War I, the agony of the masses would create "revolutionary opportunities," etc. And in fact the war did turn out to be far more catastrophic, the agony of the masses was—and is—extreme, the social crisis much more severe. Yet the Third Camp not only failed to materialize, but was even less significant than in World War I.*

Lenin's strategy puts all its bets on the masses awaking and acting, on their asserting themselves at some point. But can one reasonably see indications of such a tendency today? Is it not clear now that the very destructiveness of World War II, on which the Marxists depended to arouse the masses to revolt, had the opposite effect? (A look at Germany today will show what I mean.) As for the crisis of capitalism, it now appears that this leads to a centralization of State power, an intensification of nationalistic ideology, and the creation of a gigantic military machine—all of which abort popular revolutions (as conceived by the Marxist tradition) by controlling the economic crisis and by integrating the masses, through force and propaganda, into the State machinery.

Let's face it: the people, the masses are more inert politically today than possibly at any time since 1789. *Rubel and I, and those who write for* POLITICS *and read it, are unable to communicate with them on a politically significant scale. Our reasoned arguments, our Utopian visions no longer arouse even opposition; they are simply beside the point, in terms of mass behavior. When we talk of "revolutionary mass action," we are talking through our hats. And when we talk of violent revolution, we are either ignoring the practical and ethical problems posed by new methods of warfare or else we are seeking a way to get the atom bomb and bacteriological warfare on "our" side.*

Some other approach to politics, therefore, seems necessary. The best I can do is a kind of non-violent resistance which starts off from one's own values rather than The Masses, and which emphasizes personal (by which is NOT meant "individual") rather than historical relations. It is not very good, but it is better than anything else.

Rubel makes two common wrong assumptions about this position: (1) that it is passive and "lets evil alone," wherefore (2) it should logically lead to what he calls a "Tolstoyan" withdrawal from society ("break all ties with the social and historical milieu in which you live").

As to (1): except for certain religious pacifists—and by no means all religious pacifists—most American pacifists do not believe in letting evil alone (what has been called "passivism") but in fighting against it as hard as they can. That their resistance is non-violent does not mean that they do not resist. Gandhi's movement, for example, the chief instance of non-violent resistance on a large scale, certainly did not "let alone" the evil of the British raj.

It follows that (2) the logic is not to cut one's ties to the world but on the contrary to multiply and strengthen them. Both the instances given of this alleged withdrawal seem defective: Christ spent most of his life not in the wilderness but in the towns as an active popular agitator; and Tolstoy involved himself to a remarkable degree in the big political and social issues of his time, raising money for starving peasants and the pacifist Doukhbors, seizing every opportunity, through interviews and articles, of making his voice heard throughout the world. (Not even Shaw was a more passionate writer of letters-to-the-editor!) "Standing on a pillar and going into a wilderness to live in a commune," Tolstoy once wrote to a disciple, "may be necessary for people for a time, but as a continual form, it is obviously a sin and a foolishness. To live a pure, holy life on a pillar or in a commune is impossible, because man is deprived of one-half of life: communion with the world, without which his life has no sense." (Quoted in Ernest J. Simmons' "Leo Tolstoy," p. 454.)

There are serious, even agonizing objections to non-violent resistance as a substitute for the Marxian class struggle. (For example, if one is struck with how much more favorable the situation was in 1917 *to Lenin's approach than it is in* 1947, *the same thought occurs to one in comparing Tolstoy's age with our own.) But they are not those outlined above, which are the ones usually brought up (usually also in a more dogmatic and acidulous manner than M. Rubel's pleasantly reasonable communication) by those of the Marxist persuasion. —D.M.*

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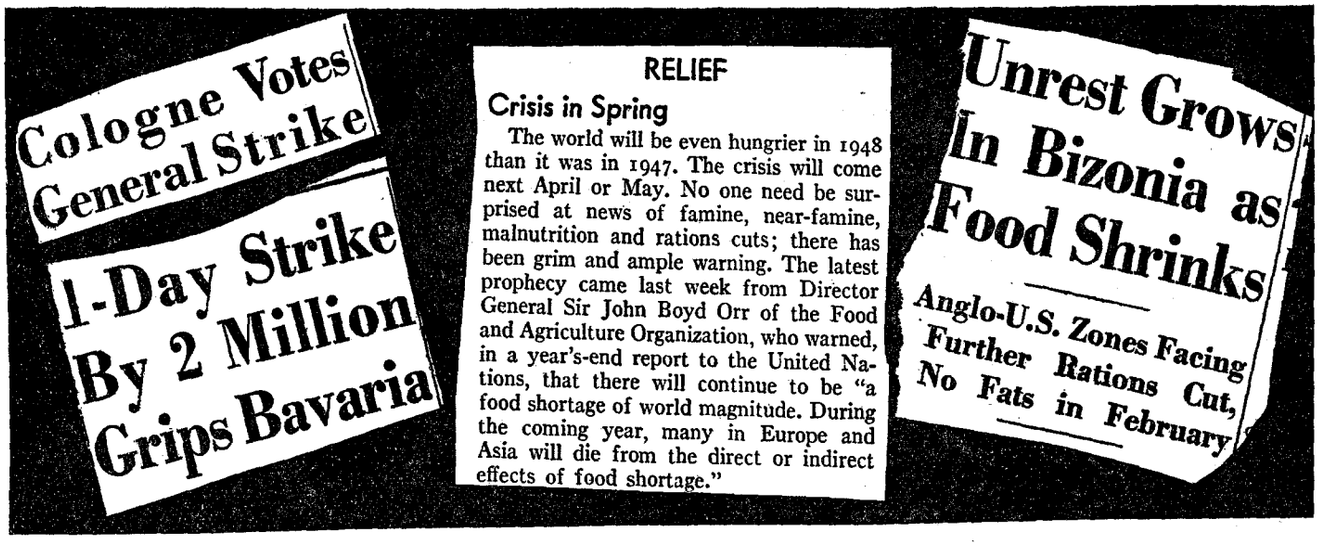
Cologne Votes General Strike
1-Day Strike By 2 Million Grips Bavaria
RELIEF
Crisis in Spring
The world will be even hungrier in 1948 than it was in 1947. The crisis will come next April or May. No one need be surprised at news of famine, near-famine, malnutrition and rations cuts; there has been grim and ample warning. The latest prophecy came last week from Director General Sir John Boyd Orr of the Food and Agriculture Organization, who warned, in a year's-end report to the United Nations, that there will continue to be "a food shortage of world magnitude. During the coming year, many in Europe and Asia will die from the direct or indirect effects of food shortage."
Unrest Grows In Bizonia as Food Shrinks
Anglo-U.S. Zones Facing Further Rations Cut, No Fats in February

Report On Packages Abroad

By Nancy Macdonald

THE above news items appeared in *Time* and the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* during January, 1948. They emphasize that our "Packages Abroad" project is needed as much as ever. Since the fall of 1945, our readers have been sending packages of food and clothing to European familes, whose addresses we have supplied to them on request.

At present our readers are helping (1) 201 Spanish Republican refugees in France, who, as aliens, suffer even more than French citizens from the present acute food shortage; (2) 215 anti-fascist Austrian and German families, who were, for racial and/or political reasons, persecuted by the Nazis; (3) 209 other families in Czechoslovakia, England, France, Greece, Italy, Japan.

During the past year, $6,378.94 was contributed to finance packages sent from the office. This has been used for CARE and other types of commercial packages, for postage for used clothing packages contributed by our readers, for medicines, special foods, cleaning clothes and fixing shoes. However the majority of those who contributed did so by "adopting" a family and making up and sending their own packages to their adoptee.

We always have European families who are not being taken care of regularly. Because of rising prices here, a number of our readers have had to give up sending packages. From time to time we take on new families who need help urgently. We hope that some of you who read the following extracts from letters from our friends abroad will find a way to help us by "adopting" one of these families.

OTTO K. *writes (in English) from Neuwied, Germany*:

Your appeal in POLITICS to your readers have had a good result for my family. Last weeks we got some packets from kindly people in Booneville, Madison 5 Wisc., and New York. You may imagine the joy of my family. The packets were containing food and something clothing, things we know only the name since years. Now we have the chance for a time to live some better; ago, we have had a very hard time. How can I thank you for your help. I have not words enough to tell you our rejoicing. The food situation is always very small. My sons and I go to work daily with two slais off dry bread. Only you and your readers help make our situation a little kindly. You and your readers may be certain, to give your help to one of the unknown families which always fought against Hitler and his gangsters. Many French and Polish workers go out and in by my home in East Germany and my wife help him everytime during the war. Only the Russia soldiers was very hard against my wife and the children. . . . Please, tell your readers and tell him on this way many thanks for her kindness. You will excuse my English language but I have learned it in school and that is long, long, ago. (Dec. 5, 1947)

FRANZ Z. *writes from Vienna*:

Your announcing that you had ordered coals for us was already very charming to hear, but now as we have really got them and they (500 kg) are in our cellar and we can feed our stove—now we are *delighted!* The winter in Austria this year is not so very cold and we are sure to come through with the sended coals. Take many and many thanks for all the trouble you had! (Jan. 9, 1948) (*Note: American Fuel Relief for Austria, Suite* 414, 50 *Broad St., New York* 4, *N. Y., sends coal to Austrian families quickly and efficiently.*)

MADAME MENANT, *a teacher in an orphanage, writes from Vanves, France*:

I've long wanted to write and thank you for the considerable and regular help your readers have given our children. Thanks to you, we are in regular correspondnce with: [she lists 9 individuals and schools in Ithaca, N. Y., Akron, O., MacLean, Va., etc.]. This extra help, which we can always count on, has enabled us to build up a small reserve of food and clothing for use in emergencies. The government relief is often very slow, and there is plenty of time to die before it gets into action. . . . One of the groups you put us in touch with, the Adopt-a-Family-Plan of Ithaca, has been supplying a monthly package for more than a year to each of thirty families whose names we sent them. (January 9, 1948)

WILHELM L., *a trade union leader, writes (in English) from Gelsenkirchen, Germanys*

I got a parcel from Frank T., two from Miss Gloria O., and also two from Mr. and Mrs. S. A regular correspondence has meanwhile developed with Mrs. F. A. R. She takes care of me and my children in an admirable way. You see, dear friends, that your action has proved very successful, at least so far as I am concerned. Your packages have helped not only materially but also by strengthening the will to further work. With much trouble I have already brought about regular schooling lectures in about a dozen big factories. Within five months, I have also delivered 70 lectures in great meetings of workers or at conconferences of works councils. . . . The fact that I can do this is in a high degree due to the assistance of our friends, whose solidarity you, dear Friends, have brought to an action. (Oct. 23, 1947)

WOLFGANG H. *writes (in English) from Berlin*:

Again we have to thank your readers for so much! But first I must excuse me for doing it only now: let me tell you that the whole family had fallen ill. . . . My wife was told by her doctor that her lungs were rather weak and that she was threatened with TB. His advice: to rest (how could a housewife man-

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Will This Help You?

Readers have come to us looking for jobs. Others (fewer) have jobs to give. Other readers have asked if we knew of apartments to rent; if we could put them in touch with other interested in co-operative projects, etc.

To encourage this idea of voluntary mutual aid among "Politics" readers, the office will be open from 6 to 9 every Thursday night. Whether you have a problem or a solution, mail it, phone it, or come down in person on Thursdays.

age to have that?) and eat good things. So the parcel Messrs. Gimbels Bros. have sent me on your behalf and which contained no less than six large tins of powdered whole milk seemed to come from heaven (forgive me this poetic word, but so were our feelings!) Meant though it was for the child, we couldn't help using some of it for my wife, and it has helped her very much indeed. (Official figures say that at least 70,000 people in Berlin have active TB now—a frightful increase over prewar figures.) So your gift came in the most critical situation. . . . (Oct. 19, 1947)

Nancy Macdonald, Politics, 45 Astor Place,
New York 3, N. Y.

☐ Please send me the address of a European family, plus full mailing instructions. I will undertake to send them _____ package(s) a month.

☐ I enclose $_____ to pay for food packages. I will undertake to send you $_____ a month to keep up the flow of packages.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ UNIT _____ STATE _____

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We have received many requests for gift subscriptions to Politics *from Europeans. (It is not possible for them to send us money). We have very gladly granted these requests. To date we have sent about* 160 *free subscriptions to Europeans. But unfortunately we cannot keep this up because of the financial loss involved. Therefore we are asking if you will help us by giving a gift subscription for one year to a European family? We will send you their name and address if you would like to correspond with them.*

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DEBATE

Is Workingclass Action the Road to Socialism?

Yes!—HAL DRAPER, Ed. of "The New International"

No!—DWIGHT MACDONALD, Editor of "Politics"

7:30 P. M., Sunday, February 29, at Labor Temple
14 St. between 2nd and 3rd Avenues, Admission: 60c
Student Rate: 30c

A large part of the Spring issue of "Politics" will be devoted to:

U.S.S.R.

Walter Padley: Russia—Empire or Free Union?

Walter Kolarz: Panslavism in Eastern Europe

Melvin J. Lasky: Soviet Labor Camps (an interview)

Russian Culture, 1848 and 1948 (a survey and comparison, with documents, of culture under Nicholas I and Stalin I)

First hand material on life inside Russia; translations.

Also in early issues:

Kurt Tucholsky's "Testament"
first translation of the famous letter Tucholsky wrote to Arnold Zweig in 1935.

L. Clair, C. W. Mills, and I. Sanes: A Third Camp in a Two-Power World.

James Blish: Slicks & Pulps
survey of the field, from **Satevepost** to **True Confessions:** writers, readers, editorial formulae, and money . . . money . . . money.

Dwight Macdonald: The Utopian Socialists
Owen, Saint-Simon, and especially Fourier.

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